VICTOR EMANUEL II.

King of Sardinia.

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.

PIEDMONT AND ITALY

FROM THE

Alps to the Tiber

RAVINE OF THE TOURNANCHE.

With a Descriptive & Historical Narrative.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

PIEDMONT AND ITALY,

From the Alps to the Tiber,

ILLUSTRATED IN A SERIES OF VIEWS

TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

WITH

A DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL NARRATIVE,

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO VOL. I.

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO VOL. II.

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PIEDMONT AND ITALY.

CHAPTER I.

THE APPROACHES TO PIEDMONT.

THE vast semicircle of mountains which extends from the Helvetian Alps on the north to the Apennines on the south, and includes the Pennine, the Graian, the Cottian, and the Maritime chains, offers a great variety of routes, all of them abounding in beauty and sublimity, by which a descent may be made upon the valleys and plains of Piedmont. Of these, some are beaten tracks,—the high post-roads into Italy; some indicate chiefly the dangerous march of armies,—to invade or liberate, according to the war-cry of their leaders; and some are open only to the footsteps of the adventurous traveller.

Were it intended that this work should illustrate alpine scenery alone, a pedestrian track might have been preferred to the routes that are generally followed; but its object being to represent localities accessible, for the most part, to all, the more familiar ways have been chosen, to recall the associations of such as are already acquainted with them, or to prepare the untravelled for what they may expect.

We begin, then, by taking the principal approaches to Piedmont in the order of their succession from Switzerland to the Mediterranean.

The first, making Lucerne the point of departure, is by the Valley of the Reuss and the St. Gothard; the second, proceeding from the Lake of Geneva, ascends the Valley of the Rhone, and crosses the Simplon; the third, also from the Lake of Geneva, and diverging from the Vallais, at Martigny, traverses the Great St. Bernard; the fourth, winding through the long Valley of Savoy, reaches Piedmont by Mont Cenis; the fifth passes by Briançon over Mont Genèvre;

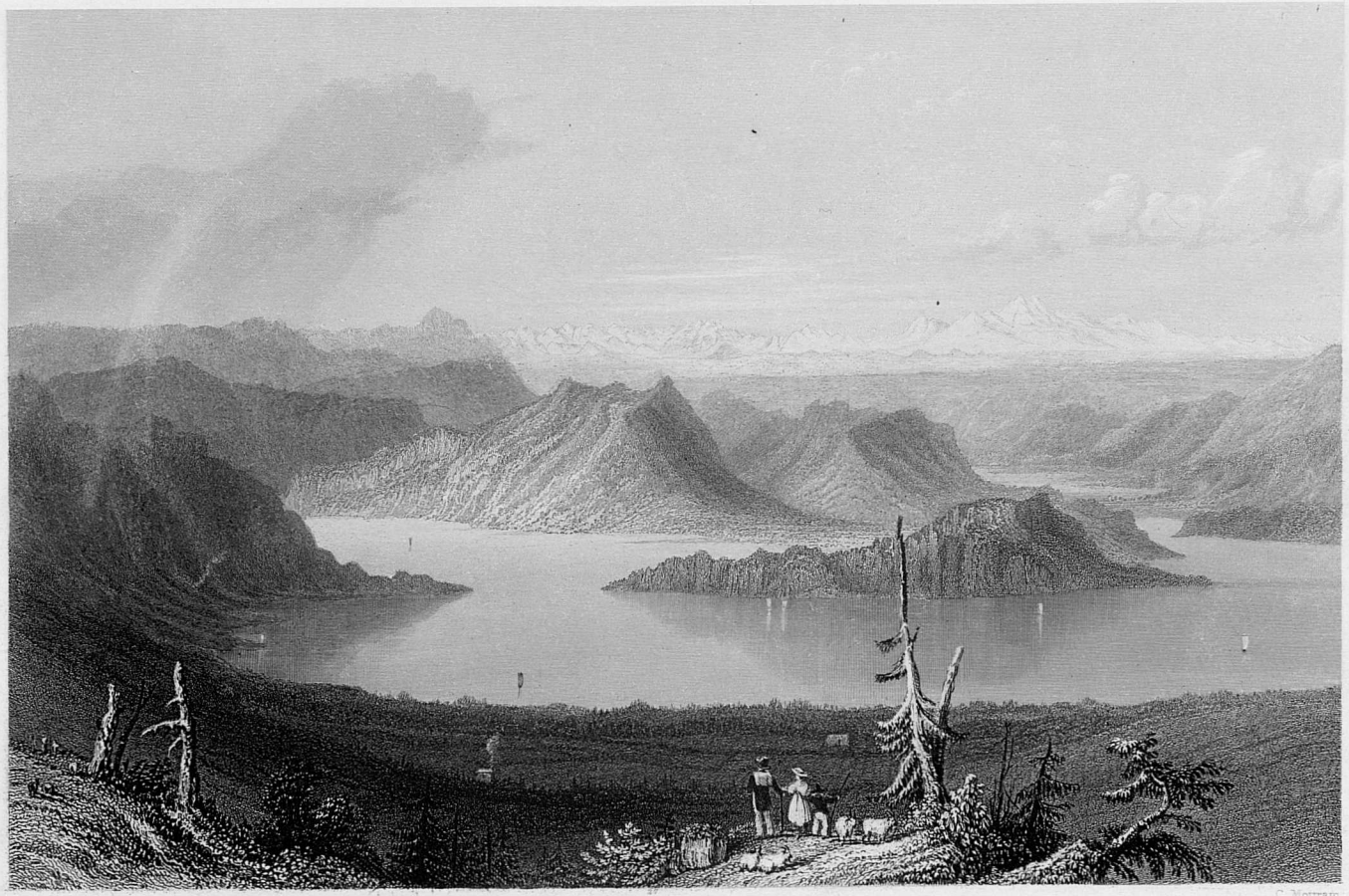
the sixth is by the Col di Tenda from Nice; and the last, and least frequented, leads from Oneglia by the Apennine Pass of Ormea.

The Little St. Bernard, rendered memorable by the passage of Hannibal, the Col de Viso, stained by many a bloody fight, and the Col d' Argentière, whence Francis I. descended to win his spurs at Marignano, might be added to the preceding list; but these passes have long ceased to afford the means of general communication, if, indeed, they ever adequately presented them. We confine ourselves, therefore, in this place, to a description of the routes which we first enumerated.

Until recently, the uninterrupted railway between Paris and Lucerne offered the readiest mode of arriving at the southern slopes of the Alps; but since the completion of the line from Culoz, on the French frontier, to St. Innocent, in Savoy, they may be reached much sooner by Mont Cenis. Even now, however, the difference in time is only a few hours, and the choice between the two routes depends upon which part of Piedmont it may be desirable to enter. If Turin be not the immediate object, then the line across the centre of Switzerland will be preferred, as offering scenery of a more varied, if not of a grander, character.

It has been the fashion to decry the Pass of the St. Gothard, perhaps because of its accessibility; but it would be difficult to find a highway possessing more of the elements of the picturesque, and he who follows it for the first time must be fastidious to excess if his mind be not filled with the images it presents.

The view from the quay at Lucerne, in front of the Schweitzer Hof, with the oft-trodden Righi on the left, gloomy Pilatus on the right, and in the extreme distance the snowy peaks of the Canton of Uri, fitly prepares the expectant traveller for the magnificent scenery which awaits him as he climbs to the St. Gothard. As the steamer which conveys him to Flüelen advances across the lake, the Alps of the Oberland, glittering in the sun and stretching from the Wetterhorn to the Jungfrau, become visible above that branch of Lucerne's sinuous waters which reaches towards Sarnen, and bathes the feet of Pilatus. This lofty chain glides away as if by a dioramic movement, and, hemmed in by darkly-wooded heights, at whose base the meadows are bright with emerald verdure, the vessel sweeps along, steering from shore to shore—now touching at villages embosomed in groves of walnut-trees—now lost, as it seems, in waters that have no outlet—now shooting past far-advancing promontories, beyond which a new lake is revealed, crowned by mountains of the noblest form, until that moment hidden from the view. Beauty of scenery is here under an aspect which it is almost vain to look for elsewhere; nature, indeed, is so prodigal in her variety, that she confers an especial character



W.H. Bartlett. C. Mottram.

THE LAKE OF LUCERNE FROM THE RIGHI.

(Canton Unterwalden)

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.

on every spot which her hand adorns; and he who has traversed lakes like those of Lucerne, of Thun, of Geneva, of Como, of Lugano, and of Orta, cannot fail to remember the separate charm with which each is invested. But besides the romance of Nature, there is here the romance of History—in those records of Swiss liberty which are read at Tell's Chapel, and in the meadow of Grütli. Tell may be a myth, and the meeting of the midnight conspirators a mere picturesque tradition; but the memories awakened by their names, whatever their identical acts, keep alive that spirit of liberty in Switzerland, which, amid all her trials—and they have been many—no external force has ever quenched.

With less of its romance, but with more of its reality, history fills the narrow Valley of the Reuss, close to whose torrent the ascent of the St. Gothard is made. Here, in the last year of the last century, when revolutionary France waged war with two imperial foes, resounded the names of Massena and Suwarrow; and here took place, between French and Austrian armies, encounters bloody in their issue and vehement in their national hate, as those which are now being renewed on the banks of the Ticino.

But what thought gives the traveller to scenes of strife, save when reminded of their occurrence by inscriptions like that of "Suwarrow Victor," on the rock that on the Italian side crowns the pass towards which his steps are bent? The Alps are all around, the gorge of the valley yawns before him, and if other than picturesque ideas occupy his mind, they are those which are connected with the purpose of his journey. At Flüelen, where the steam-boat discharges its living cargo and instantly begins to take in a wooden one, to supply the fuel for the return voyage, the *grand débat* about a carriage for crossing the St. Gothard ensues. If the never-tiring, onward-wending diligence—whose inmates always awake to find that they have lost the finest scenery in the dark—be avoided, an answer must be given to one of the host of *voituriers* that crowd around the steam-boat passengers the moment they set foot in the Canton of Uri, at that point where the impetuosity of the Reuss subsides amid the level marshes through which it enters the Lake of Lucerne. Select which carriage you please, they are all under the same system of management: you announce your destination, and the driver of your choice, not forgetting to mention his own *buono-mano*,—already you scent the air of Italy in its soft and resonant language,—places in your hand the card of the Heritiers Müller, the proprietors of the "Hôtel de l'Aigle,"—an Austrian, double-headed; and on the reverse you find the "Tarif des chevaux, pour le passage du St. Gothard," which tariff is accompanied by a small but neatly engraved plan of the route, with the prices and distances marked as follows:—

"For two horses. From Flüelen to Hospenthal, 30 francs; to Airolo, 60 francs; to Faido, 70 francs; to Bellinzona, 100 francs; to Magadino (on the Lago Maggiore), 115 francs; to Lugano, 125 francs; and, finally, to Como, 150 francs."

Safe from imposition, though unenlightened on the subject of changing carriages and drivers, which afterwards makes itself known, the traveller adjourns to the hotel, and receives a document or treaty, signed in his presence by one of the inheritors of the name of Müller, the most satisfactory protocol of which is that which states that the money for the journey is not to be paid until the journey itself is ended. Meanwhile, the carriage has been packed—the unemployed *voituriers* smile—Müller, or his representative, respectfully bows an adieu—indeed, he says, "*Bon voyage!*" the favoured driver mounts the box, tells you his name is Joseph or Jean, which you, skilled in languages, ambitiously render into Italian, and call him forthwith Giuseppe or Giovanni, appellations to which he shows no inclination to respond; and then—the whole affair not having occupied ten minutes, for you have breakfasted on board the steamer—the wheels are set in motion, and along a road which presents but little inequality, amongst orchards and fields of no great productiveness, through Altorf, where the statues on Tell's fountain convince the most incredulous of the truth of his famed exploit; past Attinghausen, the birthplace of Walter Furst, one of the three liberators of Switzerland; beneath the ruins of the castle of the same name, "whose baronial owners," we are told by Murray, "became extinct in 1357, when the last of his race was buried in his helmet and hauberk;" and skirting the Reuss at Klus, where Gessler's stronghold, "The Restraint of Uri," once stopped the way, *you* stop to bait the horses at Amsteg, which is, literally, at the foot of the Pass of the St. Gothard.

At this point the river is for the first time crossed, and here let the ascent to Andermath be described in the poetical language of the author of "Endymion."

"At Amsteg," says Longfellow, "the Kerstelenbach comes dashing down the Maderaner Thal from its snowy cradle overhead. The road is steep, and runs on zigzag terraces. The sides of the mountains are barren cliffs, and from their cloud-capped summits, unheard amid the roar of the great torrent below, come streams of snow-white foam, leaping from rock to rock like the mountain chamois. As you advance the scene grows wilder and more desolate. There is not a tree in sight—not a human habitation. Clouds, black as midnight, lower upon you from the ravines above; and the mountain torrent beneath is but a sheet of foam, and sends up an incessant roar. A sudden turn in the road brings you in sight of a lofty bridge, stepping from cliff to cliff with a single stride. A mighty cataract howls

beneath it like an evil spirit, and fills the air with mist, and the mountain wind claps its hands, and shrieks through the narrow pass, 'Ha! ha!' This is the Devil's Bridge; it leads the traveller across the purple chasm, and through a mountain gallery into the broad, green, silent meadow of Andermath."

Supposing the arrangement with the Heritiers Müller to have been made, Hospenthal, in the vale of Urseren, a vale 2500 feet above the Lake of Lucerne, is the place where a welcome dinner and a not less welcome bed are found at the "Golden Lion." Untempted by the glacier of the Rhone, which, distant across the Furca only a five hours' journey on foot, expands "a frozen cataract, more than two thousand feet in height, and many miles broad at its base," and is shaped like "a glove, lying with the palm downwards, the fingers crooked and close together,—a gauntlet of ice thrown down in defiance of the sun," who, "year by year strives in vain to lift it from the ground on the point of his glittering spear;"* resisting this temptation, and eager for the sun that ripens the grape and the fig beneath an Italian sky, the chilly village of Hospenthal is quitted by daybreak, the level meads of Urseren are exchanged for another ascent among scenery whose sterile and desolate character increases as the summit is neared. Crossing the Reuss for the last time, at the small bridge which connects the Cantons of Uri and Tessin, and marking where its steel-blue waters issue at a short distance on the right of the road from the miniature Lake of Lucendro, a slight elevation is attained; and then appear a succession of cold, black, icy reservoirs, the sources of the "madly flowing" Ticino, beside which the road winds, descending slightly, and the massive Hospice of St. Gothard, denoted in letters large and legible, proclaims that the ascent is accomplished.

Though toiling at the base of beetling cliffs, and stunned by the roar of falling waters, no sense of danger has affected the traveller all the way upwards from Amsteg to Andermath; but it requires something like strong nerves in the uninitiated, who commence the descent on Italy, at the spot where the conquering Muscovite triumphantly carved his name. Without doubt the road is admirable, the engineering perfect, the barriers of unimpeachable solidity, yet—*quien sabe?*—the horses may fail to turn at the right moment as they thunder down the steep, the fragile carriage may part from its tethering, the helpless occupant of the vehicle may be whirled into measureless space! If such apprehensive ideas arise, let the neophyte pass uncensured. Soon he scorns himself at having for a moment entertained them. Excited by the rapidity of the motion, he begins to enjoy each

* Longfellow's "Endymion."

break-neck turn, exultingly counts the perilous zigzags, and when he reaches the bottom is in a condition analogous to Oliver Twist, and very much disposed to ask for "more." For the present, however, he must rest content, and abandon himself to the enjoyment of beauty unalloyed, or unspiced, by any shade of terror. That southern sun, for which he has been longing, now glows above him—luxuriant vegetation spreads beneath his feet—the mountain-slopes are richly wooded—bright streams reveal their silvery tracks—the climate is altogether changed; but yet there are peaks in sight, whose snow-covered heights remind him that he is still a traveller in alpine regions. It is the Val Bedretto which thus wooingly courts his admiration, a valley to which the following remarks of an eloquent and lamented writer* are strikingly applicable :—

"In reflections on the *unsnowed* valleys of Switzerland, we shall find that the difference in their favour does not consist in the mere superiority of elevation in the heights, but of all the prodigal beauty which the greater elevations nurture: the number and the power of the fountains which gush out from them; the groves that flash or lower from their sides, giving you the sense at once of a hundred thickets; the steeps and turrets and acclivities of rocks, nurturing in their interstices breeze-sown clumps and festoons of wild-flowers, each a fairy garden; these spring and cluster and accumulate, in proportion as the mountain side which nourishes them expands. Experience will show, that so far from its being true that, in nature, sublimity and beauty are commonly divorced, that the first is always made up of the last, the nobler the outline of the mountain, the more various and exquisite are the details of loveliness which fill it."

Though the scene is actually in Switzerland, and more than a day's journey remains before its confines are past, the impression is all of Italy. The first town on the descent has an Italian name, and Italian are the habits and language of all who dwell there. This place is Airolo, and at the post-house the terms of the treaty with the Heritiers Müller undergo a modification: the carriage and the driver are changed, but the protocol with regard to payment—save only the *buono-mano*—remains in force. The treaty itself, however, is always surrendered for inspection at every change, and, found to be quite *en règle*, is respectfully returned by the post-master, to be preserved, if you please, as a family record to the end of time, or of travelling.

Airolo is picturesque in position, and a great point of departure for exploring pedestrians; there are here, too, the ruins of a Lombard tower, called "Casa dei

* "Vacation Rambles." By Sir T. N. Talfourd.

Pagani," built, says tradition (and Murray), by King Desiderius, whom Charlemagne defeated and took prisoner at the first of the many battles that have been fought before Pavia. But Airolo causes no long detention. The way onward lies through the Val Levantina, and before the chestnut-trees appear, which are just seen above Faido, a great surprise is in store. This is the defile of Dazio, a rent in the Monte Piottino, one of the most striking scenes along the whole route. The carriage road is a simple ledge cut through the rocks which overhang the boiling torrent of the Ticino, and though perfectly safe, and in reality well defended by its barrier, is so abrupt and inconstant in its course, crossing the river thrice over bridges built at sharp angles, that a not altogether groundless fear affects the nervously disposed—a fear to be remembered as a pleasure, when the sublimity of the scene associates itself with the recollection.

This picturesque gorge is the last alpine feature of the journey. At Faido broad trellises are hung with vines, rich with depending grapes; fountains sparkle in the sun; and all the garden walls are studded with basking lizards, which claim to be a population as soon as the Alps are crossed. Then comes a broader and highly cultivated valley, still bearing the name of the Val Levantina; the towers of Desiderius multiply; Romanesque architecture is seen at Giornico; at Bodio is a rude rocky memento of a Swiss victory gained over the Milanese four centuries ago; and at Biasca the traces are evident of an earthquake which, in the year 1512, desolated all the country. A little above the junction of the Moesa and the Ticino, at Arbedo,—a spot memorable for a defeat of the Swiss, the *contre-coup* of which was Bodio,—the defile is passed which leads to the Splügen by the Pass of the Bernardino, and then the towers of Bellinzona, the diadem of this capital of the Tessin,—there being two other towns which share the honour,—appear in full view. Through its narrow streets, where first we notice the pavement peculiar to all Italian cities, and pass the heavy arcades which serve as market-places and shelter from the storms which sweep down the valley, the day's journey is brought to a close at the "*Angelo*," an excellent inn, where the only drawback for the tired wayfarer, charmed with the appearance of his elegant looking bed, is the cast-iron quality of the pillows, an inconvenience to which he must patiently submit, for henceforward he will be exposed to it wherever he turns in Italy.

The castellated appearance of Bellinzona is well described by Judge Talfourd:—

"This small city," he says, "comprises within the circuit of its immediate vicinity as much of interest and beauty as any town I have visited. Strong in situation, and most important in position, it has been the object of many a bloody contest; and now presents the remains of no less than three fortresses, two in the

lap of growing vegetation, and one cresting it. The central castle is still used as an arsenal, and its walls are those of the town, which is still bound in by walls and towers. Of the furthest castle I know nothing beyond the effect of its clustering turrets and strong iron-bound walls in the scene. The loftiest and the rudest was the object of our 'preferable regards;' and we passed the larger part of our summer's day within the shade of its ruins. . . . . From a narrow terrace—scarce more than a ledge fronting them—to which we climbed, is a fine view of the two subject castles; the walled city almost like a miniature, for you may walk from gate to gate in five minutes; the long grey bridge over the Ticino; the affluent country backed by the lower roots of the Alps; but the silent, desecrated tower was more interesting than all."

From Bellinzona the road lies through a broad plain, taming the current of the Ticino till it enters the Lago Maggiore, where, for the present, we bid it farewell. For a glorious view of the great lake of Lombardy there is no better station than the famous convent of La Madonna del Sasso, above the town of Locarno, a shrine visited by pilgrims for many an age, and freshly restored by modern devotion.

"It was to this shrine," says Miss Costello, in her "Tour to and from Venice," "that Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, in the fourteenth century, proceeded, in order to lull to rest the suspicions of his uncle Bernabo of Milan, with whom he shared the sovereignty of Lombardy; and here he offered up his vows, not of piety, but for a successful issue to the daring adventure on which he was bent. Galeazzo quitted Pavia with a powerful array, for no fewer than two thousand horse accompanied him on his pilgrimage. Bernabo heard with contempt of the powerful guard with which he surrounded himself, persuaded that cowardice dictated his caution, and when his more suspicious friends suggested the necessity of wary observation in his movements, the uncle replied that he was too great a saint to be treacherous. 'My nephew,' said he, 'is by no means of a warlike disposition; he loves priests better than soldiers, a rosary better than a sword; his days are occupied in pilgrimages, and his nights in penance; he is not the foe whom I need dread.' His dutiful and pious relation could not approach Milan so nearly without paying his respects to the uncle who trusted him so well; accordingly, after his devotions were paid, the meek Galeazzo, with all his numerous train, directed his steps to the great city, and was met by Bernabo, his two sons, and a few attendants only. The relations embraced, and uttered mutual expressions of friendship, though Bernabo, in his heart, as he looked at his two sons, wished that the heritage of his nephew was already annexed to theirs. What were the secret thoughts of

W. H. Bartlett. S. Fisher.

THE CONVENT OF LA' MADONNA DEL SASSO — ABOVE LOCARNO.

(Canton Tessin)

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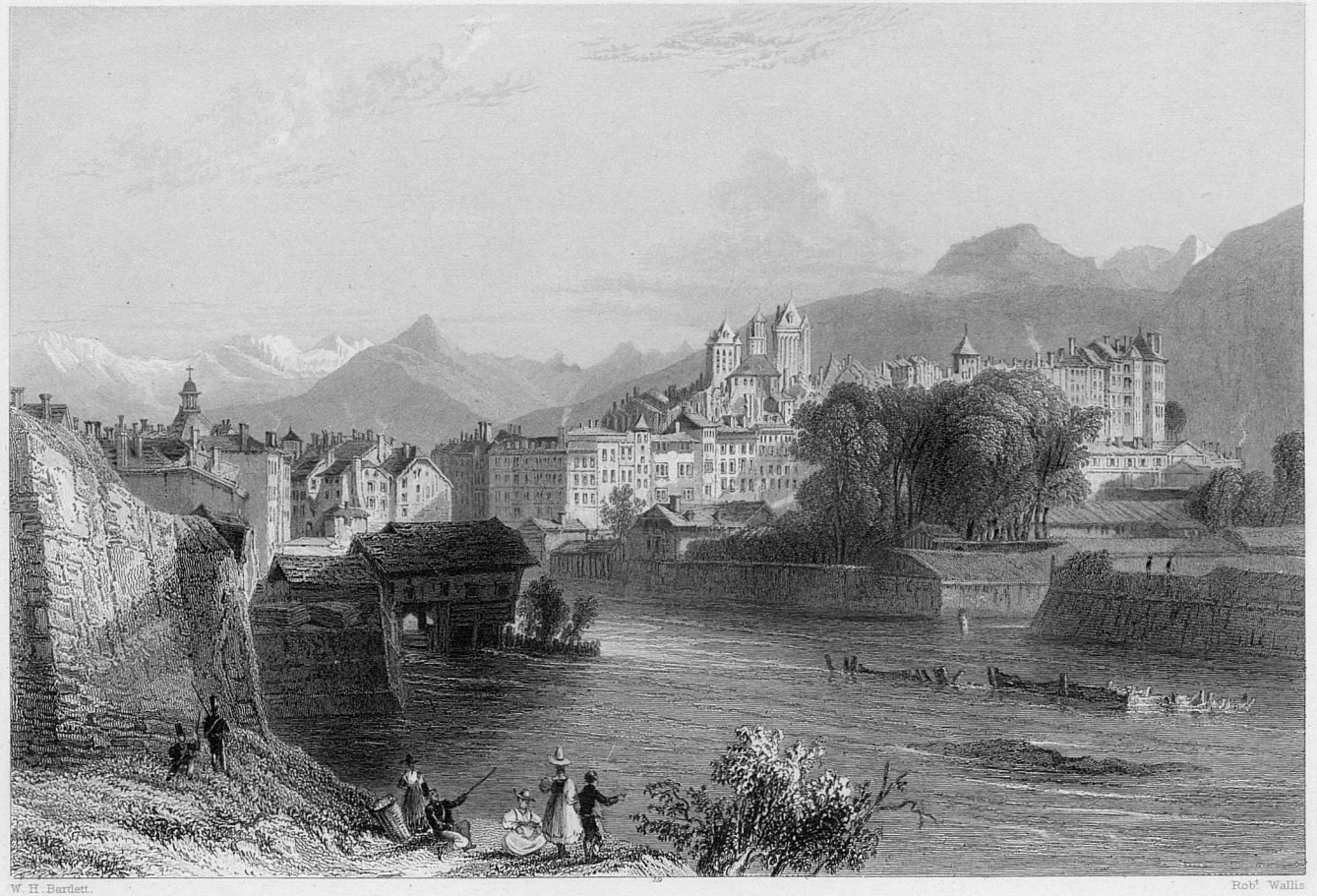

W. H. Bartlett. Robt Wallis

GENEVA.

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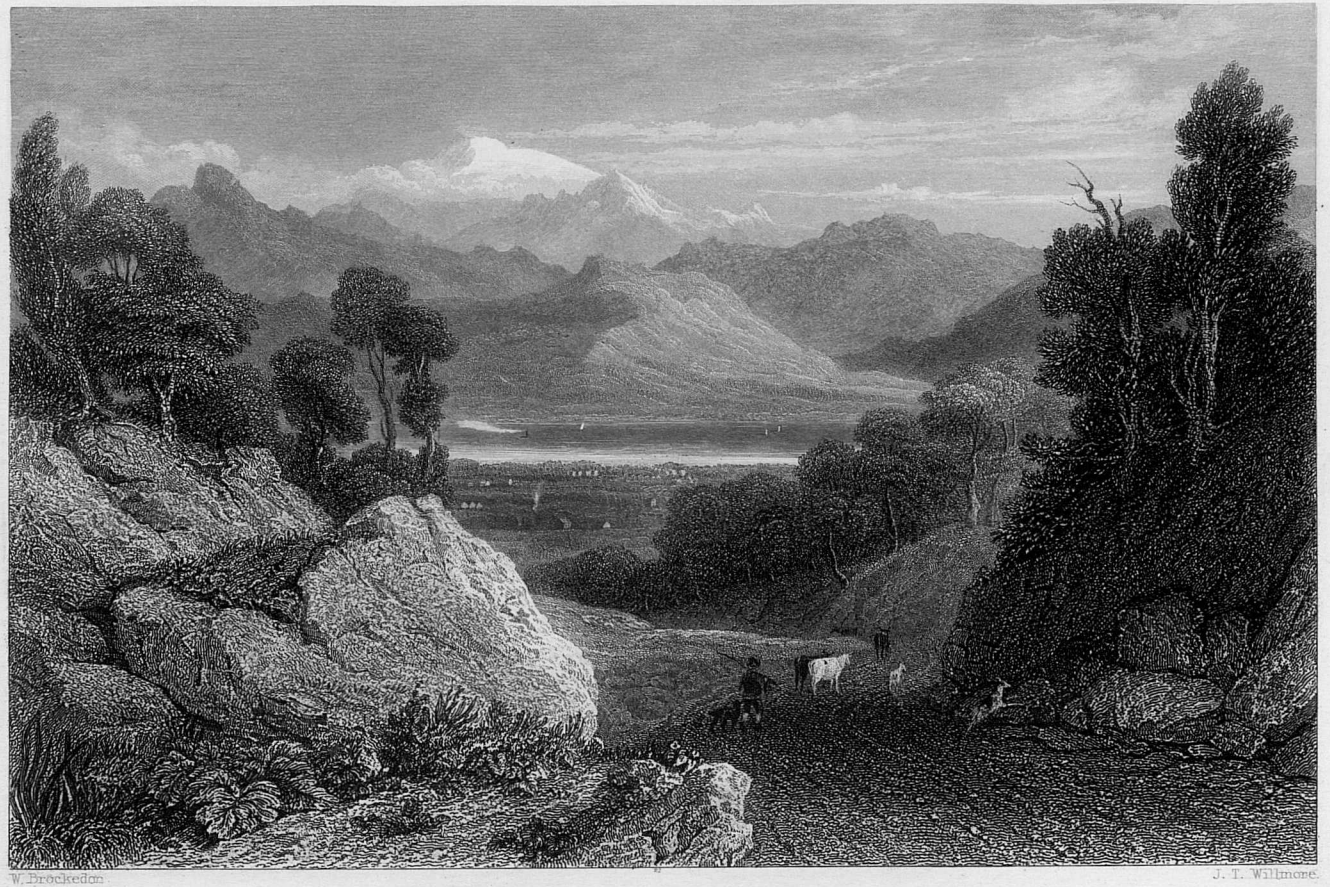


W. Brockedon. J. T. Willmore.

THE LAKE OF GENEVA, AND MONT BLANC.

(From the Forest of Nion.)

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.

Galeazzo, a few minutes disclosed: turning to one of his confidential followers, Giacopo del Verone, he gave a certain sign agreed on between them, and a powerful hand was laid on the bridle of the mule ridden by the unsuspicious Bernabo; his sword was instantly cut from his belt, and he was dragged to the ground. As swift as the action of a Thug towards his guest, men-at-arms who stood behind each of the sons of Bernabo, performed the same service for their chief, and the three prisoners were hurried off to a dungeon already prepared for their reception. For seven months the unfortunate Bernabo languished in chains in the Castle of Frezzo, without an effort on the part of his subjects, now servants of the usurper, for his release. He had been tyrannous and oppressive, and neither love nor regrets followed him to his last home, where poison at length did its work, and Galeazzo was freed of a rival in the power he coveted.

"La Madonna del Sasso had probably many such devotees in these turbulent times, and in the following century she looked down from her height with sorrow on the devastations committed by the five robber brothers, Mazzarda, who made the lake over which she presided a scene of rapine and horror, when they sailed from their island fastness, and fell upon travellers on shore. Perhaps she repented that she had chosen such a spot, since her influence could not repress such outrages, and would fain, but for pity, have retired from the retreat she had herself fixed upon."

Skirting the Lago Maggiore, the Sardinian frontier is crossed a few miles before reaching Canobio; and at the *embouchure* of the river Tosa, the approach to Piedmont by the St. Gothard unites with the road from Domo d'Ossola, and there ends.

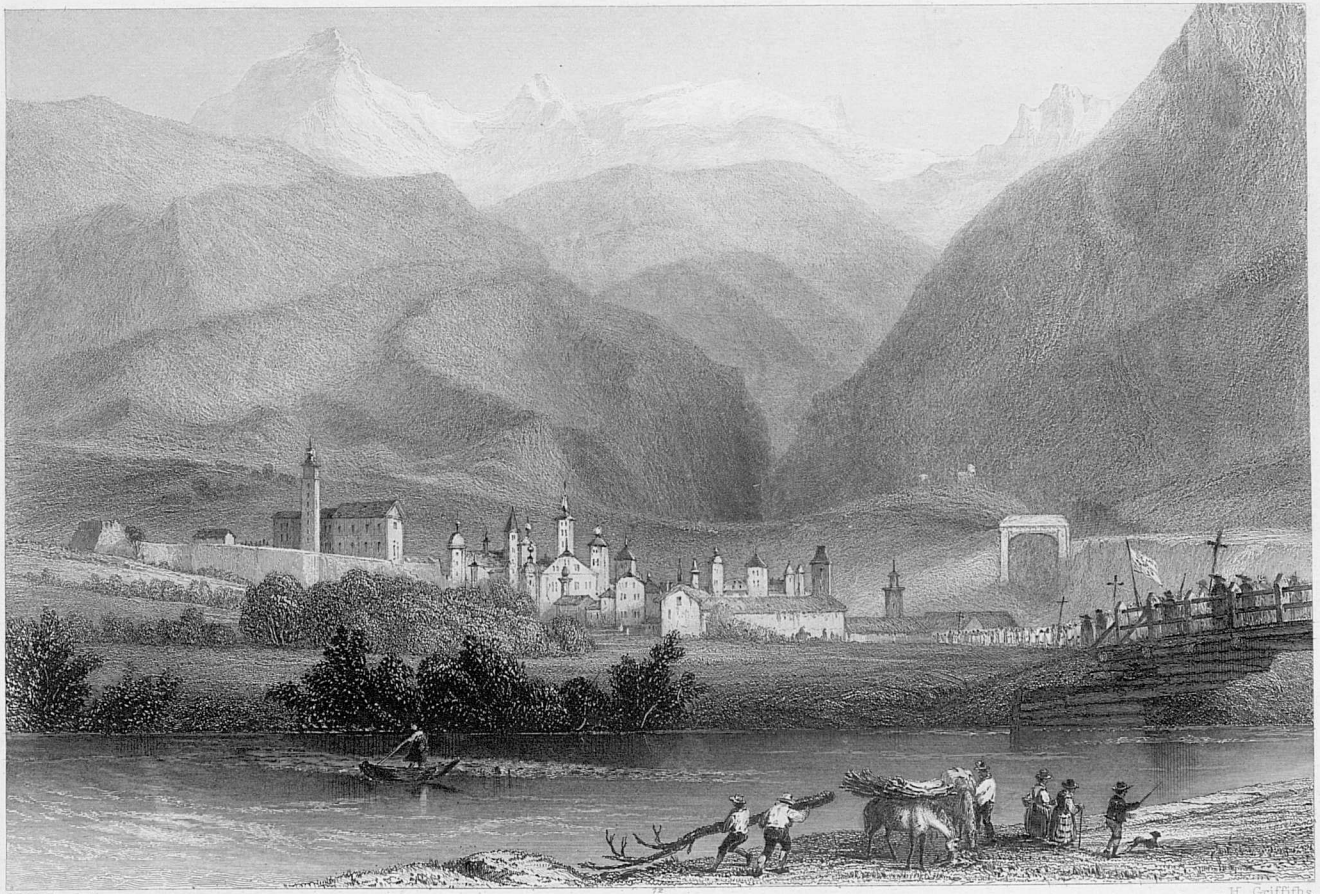
The route of the Simplon, like that of the St. Gothard, begins on the shores of a lake which, if less gloomily grand than Lucerne, has beauties of its own that will bear comparison with any of the waters of Switzerland. Seen from the heights of the Jura, where the road from Chalons makes a sudden turn, Lake Leman breaks on the view as if by enchantment, its azure depths stretching across a landscape of unexampled loveliness, with alp on alp towering in the distance, till, at the remotest point of vision, appears the snowy summit of the loftiest mountain in Europe. This glorious scene has been the theme of countless tongues, and nothing in after-travel, however beautiful, effaces the impression which it makes.

Besides the passage by steamboat from Geneva to Villeneuve, there are two ways of reaching the Valley of the Rhone:—the more circuitous road, by the northern shore of the lake, through Lausanne; and the shorter one, on the south

side, through Evian, which eventually joins the first at St. Maurice. Under most circumstances the *traversée* of the lake is the preferable route, but the journey by land "has its attractions too," whichever side be taken. Coppet, Lausanne, Vevay, Clarens, Montreux, Chillon, are names which speak for themselves; while such glimpses of beauty as are caught above Evian, are the traveller's reward who keeps within the territory of Savoy. What more exquisite can well be conceived than the scenery described in the following passages from the "Italia" of Théophile Gautier:—

"The purest summer sky is, assuredly, less pure, less transparent. Rock crystal or diamond are not more limpid than the virgin waters that descend from the neighbouring glaciers. Distance, a greater or less depth, the play of light that strews vaporous, ideal, impossible tints, which seem to belong to another planet—cobalt, ultramarine, sapphire, the azure of the loveliest blue eyes, exhibit earthly shades in comparison. The reflected lights from the wing of the king-fisher, the rainbow-tints of certain shells can alone give a faint idea of their beauty. . . . . We ask if it is water, sky, or the blue mist of a dream which lies before us, so strangely do air, earth, and the waves reflect and mingle with each other. It often happens that a boat alone, drawing its dark-blue shadow after it, assures you that what you have taken for a rent in the heavens is a part of the lake. The mountains assume unimaginable tints of pearl and silver-grey, with hues of rose and lilac, and that shade of azure which forms the backgrounds of Paul Veronese; here and there white gleams appear—the distant buildings of Vevay, Lausanne, and Villeneuve. The shadows of the mountains reflected in the water are of so fine and transparent a tone, that they cannot be distinguished from the real objects, which are only identified apart by the thin silvery line which the breeze wakes into existence on the verge of the shore."

Assuming Villeneuve to be the point of departure for this approach to Piedmont, we track the Rhone upwards as far as the lonely town of Brieg, at a short distance beyond which the ascent of the Simplon commences. The river is within sight the greater part of the way, or its course is sufficiently indicated; but save at the bridge of St. Maurice, where the valley contracts into a rocky gorge, its turbid waters, not yet purified and coloured by their passage through the Lake of Geneva, add little to the local charm. There are, however, other objects on which the eye delights to dwell:—the snowy peaks of the Dent du Morcles, and the Dent du Midi; the shadowing mountains of Savoy, at whose base we creep; the waterfall of the Sallenche, sweeping from its narrow ravine; the castle-crowned rock of La Batie; and, after crossing the torrents of the Trient and the Dranse, the dark defile at



W. H. Bartlett. H. Griffiths.

BRIEG, WITH THE ASCENT OF THE SIMPLON.

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.

Martigny, which leads to the Great St. Bernard. Here the Valley of the Rhone, much of it a broad, unhealthy swamp, peopled by Crétins, opens wide and flat, and mountains, bare and desolate, rise on either hand. In this part of the journey there is no willing delay. On the level road, running nearly in a straight line, we hurry towards the turreted town of Sion, the capital of the Canton of the Vallais, and once more the sublime and the picturesque are united. Beyond Sierres, whose sunny slopes produce delicious Malvoisie, that wine of ancient reputation, the Rhone is no longer a neglected stream, as, turbulent and rapid, it rushes over its rocky bed. A covered bridge crosses it on the left hand, the road that climbs to the baths of Leuk, ending in the Pass of the Gemmi. But our road continues straight onward till Tourtemagne, with its waterfall, and Visp, where the Valley of St. Nicholas conducts to Mont Cervin, are left behind. A little further, and we arrive at Brieg, housed for the night at the hotel which bears the name of the Simplon.

From Brieg the road ascends a gentle slope between two precipitous heights, which seem so near, you fancy you can touch them—that effect so constant in alpine countries, where distance is always deceptive. On the spurs of the mountain chains, which appear inaccessible even to the goat, villages hang, one knows not how, their existence betrayed by the steeples, which often alone are visible; higher up *chalets* are descried, with their overhanging eaves and broad roofs laden with massive stones; and on the grassy patches which cling to the steeps, the mower, and his helpmate, the haymaker, may be seen at work. On the right of the road extends a superb panorama of icy peaks, and dark forests of pine clothe the mountains on the left.

Speaking of the vegetation and general aspect of the Alps, Théophile Gautier makes an apt comparison:—"The pine-tree," he says, "is the turf of the mountain, and is to it, relatively, as the blade of grass to the meadow. That abrupt slope, which seems to you spotted with patches of velvet moss, is in reality covered with pines and firs sixty feet high. Of those blades of grass the masts of ships are made; that wrinkle in the skin of the mountain is a valley, which often conceals a village in its folds; that white, motionless thread, which looks like a vein of snow, is an impetuous torrent, noisily dashing itself into foam, but distance makes the noise unheard."

The ascent from Brieg soon ceases to be an easy one. At the foot of the Glytzhorn, where the road passes—not crosses—the covered bridge over the Saltine, the upward toil begins: a toil, it may be, physically, but amid scenery so wild and magnificent, that all sense of difficulty is lost in admiration. From the edge of a

precipice that overhangs the gorge of the Saltine, the traveller gazes into the gloomy depth, where the furious torrent "forces its way," says Murray, "among black and bristling slate rocks, which seem still sheltered by the convulsion which first gave a passage to its waters. It is a scene of grandeur—almost of terror. At the upper end of the ravine, high above his head, the traveller may discern the glaciers under which the road is carried, but which he will require three good hours to reach, on account of the sinuosities of the route. Looking back, he will perceive the Valley of the Rhone, as far as Tourtemagne, spread out as a map beneath his feet; Brieg and Naters remain long in sight,"—Brieg looking like a cluster of toy-houses, and the Rhone a yellow thread. The numbered houses of refuge now appear. On reaching the second, "the road, carried for some distance nearly on a level, is compelled to bend round the Valley of the Ganther, until it can cross the torrent which traverses it by another lofty bridge, called *Pont du Ganther*. The upper end of this wild ravine is subject to avalanches almost every winter, the snow of which nearly fills it up, and reaches sometimes to the crown of the arch."

All alpine passes bear a greater or less resemblance to each other, but the Pass of the Simplon has one very distinctive feature—the number of its galleries hewn through the solid rock. To execute the great work of forming this road, the Emperor Napoleon I. employed ten thousand men for six years, and expended on the blasting operation upwards of 160,000 quintals, or 8000 tons of gunpowder. The road was commenced on the Italian side in the year 1800, and on that of Switzerland in 1801. "To give a notion of the colossal nature of the undertaking, it may be mentioned that the number of bridges, great and small, constructed for the passage of the road between Brieg and Sesto amounts to 611, in addition to the far more vast and costly constructions, such as terraces of massive masonry miles in length; of ten galleries, either cut out of the living rock or built of solid stone, and of twenty houses of refuge to shelter travellers, and lodge the labourers constantly employed in taking care of the road. Its breadth is throughout at least 25 feet—in some places 30 feet, and the average slope nowhere exceeds 1 in 13." *

The gorge of Schalbet, "a wild recess in the flanks of the Monte Leone," which rises 11,500 feet above the level of the sea, gives its name to the first gallery, itself at an elevation of nearly 4000 feet above Glys. From this point a magnificent view is obtained of a long succession of the peaks of the Bernese Oberland, which dominate the Canton of the Vallais on its northern side. "The glittering white

* "Hand-book for Savoy and Piedmont."

SWITZERLAND.

English Miles 10 20 30

Railways

Longitude East of Greenwich

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LONDON VIRTUE

peaks of the Breithorn, Aletsch-hörner, and Viescher-hörner, are magnificent objects in this scene, while below them two strips are visible of the glaciers of Aletsch, one of the most extensive in the Alps." But there are glaciers nearer at hand; and one great object in the construction of several of the galleries along the Simplon route is to protect the road from the avalanches and torrents which fall from them. Of the effect produced by a group of these torrents, which form the sources of the Saltine, Théophile Gautier speaks as follows :—

"We had now nearly reached the culminating point of the road, at something like 5000 (French) feet above the level of the sea. There was nothing between us and the sky but the glacier of the Fletsch-horn, whence issued four almost perpendicular streams—four waterspouts of foam and mud. We distinctly saw the first of these torrents spring at the angle of the glacier from a vault of crystalline green. It was most strange and beautiful to see this foaming, dust-like water shoot over the road, here covered by a vaulted gallery, which the infiltrations have hung with stalactites, making it resemble a natural grotto, and fall roaring into the abyss. The other three streams spent themselves with no less noise and turbulence in lines of silvery foam."

M. Gautier's estimate of the height of the pass is, however, far below the mark, the highest summit of the road being 6578 feet above the level of the sea, or 230 feet lower than that of the St. Gothard. Shortly after reaching it, the new *Hospice* appears, with all its numerous accommodations, its Augustine monks, and its breed of dogs, a *pepinière* for the establishment on the Great St. Bernard. Complete barrenness now covers the face of the mountains, and extends for a considerable distance along a valley, which gradually descends till the traveller arrives at the village of the Simplon, which gives its name to the pass. Then follow the galleries on the Italian side, the most magnificent of all being the gallery of Gondo, an excavation of 596 feet, and the labour of eighteen months; it bears at one extremity the inscription, "Ære Italo, 1805: Nap. Imp." The furious Saltine, which feeds the Rhone, is here replaced by the equally impetuous Doveria, swelled, at the very mouth of the gallery of Gondo, by the roaring waterfall of the Frasinone, descending from the glacier of Rosboden, and, thus reinforced, precipitating itself into the Tosa, whose course ends in the Lago Maggiore, mingling with the waters of the Ticino. On quitting the gallery of Gondo, "the traveller," says Murray, "should pause and look back after proceeding about forty yards. The rocks rise on both sides as straight as walls, attaining the summit of wild sublimity. The little strip of sky above, the torrent roaring in the dark gulf below, the white foam of the waterfall, the graceful arch, and the black mouth of the

cavern, form a picture which has been spread over the world by the pencils of all our first landscape-painters."

We are now far down in the descent, but still in the Swiss territory, to be quitted at last at the miserable group of huts which form the village of Gondo. A few miles further, and the custom-house at Isella announces the Sardinian confine. The building is decorated by a sundial, which, in the true spirit of Italian *concetti*, is surrounded by this inscription: "*Torna, tornando il sol, l'ombra smarrita, ma non ritorna più l'età fuggita.*" (The vanished shadow returns when returns the sun; but time that has flown returns no more.)

But it is not the language alone which reminds us of having entered Piedmont: the smiling aspect of the country, the gaily dressed, dark-eyed peasant-women, the white villas, the slender church towers, the air of grace spread over the face of nature, all speak of the Italian clime. "Hereabouts a change comes over the valley, from nakedness to the rich green foliage of the chestnut, which shades the road, and to that of the dark fir, which clothes the summits of the hitherto bare mountains above. The last gallery is traversed a little before reaching Crevola, where the Doveria is crossed for the last time by a fine lofty bridge of two arches, nearly ninety feet high, previous to its flowing into the river Toccia, or Tosa, which here issues out of the Val Formazza."* It is at Crevola that the picture is made complete. Let us paint it in the words of the Rev. Mr. King, the author of that admirable volume, "The Italian Valleys of the Alps:"—

"At the foot of the mountain spur on which Preglia and Crevola are situated the bright-looking Italian houses, standing in vineyards, seemed of another land. Their galleried fronts were festooned with glowing sheets of golden orange maize-heads; and the sunny balconies, protected by wide, overhanging roofs, were alike picturesque and interesting, crowded with sundry products hung up to dry. Some were filled with tobacco, either in long rows of stems hung up reversed, or the leaves only, neatly strung on lines; in others the heads of Indian corn, stripped of the husk, were methodically carried along the balustrades and balcony fronts, in glowing lines. Pumpkins of all sorts, sizes, and shapes, which form so important an article in their *cuisine*, lay piled on the outside shelves; and, that no part of this much-esteemed vegetable should be lost, even the peelings were hung up to dry in long spiral slips. Apples and pears, cut into quarters, were threaded in long festoons; with raisins, figs, capsicums, and haricot pods; ropes of silvery-skinned garlic, and big onions; stores of sausage-skins; bundles of hemp and hemp-seed;

* "Handbook for Savoy and Piedmont."

and other heterogeneous matters: all speaking of the richness of this noble valley, where not exposed to the ravages of the torrents."

At this point we close the second approach to Piedmont.

To arrive at the Great St. Bernard, and descend into Piedmont upon Aosta, the Val d'Orsières must be threaded, advancing from Martigny, in the Valley of the Rhone. But there are two routes which conduct to Martigny: the first by the high post road which we have already followed, and the second by the track familiar to millions, which includes the Valley of Chamouni. Mr. Albert Smith has made Mont Blanc, and its *entourage*, so well-known to Englishmen, that it appears superfluous in us to do more than indicate the line that leads to the foot of the often-scaled mountain. The road leaves Geneva by Chesne, where, amongst other celebrities, the historian Sismondi was long a resident. It skirts the Campagne Diodati, where Byron dwelt when the Third Canto and "Manfred" were written; and enters Savoy at Annemasse, with the sugarloaf shaped Mole in full view, and the brawling Arve, offspring of the Mer de Glace, and tributary to the Rhone, now on the right hand, now on the left, till the dark valley is reached which is spanned by the one-arched bridge of Cluses. Amid woods, and rocks, and waterfalls, at the foot of precipices, and in sight of mountain peaks, the road continues to St. Martin, where again the Arve is crossed. Thence, onward, nothing in the ground is debateable: all belongs to the multitudes who, year after year, perform the pilgrimage to Chamouni. At that memorable village we part company with the great mass of excursionists, to cross the Tête Noire, and choose a path to Orsières.

This romantic pass has been almost as often described as the Vale of Chamouni itself; but all description falls short of the sombre beauty it exhibits at the point where the gallery pierces the brow of the mountain. Black is the hue of all things there, and so everything is called: the *Tête Noire* overhead, the pine forests around, and the dark torrent, the *Eau Noire*, which murmurs in the depths beneath. Unless benighted, and compelled to share the little inn at Trient with the cows and goats, whose stabling is under the same roof with, and divided only by a slight partition from, the traveller's bedchamber, an effort had better be made to cross the Col de Forclaz, and descend at once to Martigny. Here begins the Val d'Orsières, leading beside the Dranse, whose waters we meet, to the Val d'Entremont, which is practicable for a *char* as far as Liddes. The traveller then bestrides a mule, or becomes a pedestrian, and so ascends to the wretched village

of St. Pierre; after which he crosses a deeper abyss above the Dranse, passes through a dark forest of larch and pine, attains the highest pasturages, and entering a sterile and dreary ravine, labours on till he nears the hospitable abode of the brotherhood of St. Bernard.

"There are few incidents in alpine travel," says Mr. King, "which excite more strangely-mingled sensations than the first sight of the lonely Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, in its winter robe of snow and mist, coming unexpectedly on the benighted traveller, who has toiled on foot up the long and weary ascent of the Val d'Entremont from Orsières. Overtaken on the last, and most trying part of the pass by the rapidly-deepening shades of an early winter evening;—barely able in dim twilight to distinguish, at a few yards, the tall poles, the only guides to the direction of the deeply-buried track;—enveloped in bewildering cloud-mist and whistling sleet, which sweeps down on the icy wind from unseen mountain tops;—plunging knee-deep in the thick snow, or stumbling in the dark over protruding rocks, and down invisible hollows;—benumbed and drowsy, the only wish is to sit down anywhere, but for one moment, regardless of consequences, when suddenly the outline of the convent looms out at a few yards' distance, like a huge ark indistinctly seen through the drifting clouds. Hazy lights struggle through the mist from one or two of the many little windows, while the drip from the icicled roof splashes suddenly on the slushy snow beneath. At the high steps of the ever-open convent door weariness is forgotten. The long vaulted corridor, cold and dark as a crypt, leads, by an iron gate at the head of a flight of stone steps, into the landing lighted by a dim lamp. At a couple of tolls on the great bell hanging above, a blaze of cheerful light shines dazzlingly for a moment through an open door, and a monk in Augustine habit bids you welcome. Wet, weary, and numbed, you are conducted to a comfortable, but simple dormitory, and, after a change, if you are fortunate enough to have it, are soon seated in the refectory, the same room from whence came the inspiriting gleam of light and warmth. With a blazing wood fire, warm soup, good Aostan wine, and the pressing hospitality of the fathers, you forget the mist and sleet without, and can hardly realise the fact that you are 8200 feet above the sea-level, and in the highest permanent habitation in Europe."

The situation of the convent, the properties of the lake over which it hangs, and the character of the scanty vegetation on its borders, are well described by the same traveller:—

"In the narrow rock-bound gorge in which we seemed hemmed in by the lofty snow dome of Mont Velan, the Pic de Dronaz, Mont Mort, and Mont Chenellette, stood the convent itself, grey and sad-looking as the waters of the gloomy

little lake on which it abuts. This lake, which is amongst the highest in the Alps, and has frequently never thawed during the summer, appeared, as we looked down on its ruffled surface, of the inkiest black hue, the more intense from the contrast with the snow-patches which fringed its desolate basin. The Stygian waters, fed by the melting snow, are tenantless (as no fish can live in them, though the experiment has been tried more than once), unless the ghostly-white trout appears here, as at the old Abbey of St. Maurice, in the Vallais, where, as the legend tells, it is always seen in the convent ponds on the death of each monk. Amidst all this desolation and savage gloom, brilliant little patches of the exquisite blue gentian, the white *ranunculus glacialis* and *dryas octopetala*, bright forget-me-nots, the crimson stars of the *saxifraga oppositifolia*, and other alpine plants, flourished with a cheery brightness, which gave life even to the sombre mosses and grey lichen-covered rocks."

Antiquity has a strong hold upon the mountain chain, in the midst of which stands the Convent of St. Bernard. The Pennine Alps owe their name to the deity of all Celtic worship, whose altars were raised wherever his votaries could climb—the rude idea of a savage race to approximate Earth to Heaven. Adopting the appellation of their less-cultured predecessors, the Romans, who were the first to carry civilization across this alpine crest, erected here a temple to Jove, under the designation of Jupiter Penninus; and the track of their conquering legions may yet be traced in the remains of the road which crosses the southern side of the plain. Of one of these passages Tacitus speaks in recording the march of Cæcina, one of the generals of the rebel German Legions, which declared for the Emperor Vitellius, who traversed the Pennine Pass in the month of February, A.D. 59, "through a waste of snow, and amidst all the rigours of mid-winter." The Mons Jovis (popularly converted in later days into Mont Joux) was probably abandoned by the Romans in the fifth century, at the time of the irruption of those barbarous hordes which, led by Attila, Alaric, and Genseric, desolated in turn the fertile plains of Italy.

"During the long and dark period that followed, Ostrogoths, Franks, Burgundians, and Lombards, crossed and recrossed the Pennine Pass in their incessant wars and invasions of each other's domains. In the year 744, the plain of Jupiter saw the armies of the great Charlemagne, under his uncle Bernard, who probably gave his name to the pass, which it has since retained; and, after conquering Didier (Desiderius), the last king of the Lombards, Charlemagne himself recrossed it at the head of his victorious troops. . . . . But the brightest epoch in the history of the Mons Jovis was the year 962, after the re-establishment of the empire in

Italy by Otho of Saxony, when Bernard de Menthon (St. Bernard), Archdeacon of Aosta, founded the conventual hospice, and reared the first Christian altar to the worship of the true God. As tradition asserts, and not improbably, he abolished the last remains of pagan worship, said to have lingered as late as the twelfth century in the even now semi-barbarous Val d'Anniviers. . . . . In the troublous times which followed, a new race appeared on the Mons Jovis. The Saracens ravaged the convent, and were in turn attacked by the Normans in this wild region. The records of the convent were then destroyed by fire—a catastrophe which has happened since. Not to enumerate the many other events of note in its history, the resolute genius of Napoleon accomplished the passage of the Great St. Bernard in the spring of 1800, with an army of 80,000 men, and 58 field-pieces, on his march to the field of Marengo, on which followed the utter prostration of Piedmont, and its annexation to France." *

How well Napoleon remembered the grandeur of the scene is shown in the words which fell from him when funeral honours were decreed to the hero Desaix, who fell at Marengo:—"A tant de vertu et d'héroisme," he said, "je veux décerner un hommage qu'aucun homme ne l'a reçu—le tombeau de Desaix aura les Alpes pour piédestal, et pour gardiens les religieux de Saint-Bernard." The monument to the young general is to be seen in the chapel of the hospice.

It is but a stone's throw from the convent, and the frontier-line between Switzerland and Piedmont is marked by a barrier bearing the escutcheons of each country. A little beyond the end of the lake, after passing through a short defile, Piedmont opens to the view, with the Graian Alps in front, where Mont Iseran towers supreme, and the beautiful Val d'Aosta below, through which the Dora Baltea winds its rapid and sinuous way towards the Po, which it reaches below Chivasso, in the centre of the plain of Piedmont.

The swift rail from Paris, by which when the war broke out between France and Austria a division of the French army was conveyed to the foot of Mont Cenis, crosses the Saone at Macon and the Rhone at Culoz, sweeps past the Lake of Bourget and Chambery, the capital of Savoy, crosses the Isère at Montmeillan, and, pursuing its course along the Valley of the Arc, stops, for the present, at St. Jean de Maurienne.

* King's "Italian Valleys of the Alps."

But there are points of the road which are worth describing after Chambery is passed, and to do so we leave the rail, and betake ourselves to the old highway.

At Montmeillan the Isère is crossed by a steep picturesque bridge flanked by antique towers. From this spot, and this only, in making the passage of Mont Cenis, can a view be obtained of the King of the Alps. Standing on that bridge, and looking towards the north-east—

> "Piercing the infinite sky,
> Mont Blanc appears—still, snowy, and serene;
> Its subject-mountains their unearthly forms
> Pile round it, ice and rock; broad vales between
> Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,
> Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread
> And wind among the accumulated steeps;
> A desert peopled by the storms alone." *

The first part of the route is full of beauty and interest. Festoons of vines throw their garlands on each side of the road from tree to tree; primitive-looking carts, drawn by fine oxen, pass us every now and then, and market people from distant villages, looking neat and cheerful, meet us as they hasten towards Montmeillan with the produce of their farms. Little chapels with pointed roofs, their edges of tin glittering in the sun, peep out of encircling groves; and patches of snow, lying low in the hollows of the mountains, remind us that here winter is never forgotten. Our way lies through villages crushed in among wild, craggy rocks, at the entrance of valleys, which suddenly open out and reveal smiling fields sloping down to the sparkling Isère, which winds on its silvery way spanned by a number of rustic wooden bridges. But the Isère soon ceases to be our companion, the road inclining to the right to meet the Arc, which descends from Mont Iseran, and traverses the whole length of the Valley of Maurienne. At Aiguebelle the Arc comes in sight, and now the scenery grows wilder and more picturesque, amid gorges whose savage features contrast strangely with the cheerfulness we have left behind; here and there on the heights appear the ruins of those castles which formerly commanded the passes, and offered formidable barriers against incursion; and, at intervals, where the mountain wall is broken, glimpses are obtained of the icy peaks of the Tarentaise.

Of the dreary character of the Valley of Maurienne, Michelet gives a striking picture:—"On those rocks sit the cruel sons of day and night—the vulture, the eagle, all the crook-beaked, sharp-taloned robbers, heated with blood, watching

* Shelley.

for their prey. Thither, at the appointed change of season, the poor nightingale, with exhausted voice, pauses to reflect before it enters the long-drawn snare of the defile of Savoy. It pauses to deliberate, and says, 'If I pass in the day-time, all of them are there; they know the season; the eagle swoops down upon me; I am his victim! If I pass by night, the owl, the great grand-duke, leader of that army of horrible phantoms, with eyes magnified by darkness, seizes me, and bears me off to his little ones! How shall I escape? By avoiding night and day. In the dull and dim hour of the morning, when the cold dews wet and chill on its eyrie the savage creature that knows not how to build its nest,—in that hour I pass unperceived. Should my flight even be noted, it is in vain; I am gone before his damp wings can be set in motion.'"*

We may observe of St. Jean de Maurienne, *en passant,* that in the treasury of the cathedral are preserved the two fingers of St. John the Baptist, with which it is said he baptized our Saviour. According to the tradition, a young peasant girl of the valley went to Egypt,—with a crusader probably,—and brought back the relics in a golden box. Gentian, King of Burgundy and Orleans, built, in 561, the church which was destined to contain these precious relics; and the town, rendering to them the respect due, added two fingers to its arms.

In the amusing "Ride to Florence," the lady who is its author gives the following account of the superstitions in this valley:—"St. Jean de Maurienne retains peculiar customs and ceremonies on the occasion of baptism, marriage, and funeral. The cradle of a male child, in honour of its sex, is carried on the right shoulder, and the bells are rung to welcome its birth; they are silent for a female, and the left shoulder is the less dignified place, on which rests her cradle. The young man who aspires to the hand of a maiden seeks her cottage at night, accompanied by one comrade. If she places upright in the chimney one of the logs burning on the hearth, it is a token of his being rejected. Should this fatal sign remain unmade, preliminaries are entered upon, and the future bridegroom invites his father-in-law to the public-house, where all is arranged, and the young man, reconducted to the cottage, gives earnest-money to his affianced wife. They are then betrothed without ceremony. The night before the marriage the relations of both are invited to the house of the maiden, who hides herself, and is sought by her lover and his companions, and welcomed, when found, with rustic music. The wedding morning the friends and guests, covered with cockades and laurel branches, conduct the couple to church. The mother-in-law of the maiden waits her return, and receives

* "L'Oiseau," par Michelet.

her with various and symbolical ceremonies. A broom is laid in her path; if she forgets to take it up it is a mournful omen, and a sign that she will prove a bad housewife. Her mother-in-law throws a handful of corn at her head in token of the plenty which is to form the happiness of her household. She next finds placed before her a loaf, which she is to cut and distribute to the poor, and a kettle of broth wherewith to serve the guests, in token of charity and hospitality. Then follows the meal: a cake is brought in ornamented with laurel branches, and a child carries round the table a plate, on which each person lays his offering, which is presented to the bride, and by her given to the poor. When a man dies in these countries two of his neighbours dig his grave, others carrying him thither, and the ceremony ends in a repast, during which the guests drink to the memory of the departed, and the health of those who have '*made the ground.*' There are parishes in which it is the custom to lay, every Sunday during a year, a loaf and a pint of wine on the dead man's grave; and if the decease takes place on a Friday, it is a sign of a new misfortune to his family. The new-born child, and the person carrying it, who meet a funeral are destined to follow within a year."

That bears are to be met with in the Valley of Maurienne, may readily be inferred from the following anecdote, related in the "Mémoires du Maréchal Vieilleville," where he is speaking of the passage of Henry II., in 1548 :—

"He was prayed by the Bishop and the inhabitants of St. Jean de Maurienne, to honour them by making his entry into their town with some pomp, promising him some new diversion which would gratify and was unknown to him. The king consequently presented himself at the gates of Maurienne, accompanied by a train suited to royalty; but, having entered and moved forward about two hundred paces, he was suddenly met by a company of men in bearskins, but their heads, hands, and feet were so masked and accoutred, that they might be taken for real bears, and issuing from a street to the beat of drum, banners carried before them, and each bearing a pole on his shoulder, placed themselves between the king and his Swiss guards, marching four and four, to the wonder of the court; and the people conducted the king, who was marvellously delighted at seeing bears so well counterfeited, to the portal of the church, when, according to custom, Henry dismounted, and where the bishop and clergy waited his coming, forming a station with cross and relics, in their ornaments and richest attire, and with sacred music to welcome him.* The service over, *the above-named bears* brought the king back

* The original language of De Vieilleville is so quaintly amusing, that its introduction here may, perhaps, need no apology :—

"L'Adoration faicte, les ours dessusdicts remenèrent le Roy en son logis, devant lequel ils firent mille gambades,

to his lodgings, and executed before it a thousand bearish gambols, such as wrestling, and climbing along the houses, and up the pillars of the market, and, *admirable to relate,* they imitated, with just truth to nature, the howling of bears, that one might have fancied oneself in the mountains; and seeing that his majesty from his apartments took great pleasure in watching them, the whole hundred assembled beneath and howled simultaneously a manner of salvo, so fearfully, that a great number of horses, mounted by valets and lackeys, and in waiting before the kings lodging, broke violently girths and reins, flung their riders, and dashed in their terror over the bodies of all who stood in their way. . . . . The king confessed he had never been so gratified by rural device and drollery, and bestowed two thousand crowns." It is to be hoped that his majesty bestowed a few crowns also on those who were hurt by the effects of this "drollery!"

After passing St. Michel, the scenery improves; the mountain-sides are clothed with lofty firs, and the impetuous Arc rushes headlong over enormous blocks of impeding rocks with ceaseless roar, receiving numberless streams that once were snow, but which the sun has "loosened into living fountains." Beyond the heights from which they flow, rise in stupendous grandeur awful peaks of glittering snow, which the windings of the road suddenly disclose, and as suddenly shut out from the view. There is one object on this part of the road, which is of singular attraction. Rearing its huge form exactly in our path, and clearly defined against a mass of black mountains, stands a gigantic fort, perched on the utmost summit of a pile of rugged rocks, which form an isolated pyramid, towering above the valley. Round and round the rocks, like an iron belt, run batteries and strong fortifications, defying attack and courting assault. This stronghold is the Fort of Lesseillon, the grim sentinel that guards the passage to Italy. So dark and gloomy is the gorge which separates the fort from the road, that the bridge which spans it has received the appellation of the *Pont du Diable.* A little further and we skirt the

toutes propres et approchantes du naturel des ours; comme de luycter et grimper le long des maisons et des pilliers des halles; et (chose admirable) ils contrefaisoient si naturellement par ung merveilleux artifice en leurs cris, le hurlement des ours, que l'on eust pensé estre parmy les montaignes: et voyants que le Roy, qui desja estoit en son logis, prenoit ung grandissime plaisir à les regarder, ils s'assemblèrent tous cent, et firent une chimade ou salve à mode de chiorne de galère, tous ensemble si espouvantable, qu'un grand nombre de chevaux surlesquels estoient valets et lacquests attendant leur maistres devant le logis du Roi rompirent resnes, brides, croupières, et sangles, et jettèrent avec les selles tout ce qui estoit dessus eux, et passèrent (tant fut grand leur frayeur) sur le ventre de tout ce qu'ils rencontrèrent, qui fut le comble de la risée, non pas pour tous, car il y en eust beaucoup de blessez; mais pour ce désastre ils ne laissèrent de dresser une carolle ou danse ronde, leurs espieux bas; parmi laquelle les Suisses s'abandèrent, car ils sont comme patriotes des ours, d'autant qu'il s'en trouve en leurs montaignes, comme en celles de Savoye, estant tous nommés Alpes; où le Roy confessa n'avoir receu en sa vie aultant de plaisir pour une drollerie champestre, qu'il fist lors, et leur fit donner deux mille escus."—*Mémoires de Vieilleville.* (Henri II., 1548).

pine forest of Bramante, where, a hundred and twenty years ago, a wolf was so daring as to issue forth at mid-day, and carry off Horace Walpole's pet spaniel.*

At Lans-le-Bourg we bid farewell to the Arc, beside which we have travelled for so many long hours, and turn towards the mountain-side, where the spiral ascent of Mont Cenis begins. It is the fate of all travellers who are compelled to use the diligences, to climb this pass, as indeed they climb most passes, by night. Yet the journey even thus enforced, is not without elements of the picturesque. The long line of mules—twelve or fourteen in number—that drag the diligence, the music of their bells, the flashing light of the lamps, the companion vehicles—*malle poste* or private carriage—with their trains of mules traversing zigzags above and beneath you, and seen at each winding of the road—the cries of the drivers and postilions, the lateness of the hour and the loneliness of the scene—form a feature of travel impressive at the moment, and not easily forgotten.

But a writer† who recently made that night journey, describes something more than the generality of travellers—half of them wrapt in sleep or buried in darkness —have the opportunity of beholding, and from the account which he gives, we take the following passages, abridged for our purpose :—

"On the stroke of twelve we were at Lans-le-Bourg. There I drank a bowl of coffee and milk; then, while the conductor, with many an oath, put twelve mules to his lumbering conveyance, I walked forth in the night alone. . . . . The toiling diligence thundered shortly afterwards behind me, but was soon far away in the rear, and the jingling of a hundred bells, the crack of the whips, and the shouts of the postilions ascended, mellowed by the widening distance, till they died alto-

* The incident is often referred to, but the story which relates it will bear repetition. It is told in a letter from the poet Gray (who was Walpole's companion) to his mother, on his arrival at Turin in November, 1739. "I am," he says, "this night arrived here, and have just set down to rest me after eight days' tiresome journey: for the three first we had the same road before we passed through to go to Geneva; the fourth we turned out of it, and for that day and the next travelled rather among than upon the Alps, the way commonly running through a deep valley by the side of the river Arc, which works itself a passage, with great difficulty and a mighty noise, among vast quantities of rocks that have rolled down from the mountain-tops. The winter was so far advanced as in great measure to spoil the beauty of the prospect; however, there was somewhat fair remaining amidst the savageness and horror of the place; the sixth we began to go up several of these mountains, and as we were passing one, met with an odd accident enough: Mr. Walpole had a little fat black spaniel that he was very fond of, which he sometimes used to set down, and let it run by the chaise-side. We were at that time in a very rough road, not two yards broad, at most; on one side was a great wood of pines, and on the other a vast precipice: it was noonday, and the sun shone bright, when, all of a sudden, from the wood-side (which was as steep upwards as the other part was downwards), out rushed a great wolf, came close to the heads of the horses, seized the dog by the throat, and rushed up the hill again with him in his mouth. This was done in less than a quarter of a minute; we all saw it, and yet the servants had not time to draw their pistols, or do anything to save the dog. If he had not been there, and the creature had thought fit to lay hold of one of the horses, chaise, and we, and all must inevitably have tumbled above fifty fathoms perpendicular down the precipice."

† Gallenga's "Country Life in Piedmont."

gether in the space I put between myself and them. After two or three turnings of the road, I was again alone, and silence deepened around me. . . . . The road wound up in the hollow of the valley; the rocky mountain-sides were fringed here and there with ragged fir-trees; the view was bounded, the air close and noiseless, nothing broke the holy stillness of the night. The road lay before me smooth and safe, firm and compact; mountain and valley, as far as the eye could reach, were almost as clear and distinct as the fullest noontide glare could make them. Right before me, where the jagged mountain-gorge seemed to close the way, there flashed a blaze of stars, such as can only light up an alpine atmosphere: it was the glorious cluster of the winter constellations just rising in the east. There was the milk-white Capella, and the blood-red Aldebaran; the ruby Rigel, and topaz Procyon; the pale trembling Pleiades, and the flaming belt of Orion. . . . . The warmth, the purity, the calmness of the air were unspeakable. Presently, however, I issued forth from that deep gully; I reached more open space, and was suddenly assailed by the roar of the thousand voices of the Alps. Down on my left dashed the unseen torrent, down on my right the wind revelled across the tangled pine-forest. The night was not so still as it had seemed below, and some thin streaks of pitch-dark clouds scudded like evil spirits along the narrow gorges, forerunners of a storm that was brewing in the east. . . . . In the meanwhile the wind had freshened into a keen, piercing gale; the clouds rolled darker and darker; and as I reached the highest regions, the stars paled one by one, the planet itself was absorbed, earth and sky mingled; the whole atmosphere was invaded by a thick fog, which lashed my face with almost imperceptible atoms, of I knew not whether rain or snow-dust. At every new turning I had been plunging into more and more palpable darkness, and at last I wound through such a dense inky-black medium, that the foot had to dispense altogether with the aid of the eye. The very mist had become invisible. Past the heavy crosses set up to guide the traveller through the winter snows, but now scarcely discernible from time to time, as they loomed portentous through the dusk—past the cantonniers' houses placed at short intervals by the way-side—past the dilapidated hospice, all dark and voiceless, and the paltry mountain inns which have usurped its hospitable duties, I trod stealthily, wrapped in my cloak, myself not unlike the spirit of darkness and of storm; the very watch-dogs gave no sign. I stood on the summit; I walked across the plain, along the icy lakes—the death lakes of Mont Cenis. Italy lay before me, a vast ocean of gloom. I stood at Grande Croix. Presently a ruddy light, a mere burning speck at first, then a huge, fiery ball, meteor-like, flashed across the plain, low on the horizon, in the distance. Then came the jingling bells,

cracking whips, swearing voices—the lumbering, thundering, blundering diligence."

Such is the passage of Mont Cenis by night; in the daytime, if there be less of mystery, the absence of that charm is forgotten in the wildness and grandeur which meet the eye at every turn. The ascent, approaching from Savoy, is much shorter than on the side of Piedmont, and is of comparatively easy access, much engineering skill having been given to the construction of the road. The journey over Mont Cenis, in summer and autumn, resembles the generality of high mountain routes, but in winter it offers one peculiar feature in the use of the *ramasse* or sledge, which, however, is only available for travellers descending upon Lans-le-Bourg. The houses of refuge on the mountain are twenty-three in number, almost all of them on the Italian slope. The third which the traveller encounters after leaving Lans-le-Bourg, and passing one spot considered dangerous from the occasional fall of avalanches, bears the name of "La Ramasse," being the place where the sledges are kept, which, guided by peasants, are steered in safety over the snow, with such rapidity, that the downward journey is often accomplished in ten minutes, while to mount to the Ramasse requires a couple of hours.* The ordinary purpose for which these sledges are employed, is the conveyance of wood, but to make the exciting descent *à la Russe* was formerly the great attraction of the traveller from Italy; and an amusing story is told of an Englishman who, at a time when real danger attended the experiment, made the dreary town of Lans-le-Bourg his headquarters for a whole week, that he might have the pleasure of repeating it three times a day—as often, in fact, as the length of the winter's day, and the time it took to climb up again to *La Ramasse,* permitted him. The name of this adventurous Englishman is not on record, neither does tradition say that he eventually achieved the object, which, without doubt, the honest Savoyards believed he had in view,—a desire for suicide in the most eccentric manner being supposed especially to characterise our countrymen.

In making for *La Ramasse* no danger is incurred, save at the one particular

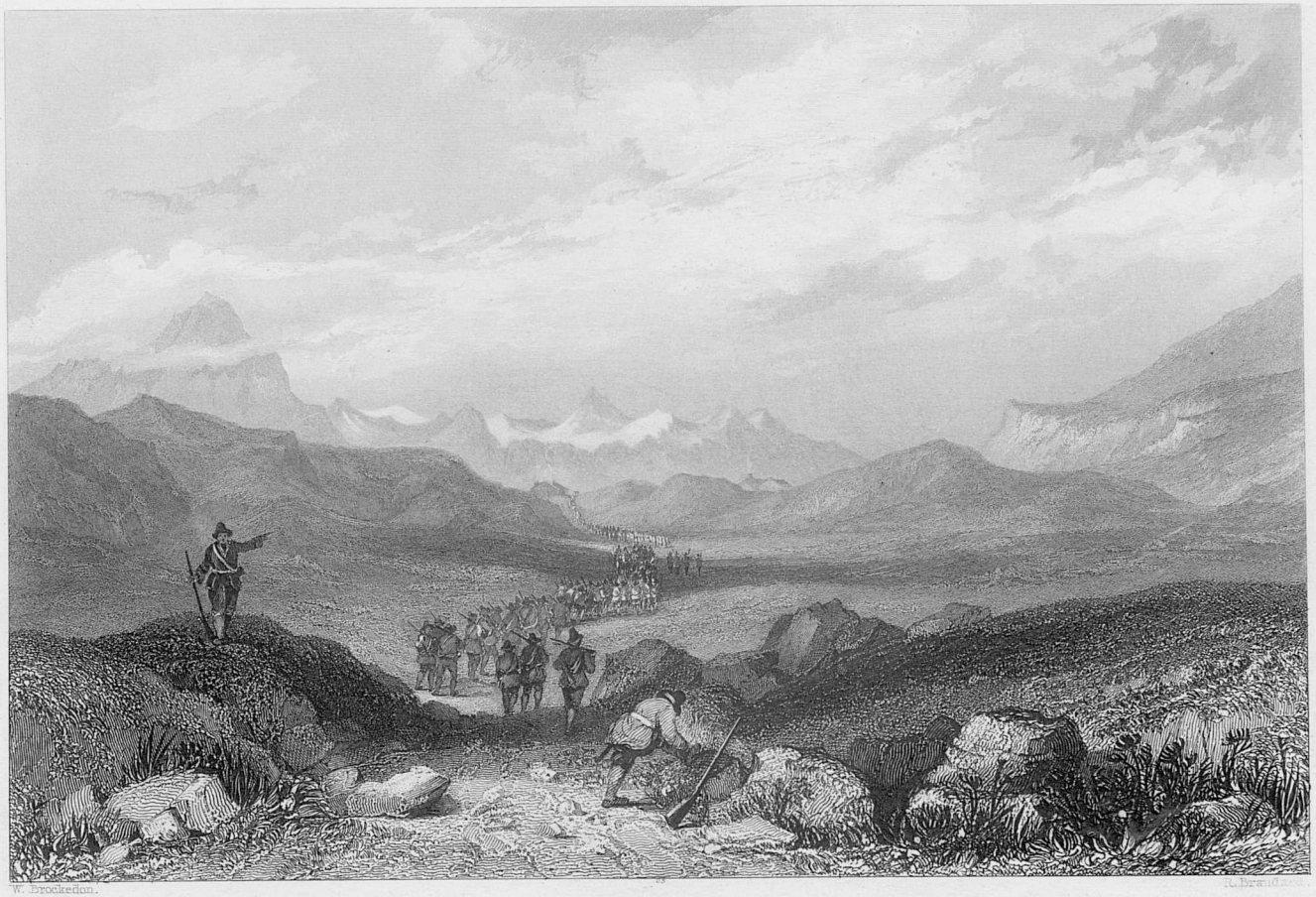
* Speaking of the manner of the passage over Mont Cenis, in his time, Gray says, "Here the chaise was forced to be pulled to pieces, and the baggage and that to be carried by mules. We ourselves were wrapped in our furs, and seated upon a sort of matted chair without legs, which is carried upon poles in the manner of a bier, and so began to ascend by the help of eight men. It was six miles to the top, where a plain opens itself about as many more in breadth, covered perpetually with very deep snow; and in the midst of that a great lake of unfathomable depth, from whence a river takes its rise, and tumbles over monstrous rocks quite down the other side of the mountain. The descent is six miles more, but infinitely more steep than the going up; and here the men perfectly fly down with you, stepping from stone to stone with incredible swiftness in places where none but they could go three paces without falling. . . . . We were but five hours in performing the whole, from which you may judge of the rapidity of the men's motion."—GRAY'S *Letters,* Ed. 1820.

spot already mentioned, and in the season when the "lauwine" is "loosened from the mountain belt." Very soon after reaching the house of refuge, so called, the highest point of the pass, about 6,780 feet above the level of the sea, is attained. From this elevation the road descends to the plain of Mont Cenis.

"On approaching it," says Brockedon,* "the lake and the plain, seen in its extent almost to the Grande Croix" (an inn at its lower extremity), "and bounded by lofty mountains, on which the snow eternally rests, present a striking scene. Amongst the buildings here are the post-house, the inn, the *hospice*, the barracks, and station of the carabineers for the examination of passports; and all along the road are houses of refuge, for the shelter of those who have the misfortune to traverse the mountain in bad weather. Posts are erected at intervals, and a piece of wood fastened to each in the form of a cross, at once assists the direction of the traveller, and preserves these posts, by the restraints of religion, from being used as firewood, where the temptation to destroy them for this purpose is very great.

"The lake is celebrated for the delicious trout which it yields, and not only with these are the establishments on Mont Cenis abundantly provided, but with excellent wines, bread, and meat, and the intercourse with the plains of Piedmont is so constant, that fruits, fresh and delicious, are found at the inn; game, too, in season, is rarely wanting at the traveller's repast on Mont Cenis, particularly in August, when great quantities of grouse are taken on the surrounding mountains. During the winter the lake is frozen above six months, at which time the peasants drive their herds across it. The only precaution used at the commencement of the season is to trace if the fox has yet traversed the frozen surface. Beyond the Grande Croix the road winds down in terraces to the plain of St. Nicolas. Formerly the road, after crossing a torrent, skirted the mountains on the southern side of the plain, and passed through a gallery cut in a rock; there was also a covered way strongly built to guard the traveller against the avalanches which fall from the mountains on this side, and which, from their force and frequency, have actually worn the side of the mountain smooth; but against these the power of man could place no restraint. The avalanches descended and crushed the covered way; dreadful accidents occurred, and it was at length determined to form the present line of road, and to destroy the bridge across the torrent which led to the gallery, lest future travellers should be tempted by this shorter route to expose themselves to danger. In the middle of the little plain of St. Nicolas is the barrier of Piedmont, where a custom-house is established.

* "Passes of the Alps."



W. Brockedon. R. Brandard.

THE COL OF THE LITTLE MONT CENIS.

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.

W. H. Bartlett. AUGUSTAN ARCH ROMAN REMAINS G. Richardson.

SUSA.

"Soon after entering Piedmont the road winds round the side of the mountain which overhangs the deep Valley of Novalese, and near a turn which leads to the hamlet of Bart, the traveller looks down upon the miserable village of La Ferrière. . . . . From La Molaret the extent of the scene in the valley beneath is very striking, but not picturesque; the line of the old road may be traced from La Ferrière to Susa, and in the opposite side of the valley the enormous mountain of Rochemelon shuts out the view of Italy. Soon, however, after leaving Molaret, the valley of the Doire opens, and the scene terminates in the plains beyond Turin."

These plains gradually contract until, emerging from the rocky way through which the Dora Riparia pours its angry flood, the foreground is filled by the ancient town of Susa, and the journey over Mont Cenis is fairly brought to a close.

Something of its early history, obscure though it be, may yet be added. Let Brockedon be the narrator:—

"Though it has been for ages the most frequented passage of the Alps between France and Italy, there is no certain evidence that it was known to the ancient Romans, that Marius, or Cæsar, or Pompey, or Augustus traversed the Alps by Cenis, or made a road across it, is by no means clear. The commentators upon the early writers appear to have confounded this passage with that of the Mont Genèvre, as both of them meet at Susa. Neither in the Antonine Itinerary, nor in the Theodosian Tables, is mention made of the Cenis; neither is there any station on the mountain, nor in the vale of the Arc, noticed. Those writers who have reported that the passage of the Cenis was the route of a Roman army, or general, have usually given descriptions which can only apply to the pass of the Genèvre, and sometimes even state that its route lay under the Arch of Cottius. This arch is placed in the centre of the valley of the Dora Susana, which leads from Susa to the Mont Genèvre, and not to the passage of Mont Cenis. The inscription upon the Arch of Susa, though it mentions the people around and beyond the Mont Genèvre, even to the Caturiges, who were subject to Cottius, takes no notice of any on the Cenis, nor of the Garoceli, who were known to inhabit the Upper Maurienne.

"It appears to be the fact that the historians of Charlemagne are the first who name the Cenis, and they relate that Pepin crossed this mountain to attack Astolphus, King of the Lombards, and assist Pope Stephen III. Charlemagne often crossed the Cenis during his wars with the Lombards: and his son, Louis le Débonnaire, is reported to have been the founder of the hospital on the plain. Charles the Bald, the son of Louis, after crossing that mountain died, according to

the annals of St. Bertin, at a miserable village, Brios, near Bramante. His death was imputed to poison administered to him by his Jew physician.

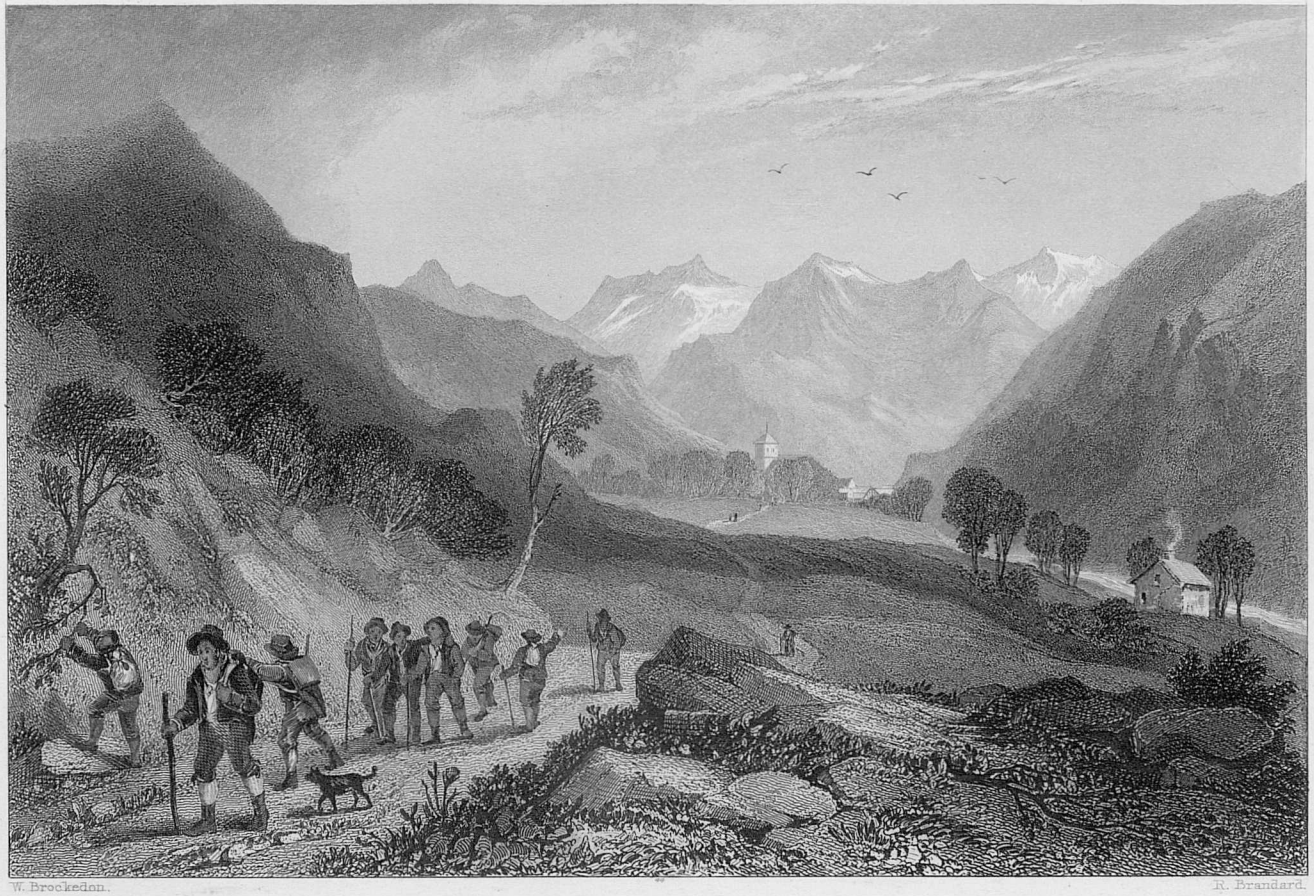
"From this period the pass of the Cenis appears to have become the usual route for travellers from France into Italy, and frequent mention is made of it in the military annals of Piedmont. Many writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries relate their adventures on crossing these Alps; among them Condé, Cardinal Bentivoglio, and other distinguished travellers, have recorded their admiration of the grandeur of the scenes, or the dangers and pleasures of their journey across these mountains."

Brockedon adds in a note:—

"Grosley, in speaking of the guides of Lans-le-Bourg, says, that in bearing the *chaise à porteur*—the old mode of travelling across the Cenis—'they relieve each other with great facility, and converse gaily with their charges of the princes, cardinals, and generals whom they have borne across the mountains, and on the generosity of their highnesses; our guide's father had assisted to carry the Duc de Vendôme, who was *le plus drôle de corps du monde*. To an inquiry if a certain captain of Algerines, called Hannibal, had not passed that way with a great army two thousand years ago, one replied that they had heard speak of that man, and that the people of the Little St. Bernard said it was by their country that he had passed, but that the Marshal de Villars and the Cardinal de Polignore had assured the people of Lans-le-Bourg that he went by the Cenis.'

'But it remained for Napoleon Buonaparte to make this pass available for travellers at all seasons of the year, and associate his name with its history, as long as human record can last. In 1802, the First Consul decided upon opening a communication by a grand route between the Maurienne and Piedmont, and after a careful survey, by M. Dausse, chief engineer, of the different cols which led from one of these countries to the other, that of the Grand Mont Cenis was chosen. In 1803 the works of the new road were begun, and so far completed in 1810, that, during that year, 2,911 carriages, 14,037 carts and waggons, and 37,253 horses and mules traversed the mountain. Not more than five months of effective labour could be accomplished in a year. Generally the works began about the middle of May, and ended in the beginning of October. The expense of these astonishing works has been estimated at 7,460,000 francs, nearly £300,000 sterling."

He who is not pressed for time, and wishes for a more picturesque route to the Savoy side of the foot of Mont Cenis than is offered by the Valley of Maurienne, may amply fulfil his desire by diverging at Montmeillan, and traversing the district called La Tarentaise until he reaches the Col d'Iseran, after passing which he finds a



W. Brockedon. R. Brandard.

SCEZ.

(Val Isere.)

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.

mule-path that leads down the upper Valley of the Arc, and joins the high road at Lans-le-Bourg. This, like others which we have indicated, is rather the route of a tourist than of a traveller; but the scenery is, in many places, so striking, that a few words may well be given to it, the more particularly as they describe some of the most remarkable spots which the artists engaged upon this work have illustrated.

Re-crossing the Isère at Montmeillan, the way lies along the right bank of the river, through the vine-covered slopes that lie at the base of the mountain, and beneath the ruined towers of the Château de Miolans, once the feudal abode of the warlike barons whose name it bears, and at a later period the great fortress-prison of Savoy. At Conflans, where we meet the Isère running almost at right angles with the course already followed, the beauty of the valley, confined within much narrower limits, greatly increases: it is a scene of the most picturesque seclusion, with its smiling pastures and thick woods, its lofty crags, and the numerous ruins with which they are crowned. The salt-producing town of Moutiers, the capital of the Tarentaise, need not long detain the traveller, whose road, again turning abruptly, lies through a savage glen which ceases at the village of St. Marcel, opening out on very fine scenery, and closing again at a defile only wide enough for a passage between the impending rocks and the torrent that rages beneath. Beyond this is a broader valley, which, though not unmarked by vineyards, occupying perhaps the highest slopes on which they are cultivated, assumes somewhat of the wild and dreary character of that of Maurienne. It is a constant ascent for several leagues, as far as Bourg St. Maurice, at the junction of the Isère with the Chapiu, whence is seen, above the village of Scez, the commencement of the road that leads over the Little St. Bernard. Instead, however, of following the steps of Hannibal, who, without question, passed that way into the Val d'Aosta, we turn once more towards the east—on horseback or on foot, for the route is no longer practicable for a wheeled carriage—and continue the ascent towards the Col d'Iseran, through the beautiful meadows of St. Foi, and along the wild and lofty paths that lead into the Val de Tignes.* St. Foi is a charming spot, with its broad-

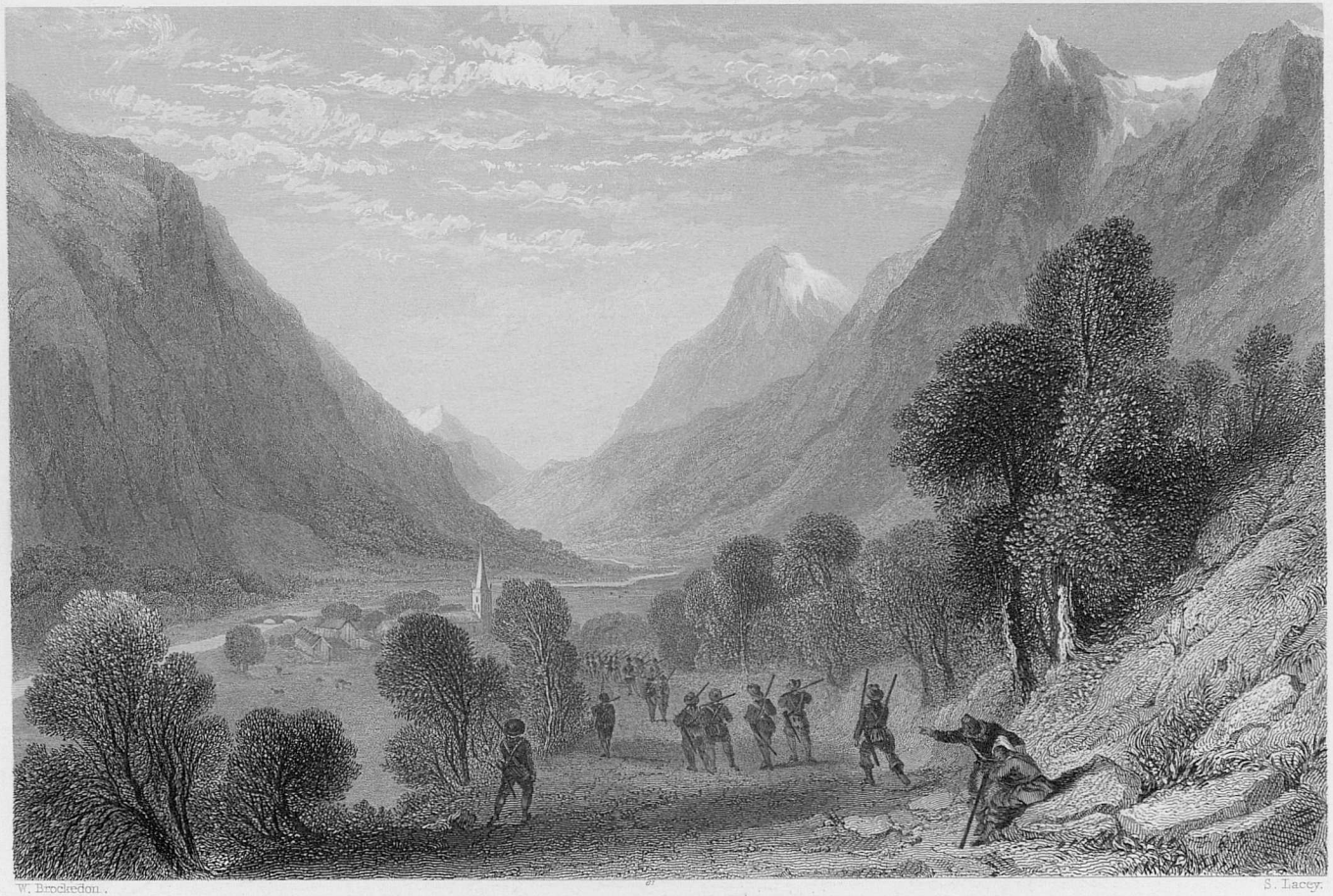
* This is one of the few spots in all the Alps where the bouquetin or ibex may yet be found, the haunts of this animal being now entirely confined to the Graian chain, the lofty snow and glacier ranges of the Vals Cogne, Savaranche, Grisance, and Tignes; while the Pic de la Grivola, which overlooks the favourite hunting-ground of the King of Sardinia, may be called their head-quarters. Tschudi, who fully describes the bouquetin, says that the horns, which are the most characteristic feature of the animal, are in a full-grown buck at least two feet long—often longer, and of a deep dark olive, sometimes inclining to black. They are gracefully curved backward, and each year's growth is marked by a stout protuberant knotty ring, with often a lesser intermediate one between each, more or less distinct; the thickness of the horns is excessive, and the weight enormous for an animal of such size to carry; the muscular development of the head and neck of the buck is accordingly very powerful. The ears are short, and placed far back; and, like the chamois, they have no lachrymal gland. The whole frame is indeed,

roofed cottages and slender spire embosomed amid luxuriant foliage, yet seemingly in closest proximity with peaks on which vegetation never grew. Its quiet loveliness presents a striking contrast to the savage grandeur of the ravine which lies beyond it, where, at a height that seems almost inaccessible, appears the village of La Gure, backed by a precipitous mountain wall, the summits of which are ascending fields of eternal snow, the sources of countless cataracts. The gorge below La Gure offers, indeed, one of the most magnificent views of which the Alps can boast, as a single glance at the plate sufficiently testifies. It seems strange to have built a village in a locality so dangerous, for more than once, as we are assured, this little cluster of dwellings has been destroyed by avalanches, "but the danger is despised for the sake of the little land which its terrace above the Isère affords." To the traveller himself, there appears even greater peril in crossing the frail wooden bridge, which trembles at the thunder of the Isère, as it rushes through the gloomy passage which two enormous blocks, the debris of a fallen mountain, have left for it. This scene, which lies between Tignes and Laval, also speaks for itself in the illustration. Laval is the last village along the route, at the foot of the glaciers which encircle Mont Iseran, in whose bosom the Isère finds its source. A gradual ascent from Laval leads through a forest of dwarf pines to the col, the summit of which is adorned in summer with a great variety of alpine flowers, scattered in wild profusion. From this elevation the view embraces a thousand peaks, whose black and scathed precipices seem to spring out of the sea of glaciers which extends southward from Monte Levanna to the Rocciamelone, which towers above Susa.

"From the col the course lies down the denuded slopes to an elevated pasturage, which narrows to a valley, terminating in a defile above deep precipices, where a cataract falls across the path. From this ravine the descent is very difficult to the plains below, where the pasturages and châlets of St. Barthelemi, belonging to the inhabitants of Bonneval, offer abundant summer resources to the herds and flocks of the proprietors. From these pasturages the descent is steep and wearying. The Valley of the Arc is seen below, and on the left, looking up to the head of the valley, the glaciers of the Levanna seem to fill it."* At Bonneval the

most muscular, and much larger as well as more powerful than the chamois; its legs are stouter and thicker, and the hard hoofs spreading. The strength of their sinews is such, that Tschudi says they will scale a rock ten or fifteen feet high, and almost perpendicular, in three steps, and can stand firmly on the top of a gate. A young tame ibex has been seen to jump clean over a man's head without taking a run. The female is easily distinguished by the smallness of her horns. They frequently go in small herds, pairing in January; and, later on, the old bucks separate and live in solitary stateliness on the highest peaks.

* "Handbook for Savoy, &c."



W. Brockedon. S. Lacey.

BONNEVAL, VALLEY OF THE ARC.

LONDON JAMES S.VIRTUE.

traveller is in the Upper Maurienne, and thence the descent to Lans-le-Bourg is rapid and easy.

Along one of the straightest roads that ever was planned by engineer, the traveller issues from Grenoble, on the route which leads by Vizille and Bourg d'Oysans, across the Col de Lautaret, to the mountain-fortresses of Briançon, and thence over Mont Genèvre into Piedmont.

Vizille, which stands on the right bank of the Romanche, an alpine torrent flowing from the glaciers of Mont Pelvoux, the loftiest peak in Dauphiné, has more than one claim to our attention. It was at Vizille that the first constitutional remonstrance against aristocratic privileges was made in France, when the *Tiers-Ètat*, assembled by order of Louis XVI. to appease the general disaffection that prevailed in 1788, drew up a memorial declaring that nothing would satisfy the people but equality of taxation, and the establishment of popular representation—a measure which may be said to have initiated the French Revolution. Here, too, it was, in 1822, that Felix Neff, the Pastor of the Alps, was wont to preach to the members of his widely-scattered flock those doctrines of peace and love to which he was so faithful a witness; but the old castle-hall * which was the scene of his ministry has long been desecrated, and is devoted now to the purposes of a manufactory.

The defile called the Combe de Gavet is entered immediately after leaving Vizille. The road winds through a valley strewn with enormous rocks, reminding the traveller who has visited the Pyrenees of the famous "Chaos," which so excites his astonishment between Gèdres and Gavarnie. This singular effect was caused by the breaking up, in the year 1229, of the dyke, itself originally a landslip, that confined the waters of the Lake of St. Laurent, which, swelled by the sudden rising of the Romanche, and other mountain torrents, burst their bounds, and swept everything away before them, destroying villages, uprooting forests, and carrying desolation even to the very gates of Grenoble.

From this rocky defile, the plain of Bourg d'Oysans extends beyond the small town of that name, until you reach the confluence of the Veneon with the Romanche, at the foot of the Mont de Lans, the first lofty outwork of the alpine chain, in which Mont Pelvoux is the most conspicuous object. Pursuing the course

* This castle, which bears the name of the Constable Bonne de Lesdiguières, who obtained the lordship of Vizille, with the government of Dauphiné, on its submission to Henri IV., was built, between 1611 and 1620, by *corvée* exacted from all the commonalities dependant on the estate. His fierce order, compelling the statute labour of the peasantry, was thus laconically expressed—"Tel jour viendrez, ou brulerez."

of the Romanche, the road enters the gloomy gorge of Les Infernets, which well deserves the name it bears. Like an imprisoned spirit, the river strives in the depths below to force a passage through the dark chasm that confines it, while above and around are rocks climbing to the skies, glimpses of which are all that are gained along the narrow, steep ascent. Here, as on the Simplon and elsewhere, long galleries are hewn through the projecting masses which overhang the gorge, and terraces with zigzag approaches rise tier above tier, till the pass of Les Infernets is accomplished. Where the gorge ceases, a dreary valley opens, encumbered with large boulders, which have fallen from the precipices on every side, and a broad cataract comes streaming down, called Le Saut de la Pucelle—perhaps because of the leaping, virgin waters, though the oft-repeated tale of a maiden's desperate resolve is the tradition of the spot. At the upper end of the valley stands Le Dauphin, the last village of the Department of the Isère; and when the naked precipices of the Combe de Malval are past, the Department of the High Alps is entered, presenting here a scene of grandeur and desolation almost without an equal. A miserable village, called Villars d'Arène, gives its name to this spot, where the Romanche is left on the right, and the ascent of the Col de Lautaret commences.

This col is one of the most beautiful in all the Alps, its summit being covered with pastures, whose rich and many-coloured flowers are justly celebrated in the "Flore de Dauphiné" of M. Villars. At the foot of the Lautaret, the mountain after which the col is named, stands the Hospice de la Madeleine, a house of refuge of old date, from whose belfry rings out the warning during the night to guide the wayfarer on the right track. The view here, looking over the Val de Guisanne, is most magnificent. In front is a wide valley, the approach to which is intersected by deep ravines, mountains with castellated outlines rise on every side, and, towering through the clouds, appears the summit of Mont d'Oursine, and the inaccessible heights where glitters the icy crest of Mont d'Arcines, the loftiest peak of Mont Pelvoux.

In the opposite direction, descending by the Guisanne, the chain of the Cottian Alps appears in full view, with Monte Viso far to the south-east, but still on a clear day distinctly visible. This chain is seamed by five remarkable torrents—the Durance, the Guil, the Buech, the Aigues, and the Drac; and on its slopes are seen the châlets of the numerous shepherds who, with their countless flocks, migrate from the Camargue or delta of the Rhone about May, and return in October and November. The sheep travel in flocks of from 8000 to 40,000 each, and occupy from twenty to forty days on the journey. One of the shepherds is

W. H. Bartlett. J. W. Appleton.

MOUNT DAUPHIN AND CHAMPCELLAS, VAL DURANCE.

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.

W. H. Bartlett. M.J. Starling.

CHURCH AND SCHOOL OF FELIX NEFF - DORMEILLEUSE.

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.

chosen chief over the rest, three of whom, with three dogs, are appointed to every thousand sheep. It is the business of the chief to examine into the damage done by the flocks in their passage through the country, and to remunerate the *communes* accordingly. In the middle of October, when the first snows denote the end of the season, the multitudinous flocks slowly descend the mountain-sides, with heavy limbs and fleeces whitened by the alpine dews, leading the way before herds of cattle and beasts of burthen—asses chiefly—laden with cheese made in the *chalets*, with household utensils and other worldly gear, and with children still too young to bear the fatigues of the long homeward march.

The Val Louise claims pre-eminence amongst these attractive pasturages, but it has other and less pleasing associations, for its deep recesses were the scene of one of the most revolting massacres that has ever been recorded. The sufferers were those primitive Christians, the Waldenses, whom the intolerance of Charles VIII. of France so cruelly endeavoured to extirpate. The story of this frightful atrocity has been, however, too often told to require insertion here.

Besides the passage over the Col de Lautaret, a second route may be taken to the foot of Mont Genèvre by the road which skirts the Valley of the Drac, after leaving Vizille, and passing through Gap, the little mountain capital of the Department of the High Alps, ascends the Valley of the Durance till it reaches Briançon.

The earlier part of this journey presents no remarkable features of interest; the mountains are barren, the valleys desolate, and the Durance is a turbulent river, whose discoloured waters impart no beauty to the scenery. To find the picturesque, the traveller must diverge at two points: first, at Mont Dauphin, where the Guil falls into the Durance; and next at Champcellas, near thè Lake of La Roche, about six miles higher up, whence a mountain path conducts into the Val Fressinières. The greater part of this region, extending right and left of the Durance, is peopled by Protestants, and was the principal scene of the ministry of Felix Neff. At La Chalp, in the Val d'Arvieux, the Pastor of the Alps had his home, and at Dormeilleuse, in the Val Fressinières, he found his last resting-place.

"The Valley of the Guil, or Val Queyras," says Dr. Beattie,* "is traversed by the public road winding along the banks of the impetuous Guil, which takes its rise near the famous subterranean passage between Monte Crisso on the north, and Monte Viso on the south, where the Po originates. . . . . In the centre of the Valley or Pass of the Guil, the river appears struggling on in the gloom of a

* "The Waldenses, or Protestant Valleys of Piedmont, Dauphiné, and the Ban de la Roche," (1838).

continued gulf, flanked by walls of tremendous rocks, and fringed with pines that cling to their dripping crevices. On quitting the hamlet of Veyer, which looks like an oasis in the Thebaid, the gorge commences, and the traveller passes under a rock that raises its threatening canopy between him and the light. From this rock the fragments which are continually falling, but particularly after rain, render the pass imminently dangerous. . . . . For several miles the waters of the Guil occupy the whole breadth of the defile, which is more like a chasm, or a vast rent in the mountain, than a ravine; and the path, which in some places will not admit of more than two to walk side by side, is hewn out of the rocks. These rise to such a giddy height, that the soaring pinnacles which crown them look like the fine points of masonry on the summit of a cathedral." The chasm thus described is called the Gorge de Chapelue, and is spoken of by Brockedon as one of the finest in the Alps.

"On issuing out of the depths of this defile," continues Dr. Beattie, "the frowning battlements of Château Queyras, built on a lofty projecting cliff, on the edge of the torrent, and backed by the barrier wall of the Alps, which towers like a bulwark of ice between the dominions of France and the King of Sardinia, present a picture of the most striking magnificence. Everything combines to give an interest to the scene. In the far distance are the snowy peaks of Monte Viso, of dazzling white; and, in the foreground, the rustic aqueducts, composed in the simplest manner of wooden troughs, supported on lofty scaffolding, and crossing and recrossing the narrow valley, form a striking contrast between the durability of the works of God's hands, the everlasting mountains, and the perishable devices of men."

We have adverted in a preceding page * to some of the customs that prevail in the Maurienne, and of a similar character are those which, where the population is Roman Catholic, belong to the alpine valleys of the upper Durance. At the baptismal rites, all the relations and intimate friends within reach are expected to attend. In coming out of the church, the *cortège* makes a circuit of the different streets and lanes of the village. The godfather and godmother, each with a certain air of mystery, present gifts to the *accouchée*, sometimes in money, sometimes in articles for personal or domestic use. On first coming out of the church, the godfather takes care to scatter a handful of money amongst the poor, and the children there waiting; but should he be more parsimonious in this act than his circumstances may appear to warrant, he is followed by a crowd of young imps, who fail not to vent their wit and raillery at his expense.

* Page 20

W. H. Bartlett. R. Wallis.

CHÂTEAU QUEYRAZ.

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.

When a young man is in love, and wishes to be married, a friend of the young woman's family is made choice of, and with him he proceeds to her parents, to enter into negotiations. If well received, the lover and his friend return on the same day of the week following, and prolong the visit till a late hour; the lovers have then unrestricted liberty of conversation, while the parents and the mutual friends are engaged in talking over and arranging the future prospects of the happy couple. They are then served with *bouilli* for supper, and according to the greater or lesser quantity of grated cheese—*fromage raspé*—which the damsel mixes with the plate of soup, presented by her own hand to the lover, she marks the degree of influence he has gained over her heart. In cases of this nature, grated cheese is considered in these mountains as a love-philter. If the suit is declined, the girl slips into the pocket of her admirer a few grains of oats; hence the phrase, "Avoir reçu l'avoine," signifies to have met with a decided refusal. But should the infatuated youth still persist in his addresses, the hard-hearted girl signifies her last emphatic rejection by turning all the black embers on the hearth toward his side of the fire—the meaning of which he cannot possibly mistake, and it saves a vast deal of argument on both sides. Again, when a girl is to be married out of her native village, the young men take up arms, pass several days at the inn, and compel the bridegroom to defray all expenses. When the bride and bridegroom, on their way home, have to pass through several villages, the young people are all out of doors to receive them; a table is spread, and on this are liqueurs and confectionary, of which they must both partake. At times, however, the matrimonial progress through the villages has been interrupted by sanguinary quarrels among the young men, who have been known to carry off the bride, and thereby compel the bridegroom to pay a large ransom.

When the dead are laid out in shrouds, it is no longer the custom to place in their hands a prayer-book, as still adhered to in the Gers; but at Chantemerle, and several other places, they dispense with coffins, and throw the bodies at once into the fosse. At La Grave, where the earth cannot be opened during the long winter, their dead bodies are suspended in the garrets, or from the roof of the house, till the spring, when a grave can be dug for their reception. In the Valley of Arvieux, the scene of final separation—when the frozen corpse thus preserved is to be borne from its temporary to its final asylum—is often painful and afflicting; for here the widow never quits the beloved relics of her husband without tenderly embracing and bathing it with her tears. After the ceremony of interment, all the friends and neighbours return to the house and sit down to a feast—much in the same manner as the Highlanders were wont to celebrate their funeral rites.

In Val Queyras they use on these occasions rice, wheaten bread called *ponhpo*, but no animal food. This, however, varies according to the different communes. In some places a large leathern case of wine is carried to the grave, and the ceremony terminated in the house of the defunct by a true bacchanalian fête, in which mourning is succeeded by mirth, and mirth by temporary madness. In Argentière, all those who have attended a funeral usually find tables spread around the grave; that intended for the curé and the family of the deceased is even placed across the grave. In this situation they dine! and when the repast is over, the nearest relation, rising up, proposes the health of their beloved friend the defunct, at which every one repeats, "à la santé du pauvre mort," and drains his glass to the unearthly toast.*

The Val Fressinières, in its general aspect, is not less wild and magnificent than the Val Queyras, particularly in the upper part of the valley, where, upon the summit of a rock which rises sheer 600 feet, is perched the solitary village of Dormeilleuse, a fastness originally of Lombard foundation. There is only one path, winding among fearful precipices, by which this sanctuary can be approached; and half way up the ascent it passes under the arch formed by the cataract of the river Biaisse, which, "charming the eye with dread," leaps from a height of full 1200 feet. "The body of water, which falls like a curtain between the spectator's eye and the light, presents the appearance of a vast cloud saturated with rain, through which the dazzling hues of the rainbow are dancing across the snowy sheet of water, which covers the mountain-side: he looks in vain for the road which he has pursued; he only sees the river plunging into an abyss, scooped out by the force of its own fall, then boiling along covered with foam, and vanishing among the rocks."† With respect to Dormeilleuse itself, there is not, perhaps, a more desolate village to be found on the face of the earth, yet this was the scene of the principal labours of the devoted Felix Neff.

Briançon, which bears for its device "Petite ville et grand renom," is a place of great antiquity, and has witnessed the passage of countless armed hosts, from the time of the Romans to that of Louis Napoleon—the route by Mont Genèvre dividing with the pass of Mont Cenis the numbers which traversed the Alps when the late war with Austria began. It is entirely to its celebrity as a fortress that Briançon owes the reputation it now possesses, the town itself being otherwise insignificant; but no one can look upon the fortresses with which every crag is

* The notary in Paris, of whom the story is told that he drank to the health of "notre aimable agonisant," when he paid his last professional visit, must have been a native of Argentière.

† "The Waldenses."

W. H. Bartlett. J. Redaway.

VAL QUEYRAZ FROM THE ENTRANCE OF THE VALLEY OF ARVIEUX.

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.

W. H. Bartlett. W. Woolnoth.

APPROACH TO BRIANÇON, FROM MOUNT DAUPHIN.

(High Alps.)

LONDON JAMES S. VIRTUE.

W. H. Bartlett. S. Lacey.

THE APPROACH TO BRIANÇON FROM MONT GENEVRE.

(Hautes Alpes.)

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.

W. H. Bartlett. C. Cousen.

CESANNE ON MOUNT GENEVRE.

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.

W. H. Bartlett. C. Cousen.

FORT OF EXILLE, VALLEY OF THE DORA.

(Mt. Roche Melon in the Distance.)

crowned, without a feeling of respect for the strength which they develope. "The largest fort is called *Les Trois Têtes,* because it occupies a triple-headed crag; on a level with it is *Fort Dauphin;* 330 feet higher, towards the Durance, is *Fort Randouillet,* whose batteries are partly excavated in the rock; nearly 2000 feet above this is the *Donjon,* and finally the *Point du Jour,* commanding all the other defences. The different points, or mamelons, of rock on which these forts are built, all belong to Mont Infernet, whose summit still supports the ruins of a fort built in 1814, at a height of 9350 feet above the sea-level. From its crest the Mont Pelvoux is a magnificent object, and the Val Des Près or De Neuvache, down which pours the Clairée, and that leading up to the Mont Genèvre, are well seen."*

From Briançon to Susa, across Mont Genèvre, is a traveller's day's journey in a *char,* or a two days' march for troops. The first part of the road lies through thick forests of fir, and when these are cleared, the ascent really begins. The direction which it now takes was formed under the first Napoleon, and was completed, after two years' labour, in 1804. In order to perpetuate the opening of the new route, which the government named the great thoroughfare between Italy and Spain—"Route d'Espagne en Italie"—the Prefect of the High Alps caused a lofty obelisk to be erected on the frontier line between France and Piedmont. At its base it was intended to have united the waters of the Durance and the Dora Ripaira, both of which have their sources near the same spot on the plain of Mont Genèvre, the latter directing its course towards the Po, and the former to the Rhone. Hence the proverbial quatrain of the locality :—

"Adieu, donc, ma sœur, la Durance;
Nous nous séparons sur ce mont;
Toi, tu vas ravager la France,
Moi, je vais féconder le Piémont.

Amongst those who led their armies to Italian spoil across the Mont Genèvre was the French king, Charles VIII., but greater than he have passed this way,—the first Cæsar, Julian, and the Emperor Charlemagne. Another emperor has now associated its name with bloodshed in Italy. The descent into Piedmont lies through the lovely valley of the Dora Susina, the first place of note being Cesanne, and the most striking point of view that which meets the eye with the fort of Exilles in the foreground, and, towering in the distance, the icy peak of Roccia Melone, which overhangs the town of Susa.

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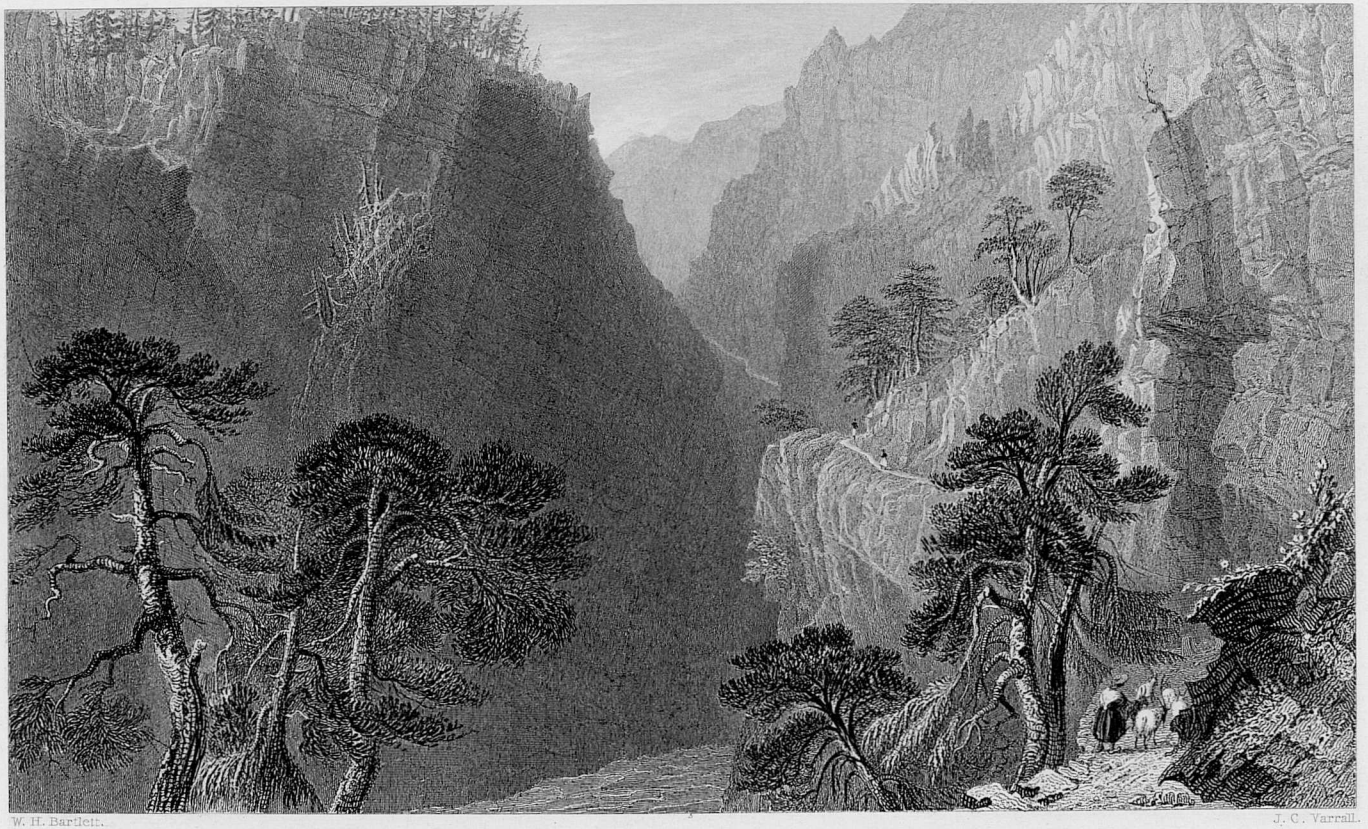
* "Murray's Handbook of France;" Route 137.

The remaining approaches to Piedmont require a less detailed description.

The pass of the Col de Viso, which once offered a regular mode of communication, and was famous for the road constructed, in the fifteenth century, by the Marquis of Saluzzo, is now—like the path which leads over the Col de la Croix to the south-east of Mont Genèvre—only practicable for pedestrians. Abries, at the head of the Val Queyras, is the point of departure for both these routes, which take nearly opposite directions. We confine ourselves, briefly, to that which crosses the Col de Viso.

"The Valley of the Guil above Abries is," says Murray, "narrow and savage: bare and precipitous escarpments descend to the torrent, and form its left boundary: the bed of the Guil is filled with enormous rocks. The path to the Col de Viso ascends above the right bank over steep acclivities and pasturages. Above these the head of the Monte Viso is continually presented, filling the open space in the view, formed by the sides of the Valley of the Guil. After a long and fatiguing ascent to the châlets and the Bergerie de Monviso, the pasturages are at length left, and the ascent lies over the remains of a road rudely paved with large round stones, so destroyed in many places by the rocks which have fallen from the impending precipices that the ascent is dangerous and impracticable for mules—the danger lies in their liability to slip between the rocks and stones, and thus breaking their legs. This paved road formerly reached to the Gallery of the Traversette, which pierced the mountain 250 feet below the present crest, but its entrance has been closed by the débris of the precipices which overhang the pass; these have fallen and destroyed the road within its range. From the last traces of the road the traveller must scramble up towards the trackless slope, the mountains which overhang him; thence a very steep ascent, over beds of snow, keeping close to the impending rocks, leads up to the Col of the Viso, five hours distant from Abries. From the col, the view down the valley of the Po, and over the plains of Piedmont, is one of the most magnificent in the world. This vast expanse, seen from a height of 10,150 English feet above the level of the sea, commands a view over an extent of 100 miles to the horizon. The rocks and vast precipices in the foreground and on the col, the deep subsidences of the mountains which bound the Valley of the Po immediately below the observer, till they sink lower and lower into the plains, are most impressive. On the plain, bright but indistinct masses mark the positions of the towns and cities of Piedmont within the view, and this indistinctness, contrasted with the sharp and defined forms of the enormous peak of the Viso, rising yet 3000 feet higher than the spot on which the observer stands, and in close proximity, produces an indescribable effect upon his mind and feelings;



W. H. Bartlett. J. C. Varrall.

SCENE IN THE PASS OF THE GUILL, BETWEEN MOUNT DAUPHIN & QUEYRAS.

(Hautes Alpes.)

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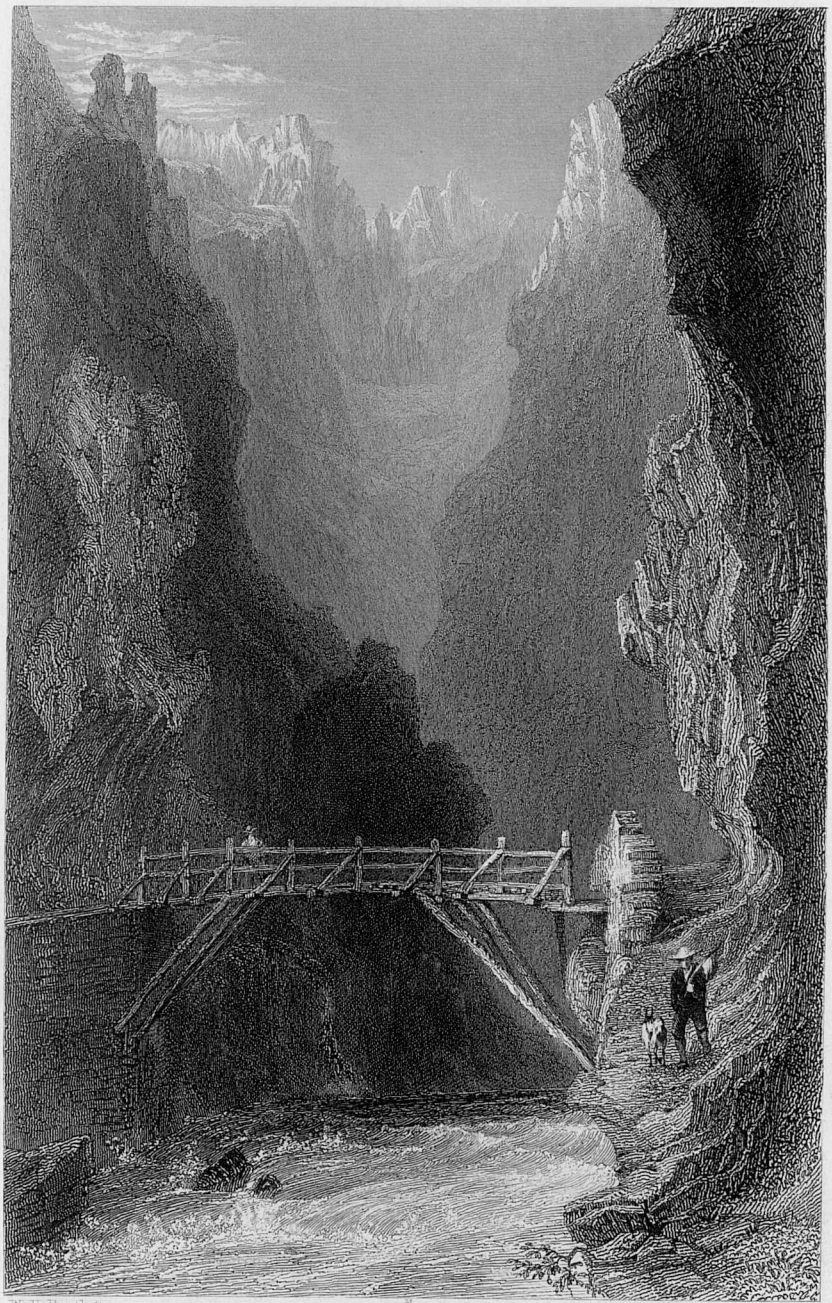


W. H. Bartlett. W. H. Capon.

BRIDGE OVER THE GULL, NEAR MOUNT DAUPHIN.

(High Alps.)

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.

and the indistinct horizon makes this one of the most magnificent and sublime scenes in the world."

Unlike the more frequented passes, the Col de Viso is a mere ridge only a few paces wide. The descent into the Valley of the Po is by a steep and difficult path, which, winding amid scenery of the most sublime description, opens out at length upon a beautiful meadow called "Il Piano del Ré," succeeded shortly afterwards by another, which bears the name of "Piano di Fiorenza," appellations which speak at once of Italy, even if the change of climate, and the wonderful luxuriance of flowers and vegetation had not already assured the traveller that he had reached that pleasant land.

Except for pedestrians, the Col d'Argentière is now only an historical reminiscence, recalling the adventurous enterprise of François Premier, when Bayard, La Palisse, and others, his most famous knights, were sent across the Alps to capture Prosper Colonna and herald the approach of the king, who "fleshed his maiden sword" at Marignano, again, at an interval of nearly three hundred and fifty years, the scene of a French victory; recalling also the struggles of a century ago, when the Spanish and French armies invaded Piedmont, forcing the narrow pass of the Barricades, and descending the Valley of the Stura, to win the citadel of Demont by a new process of warfare, the use of red-hot shot being the equivalent then of the *canon rayé* of the present day.

In search of sites more famous than these, though not less picturesquely approached, the traveller may take either of the two principal passes which traverse the Maritime Alps and Apennines—from Nice, over the Col di Tenda; or, pursuing the Riviera di Ponente, from Oneglia to Ceva.

After leaving the vines and olives which cover the plain near Nice, a barren country extends till the road enters the Valley of Lascarene, where the scenery is very pleasing. At the village of Tuet commences the ascent of the Col de Braus, through a sterile and gloomy region, quite in keeping with the wild and rugged acclivity, up which a zigzag road gradually winds. The height of the pass is 3845 English feet; beyond it lies Sospello, deep in the Valley of Benera, after crossing which another ascent begins, that of the Col de Brovis, 4277 feet above the level of the sea; and then a precipitous descent leads to the post-house of Giendola, which, lying midway between Nice and Coni, is usually the traveller's resting-place. In this part of the journey, though some of the characteristics of the loftier Alps be wanting,—though icy peaks no longer glitter in the sky, nor the torrent spring from glacier,—enough of beauty exists to charm the eye by its romantic variety. Here, close upon us, the defiles of the Roya, a rapid river

which finds its outlet in the Mediterranean at Vintimiglia, a place of fame in French military annals. The earlier part of the Valley of the Roya is very thickly wooded with the chestnut, the ilex, and the carob; and on the lower slopes the olive and vine are extensively cultivated. The scenery here contrasts forcibly with the barren peaks of the surrounding mountains, "which," says Brockedon, "are so lofty and so near that, in the depth of winter, the sun cannot be seen at Breglio," a village only half a league distant from Giendola, on the opposite side of the river.

A little beyond Giendola commences the magnificent defile of Saorgio, where, amidst perpendicular cliffs, the road creeps close to the torrent, imperceptibly ascending till it passes beneath the village that gives its name to the pass, and which stands in an apparently inaccessible spot on the face of the mountain. The most striking object here is the fort of Saorgio, which, on account of the famous defence made by General Colli in 1793 and the difficulty of its position, was called by the French "Le petit Gibraltar." Unlike the mountain fortress of Tarifa, it fell however, Massena being its captor, in 1794. After leaving the defile of Saorgio, the road opens out into the Valley of Fontan, which extends as far as Tenda, a tolerably sized town on the side of a steep hill on the right bank of the Roya. Travellers of former days have left on record their complaints of bad accommodation at the inns of Tenda—notably Arthur Young and Dr. Smollett, the latter on that journey when, sick and out of temper, he earned from Sterne the *soubriquet* of Smellfungus; but these evils have of late been remedied, the Hotel Imperial being described by Murray as "a good country inn for a sleeping place," though, if the advice of Brockedon be taken, Giendola will be preferred for that purpose, as better dividing the distance. The old castle of Tenda, which completely commanded the town, is now only a picturesque ruin; but it has had its celebrity, for there, before her melancholy death, dwelt Beatrice di Tenda,—the ill-fated wife of Filippo Mario Visconti,—who was so cruelly murdered by his command in her gloomy dungeon at Binasco.

Crossing the Roya, a small plain spreads to the foot of the Col di Tenda, where the road enters a rocky valley, climbed by the steepest zigzags. Here, about half-way up, in the wildest part of the ascent, stands the hospice of La Ca; and near the summit of the col, after upwards of sixty turns, is a little house of refuge, called the Osteria of Barraconi. The crest of the col is an absolute ridge, 6162 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, which forms the boundary of the view when looking southward; while on the north, ranges of Alps display themselves, with the truncated cone of Monte Viso for their most conspicuous peak, in the distance

the cloud-like summits of Monte Rosa, and between these two—the watch-towers of the magnificent chain—stretch the fertile plains and valleys of Piedmont, the "land of promise" of the Corsican conqueror of Italy.* A good road, but of very abrupt descent, conducts the traveller to the Piedmontese village of Limone; and onward, still descending, though less rapidly, by Robillante and San Dalmazio, to the well-battered city of Coni.

On the last route by Oneglia, which we mention rather because it is a high post road to Turin than on account of its offering a convenient approach to Piedmont, it is not necessary to dwell. Oneglia occupies a position about half-way along the beautiful road called the Cornice, which leads from Nice to Genoa. Here was born Andrea Doria, the celebrated Genoese admiral; and here, when the day of Genoa was past and her naval glory a shadow, took place the attack of the French Admiral Truguet, who bombarded and burnt the town, and laid its churches and convents in ashes. Between Nice and Oneglia the character of the scenery is most enchanting. "The sides of the hills sloping to the Mediterranean are covered, wherever there is a sufficiency of soil, with the brightest vegetation; olives, oranges, cypresses, and above all, the stone-pine. . . . . As you look down upon the sea, the successive indentations of the shore, the larger bays, including the smaller bights, the headlands advancing and closing in the prospect, the water, blue and still in the little creeks, and all in motion as soon as it flows out into the expanse, constitute the main features of this most favoured tract, in which alpine heights and maritime scenes are conjoined to the ornaments given by human art. . . . . The towns and villages, thickly studded along the coast and glittering upon the sides of the hills, sometimes placed at altitudes which it should seem no foot could reach, all wear the gayest aspect. The churches have usually very lofty façades, painted in fresco. The prevailing architecture is generally in the most fanciful style—small columns, contorted pediments, and a profusion of ornaments, but at a distance none of its defects are visible, and the lofty, bold elevations, the gay colours, the tall belfries, and the numerous cupolas, produce the most striking effect, completely national; and though thoroughly Italian, yet altogether different from the Italian of Lombardy or of Tuscany. To these may be added, the towers planted all along the coast, intended to protect it from the invasion of

* "On the heights of Monte Zermoto," says Thiers, in his "History of the Consulate and the Empire," "which it is necessary to cross in order to reach Ceva, the army descried the lovely plains of Piedmont and Italy. It beheld the Tanaro, the Stura, the Po, and all those rivers that run into the Adriatic; it saw in the background the high Alps covered with snow; it was struck by those beautiful plains of the land of promise. Buonaparte was at the head of his troops; he was moved, 'Annibal,' he exclaimed, 'crossed the Alps, but we have turned them.'" At a later period he directly emulated the exploit of the Carthaginian.

the Barbary rovers, standing out boldly in picturesque forms, their doors high in the wall, the apertures scanty, and by their peculiar aspect reminding you of the age of Charles V., one upon which the imagination always dwells with pleasure. . . . . If the aspect of these towers remind us of the vicinity of Mauritania, the climate of the Riviera equally brings us to the regions of the sun. The coast forms as it were a vast concave mirror, enjoying throughout a temperature which is not met with again until you reach the Bay of Naples. This is most strikingly evinced to the eye by the tropical luxuriance and character of portions of the vegetation, joined to those productions which more peculiarly belong to the basin of the Mediterranean. The prickly pear, the palm of the East, and the American aloe, flourish in the greatest profusion. The pomegranate grows abundantly in the gardens, and the olive here becomes a noble forest tree; the fig-trees are remarkably fine, spreading, and of a rich, dark verdure, and in the spring season the peach and cherry-trees are in bloom for miles along, the ground being strewed with their flowers. Oranges, lemons, olives, and countless odoriferous plants abound in all the sheltered spots."*

Leaving this lovely shore by a winding and easy road over the Colle de San Bartolomeo, the lovely Valley of Pieva appears, at the base of the richly-wooded Apennines. Ormea is the culminating point of the route which traverses the Tanarello, the mountain in whose bosom the Tanaro has its source; and then, through scenery of a very wild but beautiful character, with the Apennines all around, Ceva and Mondovi, illustrated by battles where Buonaparte gained some of his earliest laurels, are the first places of note which greet the traveller in the Piedmontese territory.

* "Scenery of the Riviera di Ponente," abridged from Murray.

CHAPTER II.

PIEDMONT.

THE country which lies at the foot of the loftiest mountains of Europe, and hence derives the name of Piedmont, is a land where beauty and fertility are combined in the highest degree. For romantic scenery its alpine valleys are quite unrivalled; while its plains may vie in variety and richness of produce with the best of fertile Lombardy. Nor is Piedmont endowed by nature with these attributes alone: bravery, generosity, industry, and the love of freedom characterise her people, attesting the truth that "as the soil is, so the heart of man." Backward this country may be in point of civilization, for an absolute government and the authority of an intolerant priesthood long held it under control; the cry of liberty was stifled, the means of education were withheld, and of all those qualities by which nations are raised in the social scale the development was wholly checked. But these evils are passing away—indeed, are nearly past—and if left to herself, with "ample scope and verge enough" to work out her own destiny, "great, glorious, and free" may yet be the future of Piedmont. "The last nine years," says Gallenga, "have done wonders; and as the country has natural advantages almost unequalled,—as the rapidity of the means of communication, and the diffusion of knowledge grounded on a system of popular education, have a tendency to hasten improvement with a speed beyond all calculations,—as, moreover, one of the most characteristic virtues of the Piedmontese is great docility and susceptibility of discipline,—I have no doubt that the second or third generation of this people, unless some untoward event stops their present course, will have attained such a degree of polish and refinement as will place them by the side of the most gifted and prosperous nations."

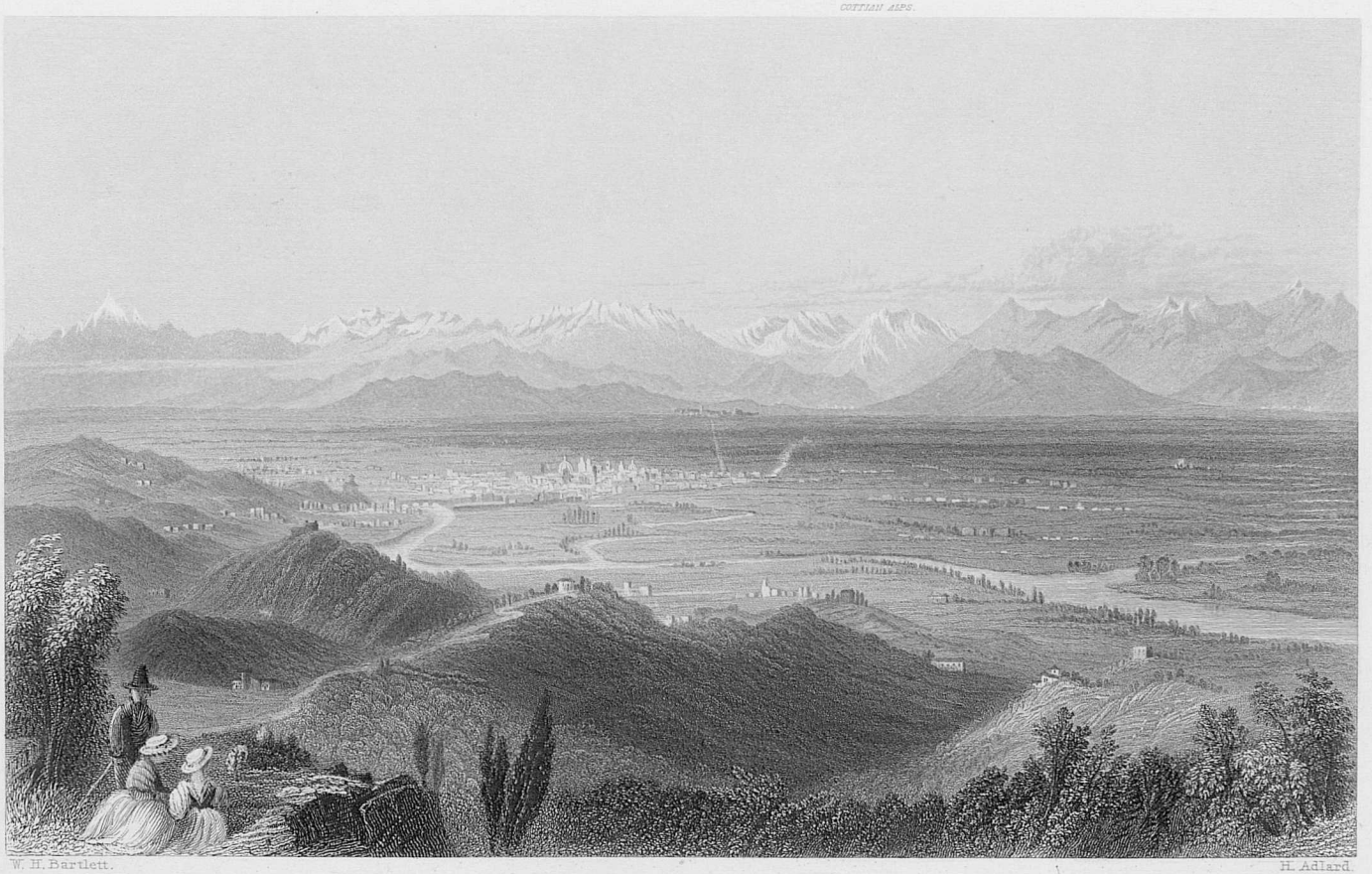
By "the rapidity of the means of communication" adverted to, the traveller has full opportunity of profiting who enters Piedmont over Mont Cenis. Beneath the ruins of the dismantled fortress of La Brunetta, which crown the crags at the base of the stupendous Roccia Melone, lies the ancient and thinly inhabited city of Susa, with its Augustan arch, erected by Julius Cottius eight years before the Christian era, its massive cathedral and detached campanile, its numerous antique towers and gateways, recalling the days of Roman and of Lombard domination.

But Susa claims no long delay: certainly not on account of the Albergo della Posta, which is the first house to greet the wayfarer, though his greeting may not be of a kind to charm him with its *prestige*.

Except in the capital, the inns of Piedmont, like the generality of Italian inns, cannot be commended. The most grievous evils to be complained of, says a recent traveller, whose assertions we can confirm, may be epitomised in noise, dirt, and universal disorder and confusion. The rooms are uncarpeted, the walls dingy, and for the most part unpapered; the fireplaces are useless; the beds, and the pillows especially, as hard as iron; and the attendance as little conducive to comfort as can well be imagined. Chambermaids are rarely seen, their place being supplied by *camerieri*, or waiters, whose various occupations are attested by the state of their hands when they accidentally make their appearance, for to summon them by the regular process of bell-ringing is an impossibility, even where the appliances for ringing are in existence. Not that a traveller is ever deluded by false appearances from without. Take for example this truthful description by the writer already spoken of:*—

"Even in the inns of provincial towns of some pretensions, such as Alessandria, Novara, Ivrea, or Casale, and in the second-rate houses of entertainment—those which are called the *hôtels du pays* in Turin, or Genoa—there is something forbidding, something chilling, killing, in the welcome you meet with. You alight before an open coach-door, at the entrance of a vast stable-yard, and you are lucky indeed if you do not find your progress obstructed by heaps of dung carefully laid in your path. That patriarchal custom of joining the *rustico, i.e.* the stables, to the *civile, i.e.* the house,—putting men and beasts under the same roof,—which is still almost universal in Italy, from the prince's palace to the humblest farm-house, obtains equally with all the old-fashioned Italian inns. Enter:—the walls, the doorposts, the whole dwelling within and without, everything bears a look of dismal squalor and decay. A compound of the most villanous stenches, from the open, steaming kitchen, from the yawning stable, and from worse places, no less conspicuous and wide open, takes away your breath. You have to address half a dozen gaping, staring stable-boys, ere you find one to point out the entrance to the human department of the inn. You find no bell to announce your arrival—hardly a man to pay you the least attention, much less to look to your luggage, or to rid you of your bags, cloaks, umbrellas, and hat-cases. Bar, and other offices, are generally upstairs. When you have ascended the stairs, and succeeded in coming

* Gallenga.



TURIN, AND THE PLAIN OF PIEDMONT.

(From the Superga.)

up with the landlord or head-waiter, their cordial greeting, their friendly bustle might indeed make up for previous neglect; but you always seem to catch them at the wrong moment, always find them unprepared, as if theirs were anything but an open house, and a traveller the most unlooked-for thing in the world. They never know what rooms they have undisposed of; they march you up to the third or fourth floor, then down again to the second or first, then along the right hand, then along the left-hand corridor; they poke their noses into twenty occupied rooms, to the great dismay, inconvenience, and annoyance of the sleeping or dressing indwellers. They bawl out to each other, the landlord to the landlady, the latter to the waiter, till they at last find a vacant bed-chamber, which has perhaps been untenanted, forgotten, uncared for, unswept, and unaired for a week. The bed is all unmade, the small water-jug is empty, what ought to be empty is full. There is something close, stuffy, sickening about the whole establishment,—as, indeed, there is about the interior of coaches, omnibuses, and most places where Italians congregate; you never seem to have free air, in proportion as nature gives it them fresh, sweet, and pure; and you are fain to obey the waiter's summons, who bids you go down, with unwashed hands, to the salon for your supper, glad to come back to your night-lair as late, and as much in the dark, as you can manage, and only sorry that you cannot shut all your senses against unpleasant sounds and smells, as you close your eyes against disagreeable sights."

A few hundred yards from the post-house of Susa is the railway station, and in about an hour and forty minutes the thirty-three miles which separate it from Turin are accomplished. The Englishman, accustomed to express trains, smiles at this rate of speed, but the Piedmontese, who, except on the great lines of communication between the capital and the most important towns, is still doomed to labour along the royal roads, to say nothing of the private ones, at four, or at most five miles an hour, in the heaviest of all possible vehicles, may well be astonished at it. Personal ease and celerity are the unquestionable advantages of the rail,* but in a new country these are not the sole desiderata. We fly from place to place remembering nothing that we have seen; if, indeed, we have seen anything but distant objects. Thus, between Susa and Turin, though the mountain ranges are not hidden from our view, many an interesting locality is now past unknown or unheeded. On the old road the traveller admired the turreted heights of San

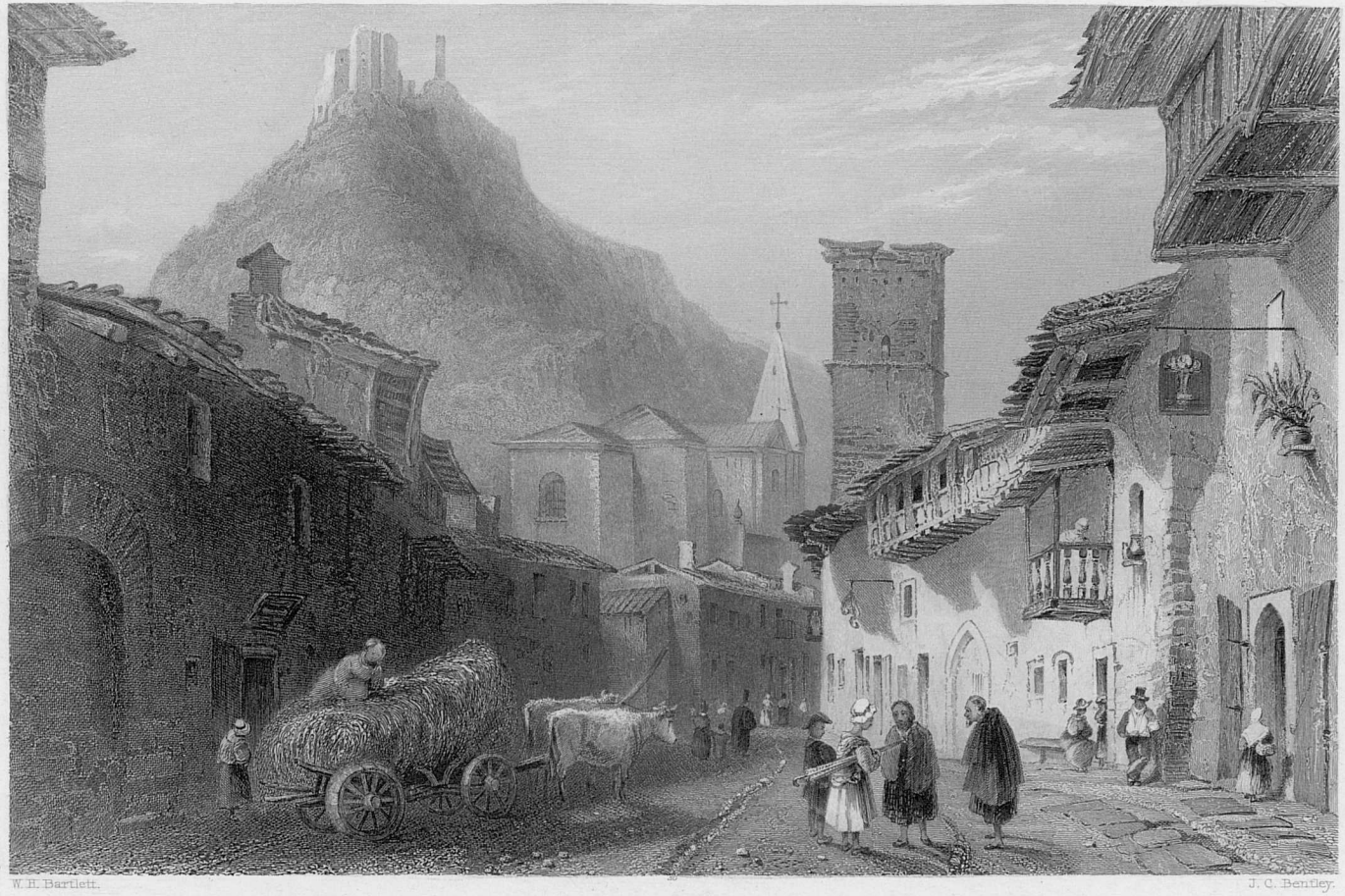
* The railway carriages in Piedmont—in fact, wherever they run in Italy—are models of comfort and convenience, and put those of England to shame. It is infinitely more pleasant to travel, in summer, in the "secondi" than in our own "first class." Reversible seats, accommodating two or four persons, enable passengers to form separate groups; the cushions are well stuffed, the compartments airy, the windows all provided with blinds, and the circulation unimpeded.

Giorio, the picturesque town of Sant' Antonio, the quaint houses and singular projecting galleries of Sant' Ambrosio, above which village rises the old Lombard tower on Monte Pirichiano, and the gardens and villages which surround the pleasant little city of Rivoli, with its avenue of elms six miles long, leading to Turin, as magnificent in its way as the wonderful street called after it in Paris. On the rail, he must content himself with a bird's-eye view of some of the places here named, and with occasional glimpses of the Cottian Alps, where Monte Viso towers supreme. By this mode of travelling, however, the great avenue is not missed, as the railway runs parallel to it almost all the way from Rivoli to Turin.

The situation of Turin, at the confluence of the Dora Ripaira and the Po, in the centre of a vast plain, of which the Alps form the barrier, is one of unexampled beauty; and the regularity of its construction, the magnificence of its streets, and the surpassing splendour of its buildings, entitle it justly to hold the first place among cities of modern date. All, indeed, is new in Turin (if we except the ducal palace of Savoy, an isolated mass in the Piazza del Castello), but grandeur of design, facility of execution, and excessive taste in decoration, have saved the mathematical precision with which it was planned from being charged with monotony.

The old palace, or Palazzo Madama, which stands in the middle of the Piazza del Castello, is an extraordinary-looking building. One façade presents a Palladian front, highly ornamented with profuse carving, with fretted pillars, rich capitals, and finely adorned windows, the whole surmounted by a row of delicate statues, which produce a striking effect when seen standing out against a clear blue sky, and shining in a brilliant sun. A rugged, sombre, brick building forms another front: it is flanked with huge towers, having open parapets, and exhibits unquestionable marks of high antiquity. All between, on either side, is shabby, dilapidated, ruinous, and unsightly: a mass of crumbling walls and neglected tenements. But though no longer the abode of royalty, and much of it unsightly, the Palazzo Madama has still high purposes; for within its walls the Senate of Sardinia assembles, and here is displayed the royal collection of pictures, offering a foretaste of the Art of Italy, seventeen rooms being filled with the works of some of the greatest of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch masters, many of them of the highest quality.

Of a different character, and altogether modern, is the Palazzo del Ré, which occupies the northern angle of the Piazza del Castello. It is a huge pile of building and with little external decoration, but containing many objects of interest; the king's private library and the royal armoury being amongst the most prominent. In the *Archivi* also, which may be said to form a part of the palace, is a very rich



W. H. Bartlett. J. C. Bentley.

ST AMBROGIO, NEAR SUSA.

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.

collection of muniments and charters, besides a select and valuable library, abounding in illuminated manuscripts and early printed books. Behind the palace are the royal gardens, which, on Sunday, rival those of the Tuileries in the diversified crowds with which they are thronged.

But more attractive than the palaces, old or new, is the square which contains them. Seen from above or below,—from the windows of the Hotel de l'Europe, or from the arcades which nearly surround the Piazza,—a living picture of Italian life is always before the eye, bright, animated, and amusing. Here are gathered groups of people of every variety of costume, crowding round wandering *pifferarij*, who have travelled all the way from Naples; or watching with eagerness the grotesque movements of painted and tinselled *fantoccini;* here soldiers loiter; here coachmen, waiting for fares, lazily stretch themselves in the sun; here trip grisettes, innocent of either cap or bonnet, shading their faces with their large green fans: nor are there wanting to the scene those who by their presence impart a peculiar character to all public places,—the members of the church ever militant,—friars in coarse brown robes and corded waists; monks in black gowns and shining shaven crowns; and smart-looking abbés, the wearers of cocked hats, silk stockings, and buckled shoes. Under the arcades the crowd is the same; and here, besides, are tempting shops, full of wares of every kind, though if you enter to make a purchase you will do well to bear in mind that sellers and buyers are always at open war in this, as in every Italian city. "The purchase of a gown, or a filigree head-dress" (or, indeed, any other object) "always gives rise," says Gallenga, "to a skirmish, at any of the shops under the *portico della fiera* at Turin.* It is less for the purpose of cheating, one would say, than for the pleasure of wasting time, and the chance of exercising their wit and displaying their glibness of tongue, that the Italian seems to find it impossible to sell at fixed prices." To ask double and take half, or offer half the price demanded, and so obtain the thing required, is the universal rule, so far at least as *objets de luxe* are in question: with the necessaries of life the case is naturally altered.

But besides the most attractive shops, it is beneath these colonnades the best cafés are to be found, chiefly in the Contrada del Po, the fine street which connects the Piazza del Castello with the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, beyond which is the principal bridge over the Po, leading to the Collina, which itself is crowned by the Basilica of La Superga. The San Carlo, the Fiorio, and the Café Nazionale, are those of greatest celebrity, but good cafés are to be met with everywhere in Turin

* This is also an especial feature of Florentine dealing.

They are, in fact, "an institution; each has its own character, answers its peculiar purpose, and is frequented by its own regular visitors. The cafés of Turin are no respecters of persons; all classes enter them alike, distinction prevailing only where political opinions are the bar to reunion. But, as Gallenga observes, "democratic as the café is by its very nature, indifferently welcoming every human being who will occasionally call for a three-halfpenny cup of coffee or a two-penny '*piccolo*' ice, it leads to no improper familiarity, to no undue intrusion of class upon class, or of individuals upon each other. Such is the discipline, or say, the innate good taste and discretion, of the lower classes in this country, that you will see side by side, sitting at adjoining tables, if not at the same table, a minister of state and a coatless street-porter, filling his *chickétt*, or sharing his ice-cream with his wife and children; all this without a shade of danger of their interfering with one another, further than the mutual exchange of a bow, or a wave of the hat, the acknowledgment of each other's existence, which invariably occurs between any two persons in Italy, whenever or wherever they happen to meet under the same roof. For all that," continues the same writer, "every café has a name, a scope, a character of its own; and some of the smallest and coarsest, though by no means exclusive, are somewhat shunned by the unwashed multitude. The San Carlo, the Nazionale, and the Ligurian cafés, all glittering with gold, are beset by the sovereign people; but the Café Fiorio, under the portico, the Café di Londra, near the Hôtel Feder, and other equally plain and unpretending establishments, are the favourite haunts of the upper classes, and, at certain hours at least, are, by the silent consent of the masses, almost entirely reserved for their use. In the matter of cafés, as well as on the subject of churches, the Italians seem to think plainness, or indeed any shabbiness, the peculiar mark of gentility. In like manner, there are clerical and military, commercial and theatrical, students' and artists' cafés; so that if in London it is usual to ask a man what street or quarter he lives in, to make out his condition, in Italy it is almost safe to say, 'Tell me what coffee-house you go to, and I will tell you who or what you are.'" The number of cafés in Turin is estimated at more than a hundred and fifty; in all of them Italian, and in the greater part French, and some English journals are to be found. The favourite morning beverage is the *bicchierino*, a mixture of chocolate, milk, and coffee; the edible adjunct to the light breakfast is the *pane grissino*, or Piedmontese bread, which is made up into long thin wands, and placed on the table in sheafs: the *grissini* retain their crispness for an extraordinary length of time.

Another feature of Piedmontese life, to be noticed not only under the arcades but in half the streets of Turin, as well as in every nook and corner of the kingdom,

is the Lottery; and this "institution" is peculiarly acceptable to the Piedmontese, who, like the Italians generally, can hardly enjoy life without gambling, and continue, under all circumstances, at all times and in all places, to indulge their propensity for play.

The lotteries of Piedmont are conducted on precisely the same principle as those which formerly existed in France. The only difference in their operation is, that the risks in Piedmont are fewer, being limited to two central *bureaux*, one at Turin and one at Genoa, where the drawings take place on every alternate Saturday. There are seventeen offices in Turin, even more in Genoa, and every parish of three thousand inhabitants contains one, while in large towns there is one for every four thousand souls. The number of tickets in the lottery is ninety-one, which are numbered from zero to ninety inclusive. Of these the first five that are drawn out constitute the prizes; the rest remain in the wheel unnoticed. To select five lucky numbers, or make such a combination as shall secure a partial success, is the object of the ticket-purchaser. There are three separate chances, which are called *ambos, terns,* and *quaterns;* and according as they appear in the order chosen on the ticket—two, three, and four numbers in succession—the original stake is paid at a rate of progressive increase, the ambo receiving 270 times the stake; the tern 5500 times; and the quatern 60,000. To get a quatern is, of course, a piece of luck that never happens; the tern is seldom won; but the ambo is frequent, and the ambo it is which constitutes the lottery in its popular form. One franc is the lowest stake; the highest depends on the means or the inclination of the player, except in the case of a quatern, where it is limited to twelve francs. The same calculation of chances, the same interpretation of dreams, the same numerical deductions from all sorts of circumstances that used to occupy the minds of the Parisians when lotteries were allowed in France, prevail everywhere in Piedmont. "Men, women, and children," says Mr. Bayle St. John, in his "Sub-Alpine Kingdom," "talk, think, dream of nothing but the lottery. Every event of public or private life is translated by them in some extraordinary manner into numbers. At every moment some revelation is made to them that must necessarily end in some good fortune. It would seem as if there was no other object in life than to combine five numbers on a bit of paper, and stake money thereon. As you hear of nothing but martingales at Aix, so you hear of nothing but ambos at Turin. They talk of ambos, but they meditate of greater things. The cook in the kitchen, the housemaid, the porter, the mason, the carpenter, the man who comes to cure your smoky chimney, the postman, the messenger—all, depend upon it, are thinking of nothing but what they will do if they

win an ambo. . . . . But it is not the lower classes only that play in the lottery; the middle and upper classes also dabble in the dangerous game. . . . . If a man calls on you in Turin with a particularly radiant face, rubbing his hands, and walking on imaginary roses, you may be sure, they say, that he has found out an infallible system for winning in the lottery. Mothers reward their children for good behaviour by staking a franc for them in the lottery. A good report from a confessor is sure to be recognised in this way. Many servants would rather have a lottery-ticket given them than money. What wonder, then, if the poorer classes, for the most part unable to read, with their minds at once excited and uncultivated, suffering from actual want, or spurred by still more painful desire, yield to the fascination of the game?" The constitutional government of Piedmont has, however, pledged itself to the eventual suppression of lotteries, though their extinction will be gradual.

But, besides the *Regio Lotto*, the people of Turin have another great craving in their fondness for theatrical amusements, which, fortunately, they can indulge in at a far less ruinous cost. In addition to the Royal Theatre, which is attached to the king's palace, there are the Carignano, the Nazionale, the theatres of Angennes, Gerbino, and Suterra, devoted to opera, opera buffo, ballet, and the regular drama; the Giandina and San Martiniano for marionette performances; several open air theatres and a circus for fine weather—enough these for 150,000 people. As in all other cities, bills of the performances are posted about the streets, but the more important have tin shields swinging in the centre of the principal thoroughfares, by strings crossing from house to house—like the *lanternes* in French towns before the introduction of gas—on which the announcements are displayed. The manner of admission is peculiar. "In the first place," says Mr. St. John, "you pay what is called the *entrata*, a fixed sum which admits you into the pit, but without which you cannot reach any other portion of the house—stalls or boxes. If you intend to go anywhere besides the pit, and have not secured a place beforehand, you must take two tickets at the door, one representing the entrance, and another the special place selected."* From the same agreeable writer we borrow some further items of description appertaining to the theatres of Turin.

"The great theatre, which was constructed in 1740, after the designs of Count Alfieri, contains five rows of boxes, 152 in all, besides the royal box in the centre, which forms a vast drawing-room. In spite of this division, however, it holds 2500 spectators, and ranks in importance with the San Carlo, the Scala, and

* St. John's "Sub-Alpine Kingdom."

the Carlo Felice. On extraordinary occasions a powerful fountain is used for scenic effects. The back of the stage opens upon a large court, which enables prodigious depths to be sometimes given to the scene, and allows of the introduction of horses, cars, and vast numbers of supernumeraries. . . . . One of the most popular theatres, open all the year round, is the Gerbino. It is occupied, without intermission, by a succession of companies making their usual round through the peninsula; for, as in Goldoni's time, comedians remain stationary in the cities to which they belong only for one season, and then instantly begin to travel to the other capitals. The Turin company goes to Venice; the Venetian company comes to Turin. Goldoni's comedies are always played by every company—the part of Arlechino being sustained by another kind of buffoon called Menechino, who wears a sort of brown livery, and has a flaxen wig and pig-tail, and speaks the Bergamasque dialect. New pieces are constantly brought out to introduce this character, who is, in fact, our low-comedy man, not concealed under a variety of dresses, but always in the same dress, though in different situations. Comedy, however, is not the chief favourite of the Gerbino. What that audience likes is a good, stirring drama, with terrible displays of physical passion. It does not care much for *tableaux*. A man overwhelmed with despair, gasping for breath, staggering to and fro, uttering inarticulate cries, yelling, beating his forehead, tearing his hair, bursting into tears, being struck dumb or senseless—that is what they like to see. Any actor who can do that kind of thing tolerably well is sure of immense popularity." According to this account, Bottom the Weaver, who longed for a part "to tear a cat in—to make all split," would have been the very man for the Gerbino!

Between the café and the theatre, and the lounge all day beneath the colonnades, when not in either of the former, it may readily be imagined—indeed, a thousand writers have left us nothing to imagine on the subject—that the home of the Italian, from Naples to Turin, is but a sorry make-believe. *La Casa*, the word by which "home" may be translated, is in every sense "the house" only,—vast, comfortless, and cold. However picturesquely situated, Turin is, perhaps, the coldest capital in Europe in the winter season; and though Horace has left a very simple receipt for dispelling cold, the modern Italian possesses little aptitude for turning it to account. Perhaps Horace is not a familiar authority with him; perhaps firewood is too expensive; perhaps his chimney is in fault! Certain it is that the comfort which a fire imparts is nowhere to be found in Turin, or any other Italian city. Gallenga, accustomed to the "beef and sea-coal fire" of England, observes of the starved Italian, that he "builds himself a house which he is seldom tidy enough to furnish, never rich enough even thoroughly to warm. His domestic

hearth, if it ever were properly lighted, has now utterly gone out: he has burnt his last stick. The Italian must, for warmth, either bask in the sun like a lizard, or repair to his reeking, steaming café, his musty church, or his stifling theatre." This, which is true of all Italy, is eminently so of Turin, open to the wintry winds from the Alps, which pierce through every street, and sweep in an icy current through all its colonnades. In this capital "there are men who will put on hats and cloaks as soon as they get out of bed, and sit, and read and write, and dine and sup in them till they go to bed again; women there are who will go about with their *maritino*, or little husband, in their hands, or sit with it under their petticoats by day, and take their *prete*, or priest, *into their beds* at night, and so contrive, with just a few embers in those funnily-named warming-pots and pans, to keep soul and body together."*

Where the fireside is so uninviting, the rest of the *ménage* may almost be taken for granted. Hospitality, in its broad and generous sense, is no inhabitant of cities; there people are too much occupied with every-day cares, the struggle for life is too imperative on every one, the multitude is of necessity too selfish, and the only man who earns a reputation for hospitality is he who gives a sumptuous dinner, and expects another in return. But dinner-giving can never become a social feature where everybody who can afford it dines at the *table-d'hôte*. Extreme frugality is the rule in Turin, as in most other Italian capitals, while under the domestic roof. Breakfast, as we understand it, is usually, amongst the Piedmontese, a cup of coffee, without milk or sugar, taken either in bed or immediately on rising; there is the *bicchierino* for those who go early to the café; or, it may be, the *déjeûner à la fourchette*, on a small scale, whether at home or abroad, taken about noon. At an interval of six hours they dine, when assuredly they make up for all their previous abstinence, as all travellers will agree who, like ourselves, have witnessed the powers of deglutition of the Turinese who throng to the well-covered tables in the magnificent saloons of Feder or Trombetta. All is fish that comes to their net; not their *minestra*, or tasteless maccaroni, but food of the most substantial kind—overdone, though, for the most part; and as much of it as would satisfy even a German. Wine helps the repast, but scarcely crowns

* Of these aids to comfort, Signor Gallenga gives, in a note, the following description:—"The *maritino* is a little earthen pot, somewhat in the shape of a round, convex flower or work-basket, with a round handle, and sometimes a grated lid to it. Civilized ladies prefer a *chaufferette*, or ember-box, made of tin and wood, which they put under their feet. The *prete* is a huge wooden frame, terminating in four huge horns, which is thrust into the bed between the sheets, and containing a pan with all but live embers in it,—a very clumsy and dangerous substitute for a hot-water warming-pan. It is put into the bed, and there left for hours before bed-time, so that the heat may go through the very mattresses, bolsters, and pillows, as well as sheets, blankets, quilts, and counterpanes."

it—the never-failing cigar being the all-engrossing substitute when the viands are consumed.

The dialect of Piedmont is peculiar to the country, being neither French nor Italian, but a mixture of both languages, pronounced in such a manner as to render it almost unintelligible to those who derive their knowledge of them only from books. The numerous relations subsisting between France and Piedmont, and the frequent use of French in Turin and other large towns, have no doubt contributed to give a French character to many words; but this similarity arises less from accidental contact than from a common origin, the Piedmontese dialect bearing a close affinity, in many respects, to the *langue d'oc* which prevailed in France, south of the Loire, until the early part of the thirteenth century. The Piedmontese, the Genoese, and the Lombards also, utter the vowels *eu* and *u*, and the sounds *an, in, on, un,* as well as the consonant *j*, in the same manner as the French; and, like the latter, they make frequent use of contractions. Leon Paisse observes of the Genoese dialect that it more closely resembles the Provençal than the Italian, and is remarkable for a number of harsh and singular sounds, which he ascribes to the early contact of that maritime people with the inhabitants of shores where strong gutturals prevail. In Turin, however, the traveller need trouble himself little about the local dialect, or the more classical Italian, if French be at his command, for its use is universal amongst the classes with whom the mere traveller is likely to consort. In the sunny valleys, remote from the capital, and in the less-frequented mountain defiles, the case, of course, is different; but northward always the French language is the great connecting link.

The modern literature of Piedmont, considered as an original production, and separately from the striking publications of several modern Piedmontese statesmen, raises a disputed question. Murray tells us, that in Piedmont, "Literature is flourishing, offering as good, if not a better prospect, than in any other state of Italy. French literature is losing much of its influence: of German little is known. Printing is carried on to a great extent. It is in history, belles-lettres, and science, that the Piedmontese have most distinguished themselves. Manno, Balbo, Cibrario, Ricotti, Bertolotti, Pellico, Massimo D'Azeglio, Nota, Gioberti, Sclopis, Peyron, Plana, Collegno, Alberti della Marmora, Lorenzo Pareto, Moris, Gené, Sismonda, do honour to their country." On the other hand, if we turn to the latest historian of Piedmont, in whose mode of viewing subjects strong prejudices, however, are manifest, and who may not unfairly be said to test the progress of his country by too severe a standard, we are presented with the very reverse of this picture. This writer (Gallenga) remarks of Piedmont that it has, strictly speaking, *no* literature,

and points to the total absence of books in proof of his assertion. To read the newspaper is the limit of the general endeavour. "Turin," he says, "boasts only of one club, and two or three paltry circulating-libraries. Such towns as Ivrea, Biella, and Casale have actually no establishments of either kind; and the casinos, or clubs, that are now being opened in the minor country towns, such as Andorno, Mossa, Rivarolo, &c., abound more in packs of cards than sets of books. Railways exist, but railway-libraries are not even dreamt of. Reading in Italy"—for he generalizes his statement—"is, in short, by no means reckoned among the necessaries of life. . . . . Notwithstanding the truly great men who have illustrated this country, such as Alfieri, Botta, Balbo, and a hundred others, and the impulse given to all talents by a free constitution, Piedmont shows as yet but little aptitude for any general proficiency in literature or art." "If," adds the same writer, "I except an elegant historical essay by Carutti, on Victor Amadeus II., and a few domestic scenes by a promising young writer of fiction, Bersezio, there are not three lines in all that appears in Turin that seems to me to belong to living literature." Nor does he exclude Gioberti from the category, though he admits that it might once have been heresy to do so.

In this assertion, sweeping though it be, there is nevertheless a saving clause. The literature of a country which possesses a free constitution must of necessity illustrate itself; freedom of thought is twin-born with freedom of action, and where these exist a flourishing literature is the inevitable consequence. It should be borne in mind that liberty in Piedmont is still in its infancy, and that though nationally there is no fear of reaction, its growth may be retarded by external influence, which Piedmont has not yet the power of resisting. When she can walk alone, when the people who speak the same language, and are animated by the same policy, unite in one broad confederation under the sovereign of their common choice, when the spirit-stirring declaration of Charles Albert, "Italia farà da se!" becomes a political truth, it will not be long before Piedmont asserts, on the surest grounds, the claims of her aspiring literature. The present work, from its general character, is not one in which political affairs are to be looked for as occupying the most prominent place, but it is no departure from its original scope to make, in this place, a brief historical digression, while we speak of the phases through which the sub-alpine kingdom has recently past, and advert to the fortunes of her ruler and the policy of her most eminent modern statesmen.

Up to the breaking out of the late war with Austria, the kingdom of Sardinia was formed of its ancient possessions, which included all the Duchy of Savoy (with the exception of the small portion of territory ceded to the Canton of Geneva), the

THE KINGDOM OF

SARDINIA.

THE ISLAND OF SARDINIA
(on a scale of one-half)

Engraved by W. Hughes.

LONDON: JAMES S. VIRTUE

Principality of Piedmont, the Duchies of Aosta and Montferrat, the lordship of Vercelli, the counties of Nice and Asti, the marquisate of Saluzzo, a part of the Duchy of Milan, viz. the provinces of Alessandria, Valenza, the Val Sesia, Novara, Tortona, Vigevano, the Lomellino, a part of the Duchy of Pavia, and a great part of the county of Anghiera, the fiefs of the Canavese, and the Island of Sardinia; and of its more recent possessions, comprising the former republic of Genoa, now erected into a duchy, with the Island of Capraja. The treaty of Villafranca has, however, extended the dominions of the King of Sardinia to the confines of Lombardy proper, the Mincio being now the eastern boundary of his kingdom. What forms it on the south is still a question of the future, for while these lines are being written the representative assemblies of Tuscany, of Modena, and of Parma, have unanimously declared their resolve to become a part—and a strong part—of the kingdom of Italy, under the constitutional sceptre of King Victor Emanuel.

Victor Emanuel II., popularly called "Il Rè Galentuomo,"—a title well-earned at Goito, Custozza, and Novara, and nobly sustained on the bloody fields of Palestro and Solferino,—was born at Turin, on the 14th of March, 1820, and ascended the throne, on the abdication of his father, on the 23rd of March, 1849. In 1842 he married his cousin, Adelaide of Austria, daughter of the Archduke Reignier. She died in 1855, leaving five children, the eldest of whom, the Princess Clotilde—the Iphigenia of Italy—has already become historical, her hand, the price of the French alliance, being given last year—before she was sixteen—to Prince Napoleon Buonaparte, the son of the ex-king of Westphalia.

It was under circumstances never to be forgotten that Victor Emanuel succeeded to the crown of his brave but unfortunate father. The brief campaign of 1849, a struggle of only three days, ended in the fatal fight of Novara. With treachery in his camp, a dispirited and broken army, vain was the courage of Charles Albert and his two heroic sons, the Dukes of Savoy and Genoa. In vain the king sought for death in the ranks of the Austrians,—he was doomed to perish in exile. Forced at length from the field, Charles Albert hastily summoned a council of war, at which it was decided that an armistice should be demanded. But the victor, Radetzky, arrogant and implacable, imposed conditions so utterly inadmissible, and conveyed them in a manner indicative of so much personal hostility to the King of Sardinia, that the latter at once resolved to abdicate in favour of his eldest son, Victor Emanuel, then Duke of Savoy; "embracing him in the midst of his assembled officers, sorrowing and awe-stricken while he alone was unmoved, he presented him to them as their king; after which, dismissing the council, he remained a short time alone with his sons. No intriguing chronicler has pried into

that last interview, no moral anatomist has laid bare the sufferings of that mysterious heart in renouncing all its dreams of glory and ambition. Charles Albert was seen by the world no more. Without returning to Turin, or seeking to bid any other member of his family farewell, he set out that same night with a single attendant for Oporto, where, enveloping himself in the strictest seclusion, discouraging all communication with Piedmont, and given up to practices of austerity and devotion, he died after three months of that most incurable of all diseases—a broken heart."*

The aspect of affairs when Victor Emanuel thus prematurely acquired his inheritance, was of a nature to test the resolution of his heart and the honesty of his character; but he passed through the ordeal with a courage and firmness that have rarely been equalled. The situation was indeed desperate. "A victorious enemy encamped within a few hours of the capital, dictating oppressive terms to the government, half stunned by the suddenness of its reverses—a shattered army—an exhausted treasury—to complete all, the revolt at Genoa, which, after having been throughout the winter the focus of disaffection, now profited by the general disorder to declare for the Italian republic. Without apparent sophistry these accumulated calamities might be charged upon the institutions so recently conceded. The licence of the press, the inflammatory harangues of the Chamber of Deputies, had hurried on the war; the National Guard of Genoa had abetted the rebellion. The advocates of a return to the former system, numbering among them those nearest to the young king in authority and affection, had palpable evidence to support their arguments. Piedmont, rich, flourishing, united, eighteen months before; Piedmont, impoverished, mourning, deadly strife within her borders, and humiliated at the feet of Radetzky: such was the contrast between past and present, such the fruits of her boasted reforms and anticipated greatness. It rested but with himself to have dispatched the constitution. The clergy—the majority of the nobility, alarmed at the levelling tendencies recently exhibited—the army embittered, since Ramorino's betrayal, against whatever fostered the growth of democracy—would all have given him their support; the commercial and agricultural classes, desirous of tranquil times and easy living, and too little habituated to the exercise of their new privileges to appreciate their importance, would not have opposed him. Victor Emanuel's honesty and filial reverence, his confidence in the representations of those eminent men who had initiated the Italian movement, and still thought freedom compatible with order, saved Piedmont from the fate of the

* Gretton's "Vicissitudes of Italy."

rest of the peninsula. Six days only after the defeat of Novara saw him at Turin, swearing before the assembled senators and deputies to maintain the statutes of the realm; not to use his authority except in conformity with the laws; to cause justice to be impartially and fully administered; to conduct himself in everything so as to promote the prosperity and honour of the nation."*

From the oath thus taken Victor Emanuel has never departed, but in all the difficulties of his position has stedfastly kept faith with his subjects. His first minister was Massimo D'Azeglio, a name honoured wherever it was heard; and under his government was passed the great clerical reform bill,* which, amongst other things, rendered the clergy amenable to the ordinary tribunals for offences against civil law; took from religious corporations the right of receiving dotations or bequests; abridged the inordinate number of Church festivals, and brought marriages (as in France and Belgium) under civil regulation. To D'Azeglio, after serving under him, succeeded Count Camillo di Cavour, who entered, in November, 1852, upon the supreme direction of affairs in Piedmont. Under Cavour's administration vast progress was made in the material improvement of the country. Municipal organization, a sound and well-balanced system of finance, the extension of public works, and the construction of railways, were prominent objects of his care. Neither was the new minister unmindful of the national honour; for when the possessions of all the Lombards residing in Piedmont were suddenly sequestrated by Radetzky, and the remonstrances of the Piedmontese cabinet against this act were unheeded by Austria, the Sardinian minister was at once recalled from Vienna, and all diplomatic relations between the two courts were broken off, only to be renewed after the campaign of 1859, so glorious for Piedmont, so doubtful for the rest of Italy. A great feature of Cavour's policy was the adherence of Sardinia to the treaty between France and England at the rupture with Russia, which preceded the Crimean war. The speech in which the minister supported this bold measure, contained passages well worthy of being recorded. "I hold it," he said, "as indispensable to the improvement of the actual state of Italy, and exceeding all other considerations in importance, to raise up her reputation, so that all the people of the world, rulers and ruled, shall be compelled to do her justice. For this two things are necessary: to prove to Europe, first, that Italy has sufficient sense and moderation to sustain free institutions, and to adopt the most perfect known form of government; secondly, that the military valour of her people is equal to that of her forefathers. You

* Gretton's "Vicissitudes of Italy."

† Called "the Sicurdi Laws," from the Minister of Justice, who, in February, 1850, introduced the bill.

have, hitherto, done Italy good service by the conduct you have pursued during seven years, proving, in the most conspicuous manner, that Italians can govern themselves with wisdom, prudence, and loyalty. It is now your privilege to render her an equal, if not a greater service; it is given to our country to demonstrate how the sons of Italy can bear their part in fields of glory. And I am certain that the laurels reaped by our soldiers in the East will do more for the future fate of the peninsula, than all that has been effected by those who thought to achieve her regeneration by their eloquence or their pen."

How truly Count Cavour predicted the gathered laurels of the Crimea, the battle of the Tchernaya attested; and who that has read of Montebello and Palestro, doubts how well "the sons of Italy can bear their part in fields of glory," no matter with what troops contrasted?

In the external relations of Piedmont the bold policy of Cavour was conspicuously shown in the unchanging resistance which he offered to the domineering spirit of the cabinet of Vienna, alike at the congress at Paris, and in the council chamber at Turin. "The cry of anguish which," said King Victor Emanuel, in his speech to the Sardinian Parliament at the beginning of the present year (1859), "reached him from all parts of Italy," undoubtedly went straight to his noble heart;* and it is equally certain that the heart of Count Cavour throbbed with a sensibility no less acute than that of his royal master. When aggressive Austria sent her hordes across the Ticino, and by that act elicited

* Later events fully justify this conclusion, if the antecedents of Victor Emanuel had not placed it beyond doubt. The following speech of the king well deserves to be placed on record. The deputation appointed to present to the King of Sardinia the medal which has been struck by a private society in commemoration of the words pronounced by his majesty on his opening the session of the Piedmontese Parliament on the 10th of January last, had the honour of an audience on the 20th of August, 1859. Count Mamiani, president of the committee, reminded his majesty of the memorable words, "We are not insensible to the cry of anguish which we hear from every part of Italy." His majesty replied as follows:—"I thank you for your beautiful present. Ever since it has been in my power, I have consecrated my efforts to the great national cause. I have it constantly before my mind; I live for it, and am ready to die for it. Difficulties and misfortunes arise which must be surmounted, and they certainly will; for I have witnessed the courage and discipline of which the Italians are capable. Under the present circumstances, it has been impossible to go further, as I have wished. In the midst of past sorrows I have found great consolation in seeing that the Italians have understood me, and have not entertained a doubt concerning me. The masses, blinded by excessive enthusiasm, are sometimes led astray. I might have pardoned such false steps, but I repeat that I have nothing to reproach them with. It seems incredible that some countries that are unfavourable to us, do not or will not believe that there is nothing obscure or insidious in my policy. Frankness and straightforwardness are its companions—perhaps it is the going straight to the object in view that creates displeasure. The Italian question is very clear, and it is no doubt on that account that they will not understand it. The union, perfect order, and wisdom which the people of Tuscany, the Duchies, and the Romagna now display, are admirable. I certainly did not think that Italy was incapable of acting so, still the spectacle of such an attitude affords me great pleasure. Have, therefore, faith in me, gentlemen, and be assured that now, as well as in future, I shall do everything in my power to promote the welfare of Italy."

from the Emperor of the French the comprehensive declaration that "Italy must be free to the shores of the Adriatic," who sympathised in the promised restoration of Italy to herself more earnestly than Cavour? The proof of his sincerity may be measured by his conduct when the outline of the Peace of Villafranca was made known. When the hopes of his political life were there scattered to the winds; when the principle in which he had always contended was set at naught; when despot clung to despot in close embrace, and fettered Venice again sent up her "cry of anguish," nothing was left for Cavour but to resign the post he had so long and so ably filled. On the retirement of Count Cavour, an attempt was made to form a government under the presidency of Count Arese, the intimate —indeed, the bosom—friend of the Emperor of the French; but the naturalized Lombard nobleman was without a party, and Signor Rattazzi, who had long been at the head of the left-centre in the Sardinian Chamber, succeeded to the post, and it is to be hoped to the policy, of his liberal predecessor.

The domestic life of Victor Emanuel has been marked by many sorrowful events. The circumstances which prematurely gave him the crown of Sardinia, cost his father's life within three months after he ascended the throne. Ten days were all the interval that separated the deaths of his mother and his wife, the former dying on the 10th of January, 1855, and the latter on the 20th of the same month. The succeeding 10th of February witnessed also the decease of his brother Ferdinand, Duke of Genoa. To Victor Emanuel, as Byron says of himself, the words of Young were no fiction:—

> "Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
> Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain;
> And thrice ere *once* yon moon had fill'd her horn."

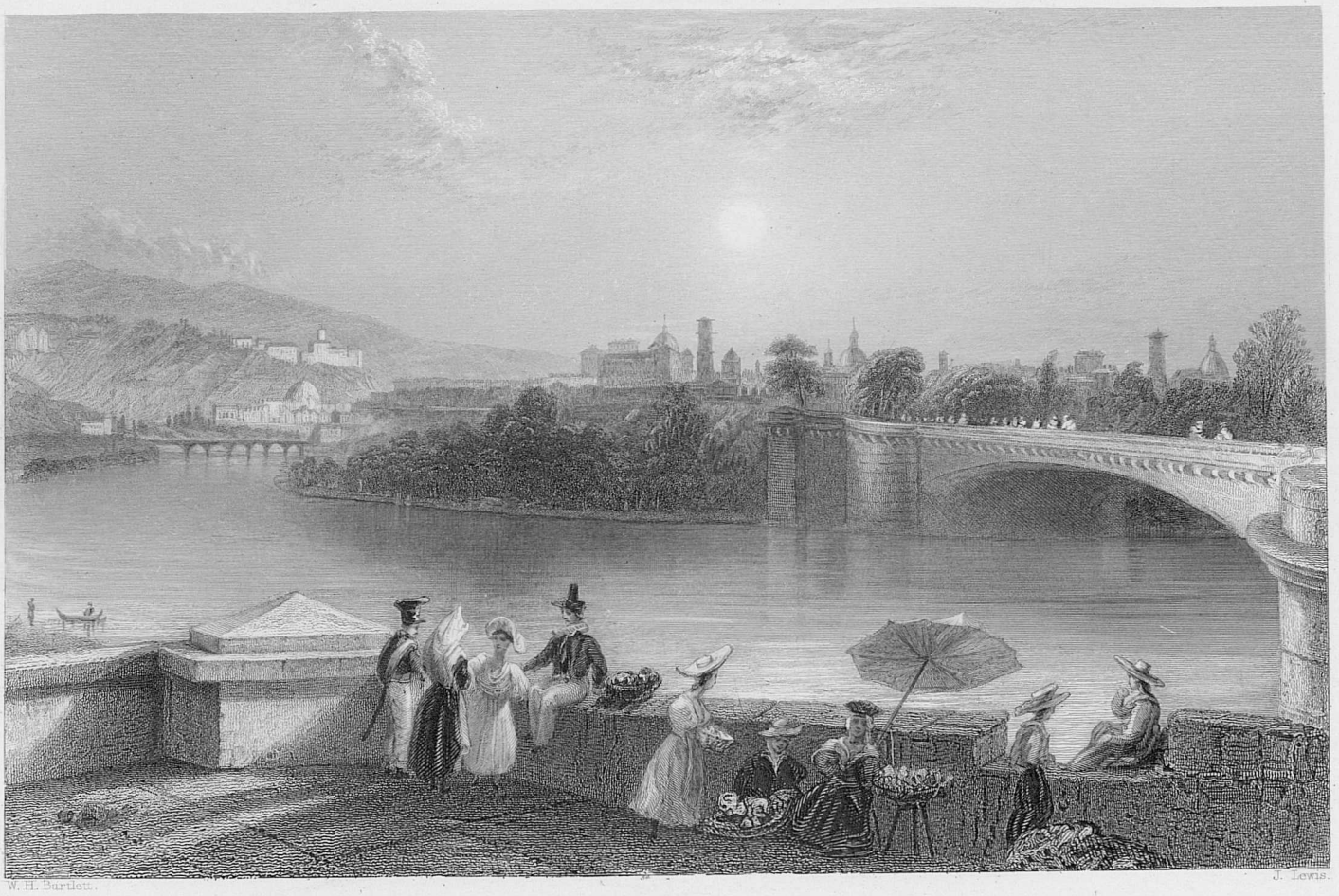
It is in active bodily exercise that the King of Sardinia seeks relaxation from the affairs of state, and, haply, finds relief from saddening recollections. Foremost in battle, he is also foremost in the sports of the field, and has the reputation of being the most intrepid huntsman in his dominions. Unlike the quail-shooting Turinese, who never leave the plains that surround the capital, Victor Emanuel follows his game amid the wildest scenery of Piedmont, confronting danger there as eagerly as on the banks of the Ticino. "I saw him," says Gallenga, "last September, riding up the Valley of the Orco, where for a fortnight he pitched his tent above Ceresole, at the very head of the valley, near Our Lady of the Snow. Here he made daily excursions on foot over rocks and precipices, by the side of which the vaunted horrors of an ascent of Mont Blanc are mere child's play. He

was rewarded for his pains by killing a *stambecco*,* a gigantic chamois, or wild goat, of a species now extinct throughout all the rest of the alpine region, and which is rarely found, and not without infinite toil and danger, even in our highest mountains. The good king was so delighted with his success, that he wished to rent the wildest part of the alpine crest in this province, with a view to preserve the hard-to-be-got-at game from final destruction; but the independent highlanders, who possess some rights of common over those thin pastures, would not hear of selling or letting bare rocks and glaciers. They showed the greatest loyalty towards their sovereign; they evinced all their gratitude for his bounties ('Gold napoleons,' one of the rustics told me, 'flew about like feathers'); but they intimated to the king that he would be always welcome to kill as many of their *stambecchi* as he could manage, but should not deprive them or other men of the like privilege."

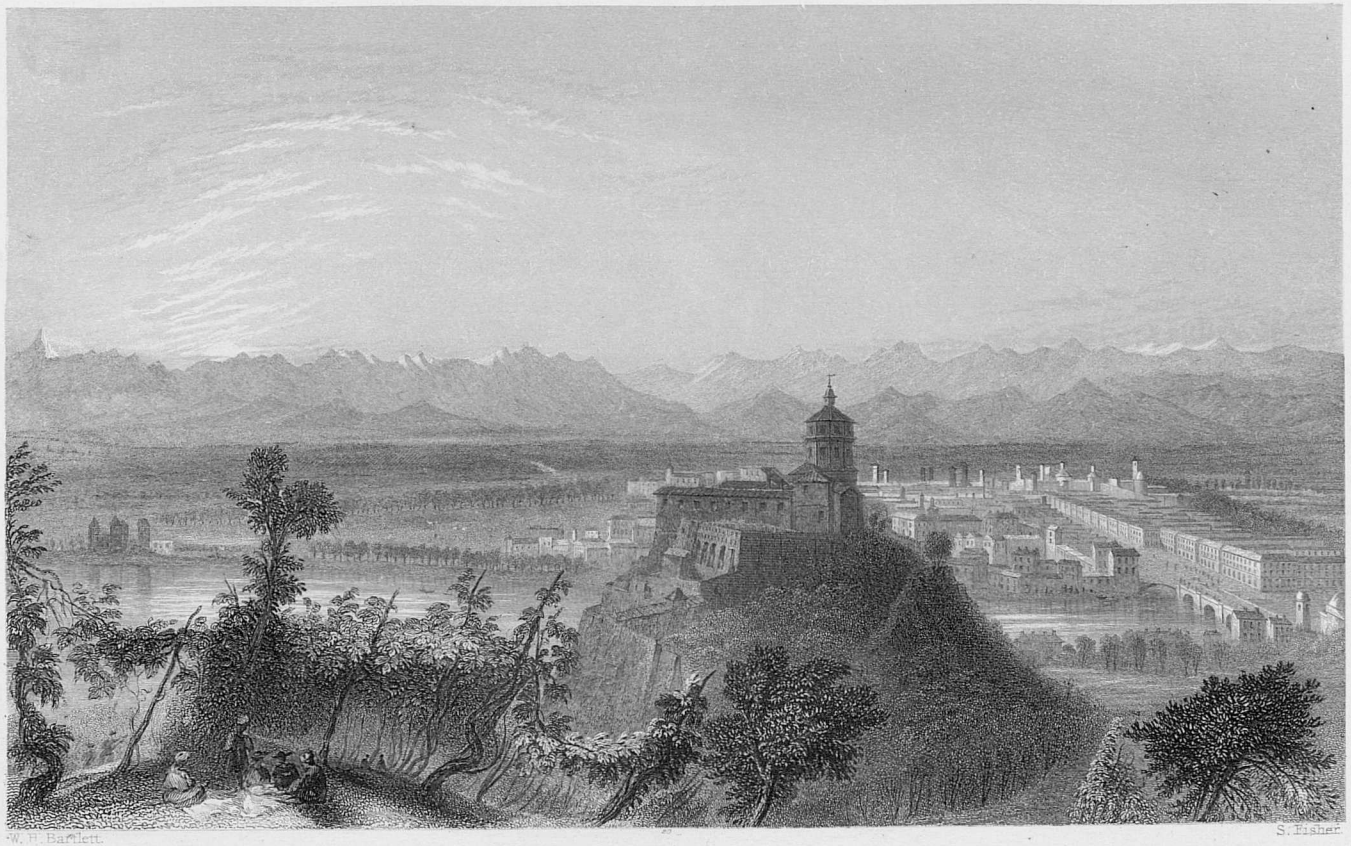
We return from the policy of the Piedmontese government, and the personal character and pursuits of the king, to speak of the country over which he rules.

The environs of Turin are charming. Immediately above the river, on the side of the Collina, stands the palace called "La Vigna della Regina," the views from which are very beautiful; one of them commanding the Via del Po and the Piazza del Castello in one straight line, and embracing the whole of the city. This palace, which forms a delicious summer residence, was built by Prince Maurice of Savoy, after he had laid aside his cardinal's robe to marry his niece, the daughter of Victor Amadeus I. In it he assembled the academy which he had just instituted under the name of "Solinghi." The apartments contain some good pictures, and the gardens and promenades are well laid out. After the death of Maurice, in 1657, the palace was inhabited by his widow, and then bore her name, being called the "Villa Ludovica;" but it took that which it now bears when it became the residence of Anne of Orleans, the wife of Victor Amadeus II. On the same hill with the Vigna della Regina, stands also the church and convent of the Capuchins "del Monte," which will be noticed as the central object in the plate representing the stone bridge over the Po. The gardens of "Il Valentino," another palace on the left bank of the same river, a little above the suspension bridge, offers a most agreeable place of public recreation. The unfinished hunting-lodge of Stupinigi, about five miles from Turin, attracts many visitors, with its long avenues set out with orange-trees, its gay pastures, and the bronze stag which ornaments the roof of the palace, typical of the object for which it was erected. A few good pictures are here, too—notably, a "Diana" by Vanloo. Moncalieri, which

* The ibex.



THE RIVER DORA, — TURIN.



W. H. Bartlett. S. Fisher.

TURIN.

(From the Vigne de la Reine.)

the present king makes his habitual country residence; Racconigi, the favourite haunt of Charles Albert; and Aglie, the château of the late Duke of Genoa, where there is a small collection of Roman antiquities, chiefly from excavations made at Veii and Tusculum,—are places also of very pleasant resort. But the great lion of the excursionists from Turin is the basilica of "La Superga," the mausoleum of the house of Savoy, erected by Victor Amadeus II., in accomplishment of a vow made previously to the battle of Turin, in 1706. The church itself is a fine building, and its interior, as well as that of the adjoining college, is richly decorated. But people go to the Superga less to feast their eyes on statues and sculptured walls than to enjoy the magnificent panorama of the Alps from the cupola at the top of the building. From that height—2405 feet above the level of the sea—the view embraces the whole of the plain of Piedmont, in the midst of which stands the city of Turin, the far-winding track of the Po, the shadowy spurs of the Apennines, and the vast mountain circle which stretches from Monte Viso to Monte Rosa. Mont Blanc, though not more distant than the Queen of the Alps, is not visible from the Superga, being hidden by Mont Iseran and the Grand Paradis, whose snowy peaks form apparently the highest points of the whole alpine chain. "Where the plain begins to undulate, forms have ceased to be distinguishable. Colours, faint and melting into one another, alone are visible. It is no haze, but distance, that makes all outlines indistinct. But you lift up your eyes, and there, close by, as it were within reach of the hand, are wild slopes, and valleys, and rocks, and woods, and white peaks; and then, at length, you know and feel that those slopes are provinces, those valleys plains, those rocks huge deserts, those woods primeval forests, those white peaks measureless expanses of snow and ice; and you remember that between two points that seem to touch there is a whole day's march—that beyond the wall to the left is France, in front the whole of Savoy, and to the right Switzerland, and that instead of standing in the centre of an ordinary valley, half a country, with the most stupendous boundary in the world, is spread before you." * The Superga is distant from Turin somewhat less than five miles (English); but it is an ascent all the way, and occupies, on foot, about two hours, more or less, according to the pedestrian's capabilities. But there is a cheap and easy mode of access, by omnibus or boat from below the bridge of the Po to the Ponte di Barra, and thence upwards, on a donkey's back. There is also a more expensive and aristocratic way of reaching the Superga, and that is by taking a carriage and four from the hotel in Turin where you may happen to be

* Bayle St. John's "Sub-Alpine Kingdom."

staying,—and this, for a variety of reasons, is the course invariably recommended to the traveller by the conscientious *commissionaires*.

With the map of Piedmont spread out before him, two districts present themselves in which the traveller will delight to linger before he turns his face from the Alps, and pursues his journey eastward to the Adriatic, or southward to the Mediterranean. These regions have attributes of a different character: the first, which includes the whole of the Val d'Aosta, bounded by the Pennine and Graian chains, is remarkable for scenery more magnificent than is to be found in any other part of Europe; the second, with beauties of its own, consists of the valleys of the Vaudois, and claims attention from the religious interest with which it is associated.

To reach the Val d'Aosta from Turin we take the railway to Chivasso, and then proceed by the broad, royal road that leads to Ivrea. Chivasso, a town now of no great consequence, had once a name in story; for here the famous line of Montferrato held undisputed sway, and lorded it over all the surrounding country. They alternately dwelt at Chivasso and at Casale, and when not engaged in making warlike outbreaks, and chastising those who had offended them, passed their time in listening to the effusion of the troubadour poets whom their munificence drew around them. Here the famous Rambaud de Vaquieras sometimes sang his lays, when he had attached himself to the service of Bonifazio III., Marquis of Montferrato, who led, with Baldwin and Dandolo, the fourth crusade, and who became sovereign of Thessalonica. Vaquieras was made a knight by his patron, for he was as distinguished with his sword as with his lute; and the marquis was gratified by the poet's attachment to his sister, the beautiful Beatrice, with whom and her lover he reconciled a love-quarrel, which had threatened to deprive him of the society of his friend and minstrel. This fair lady was called, in the poet's verses, his *Bel Cavalier*, because he had seen her in sport managing a sword with infinite grace. The lays of Vaquieras excited the valiant marquis to the expedition in the Holy Land, by which he gained so much renown. Of the old castle of the Montferratti nothing now remains but a huge red tower, on the summit of which grow two mulberry-trees, which have taken root, and flourish in that exalted position. "Chivasso was long considered the key of Piedmont, and in 1798 it opposed considerable resistance to Marshal Joubert, when executing the decree of the Directory, by which he was ordered to dethrone the house of Savoy. The fortifications were destroyed by the French, in 1804, when their possession of Lombardy placed Chivasso in the midst of their territory. The town consists of two adjoining groups of streets and buildings, and which once, probably, formed two distinct jurisdictions. The Church of San Pietro dates as early as 1425. The front is

decorated with ornaments and statues in terra-cotta, of great elegance, but much defaced."* He who does not dread a royal death may feast at Chivasso on lampreys, for which the town is celebrated throughout Piedmont.

Ivrea, picturesquely situated on the slope of a hill, at whose base the Dora Baltea swiftly flows, is a town of great antiquity; so ancient as to have been occupied as a Roman station, under the name of Eporedia, in the consulship of Marius and Valerius Flaccus, B.C. 101. It served afterwards as a Roman slave-mart, for here, according to Strabo, 30,000 of the brave but unfortunate Salassi, vanquished by Terentius Varro, the general of Augustus, were sold to slavery at public auction. As a further evidence of its antiquity, the cathedral stands, it is said, on the site of the old Temple of Apollo. Ivrea has not much to boast of in the way of public buildings, but it possesses an enormous prison, "Il Castellazzo," vast enough to lodge an army of captives. The town is the *entrepôt* of the iron which comes from the mines of Cogne, and of the pastural produce—particularly the cheeses—of the Val d'Aosta, of which Ivrea is called the southern gate. On leaving the town, a broad rich valley opens out, which extends for three or four leagues, and then contracting, at the village of Monte Stretto, assumes a complete alpine character, strikingly exhibited at the village of St. Martin, at the entrance to the Val Lesa, where the torrent of the Lys, spanned by a Roman bridge of one lofty arch, unites its foaming waters with those of the Dora, already swollen by the streams which descend from the Alps on every side. Again the work of the Romans appears at Donnaz, in a short tunnel through a projecting rock, and in a milestone marked with the clear cut numerals XXXII.; and thence, ascending still, the defile is closed by the fortress called Fort Bard.

This fortress is of some celebrity, having arrested for a time the advance of the French army, when, after crossing the Great St. Bernard, Buonaparte descended in haste to surprise the Austrian general, Melas, occupied at that moment in besieging Genoa. The garrison consisted of only four hundred men, but so strong was their position, that but for a very daring manœuvre, by which artillery was dragged up to the heights of Mont Albaredo, which overhangs the town, and brought to bear upon the fortress, the passage of the valley could not have been forced, and a retreat was inevitable. Raked, however, by the fire which was thus obtained, and fearing an assault, the Austrian commandant capitulated, and Piedmont was laid open to him who shortly afterwards conquered at Marengo. Fort Bard is now almost impregnable, and stands most imposingly in the middle

* "Handbook for North Italy."

of the deep gorge, on a lofty mass of rocks. Three of its sides are completely cut off from all access by the deep bed of the river, which surrounds its base, and the narrow street which forms the only passage through the valley is crossed by a number of arched gateways, so low that the diligences can scarcely pass under them.

The Val d'Aosta appears in all its beauty after passing Fort Bard. "The mountains on either side," says the Rev. Mr. King, to whose work on this part of Piedmont we are much indebted, "are more like immense blocks of great height, clothed from top to base with magnificent forests; not the severe, sombre pine only, but mixed with the finest timber, chiefly indigenous sweet chestnut and walnut. The faces of these heights, too, are generally so rocky and steep, that there is no pasture. Their colouring after rain is most lovely—deep purple, almost black, olive green, red, yellow, grey, and every intermediate tint, while a few fleecy clouds here and there creep slowly up the sides, as the sun dries up the shower. Wherever it is practicable, vines are carried up, on the side facing the south, to the extremest accessible hill-tops. . . . . The Val d'Aosta, from head to foot, is indeed a continued feast to the eye, of every combination of mountain, rock, river, forest, and castled height, with distant glaciers and snow peaks, while it literally teems with the richest produce."

The next place of interest in the valley is Verrex (a view of which is given in the accompanying plate), situated about two leagues and a half from Pont St. Martin, at the entrance to the Val Challant, which lies between the Val Lesa and the Val Tournanche. The large square keep of the old Castle of Verrex, which rises on the right hand as you look up the Valley of Challant, is a very picturesque object; and, standing on the bridge, glimpses may be obtained of the lofty range of the Lys Kamm, the mountain chain which connects Mont Cervin with Monte Rosa. The lordship of Verrex anciently belonged to the family of De Verretio, but it passed out of the male line, as far back as 1368, to Iblet de Challant, who built the stronghold which once guarded the entrance to the Val de Challant. He was a member of the once powerful race to whom belonged so many of the castles which crown the rocky heights of the Val d'Aosta, first seen at Montalto, near Ivrea, and last met with at La Salle, at the foot of the Little St. Bernard.

A change in the costume of the peasantry is noticeable here. Below Ivrea, a fondness for the brightest colours is remarkable. The women wear scarlet cloth dresses and blue aprons, with neatly-frilled chemises. The men deck themselves out in scarlet waistcoats faced with blue, blue coats, red leggings, and scarlet woollen caps. But, as you ascend the valley, more sober hues prevail. The costume of the women consists of deep blue linsey, with a broad-brimmed black hat,

W. Brockedon. J.C. Armytage.

CASTLE OF VERREX.

LONDON: JAMES S. VIRTUE.

trimmed with long fringe, a blue woollen skirt, and a small, tightly-fitting, short-waisted jacket; and the scarlet in the same manner disappears from the dresses of the men.

The great female occupation during summer is stripping hemp. Every woman, says Mr. King, carries a bundle of steeped and dried hemp-stalks, and, as they walk along the roads, sit, talk, and even at meals, keep incessantly at work from morning till night, apparently quite mechanically, stripping off the outer husks from the fibre, and adding the latter to the bundle under their arms, or at their sides. The food of the peasantry is chiefly *polenta*, with potatoes, rye-bread, and occasionally a little milk and cheese.

One of the most striking scenes in the Val d'Aosta is the pass of Mont Jovet, where the old Roman road, cut through the face of the rock, overhangs a deep ravine, through which the Dora rushes at a fearful depth below. Emerging from this gorge appears the smiling village of St. Vincent, embosomed in a forest of chestnut and walnut-trees of secular growth and most luxuriant foliage. St. Vincent boasts a famous mineral spring, the source of which, in the neighbouring valley of Bagnod, is in a very soft and fine rock of steatite, of a pale, shining, greenish grey, so soft and decomposing that it may be scraped away with the finger-nail. The waters are sparkling and saline, and contain iron enough to tinge their course of a bright red.

At Châtillon the road crosses a deep gulf over a bridge of a single arch, built above one now long disused, and beneath that again are the remains of a Roman bridge, which once spanned the torrent. The scenery round Châtillon is very beautiful. Opposite the town, south of the Dora, stand the ruins of the Château d'Uselles, on the edge of a vast pile of rocks, which, with the abounding richness of the distant Val d'Aosta, and its background of mountains, pinnacled with snow, form a scene of surpassing loveliness. Behind the castle noble forests stretch, range after range, for miles up the wild mountains, where, in former days, the lords of Uselles, of the Challant family, hunted the deer and chamois. "The more closely the castle is examined," observes Mr. King, "the more striking and boldly chosen its situation appears, especially when standing under the huge rocks on the west side. In the interior a vast mass of rock protrudes in a solid cone twenty feet high, occupying one half of the basement story. Everything is on the same colossal scale. The head of the principal doorway is an immense single block of granite, out of which the archway is cut with a slight bevel; and on the face, two fish, rudely carved, on one side, and a ball and some unknown instrument on the other; a huge mass of serpentine formed the door-sill, in

which was a spacious hole where once swung the pivot of the ponderous old gate. The windows with trefoiled heads, the double lights, divided by a slender serpentine shaft and varied capitals, reminded us of Venetian architecture."

The vineyards of the Val d'Aosta enjoy considerable reputation. The lower part of the valley, near Settimo, is famous for a pale red wine, somewhat like Burgundy, a resemblance which becomes stronger in the deeper-tinted vintage of Chambave, about a league above Châtillon, where the richest wine in Piedmont is produced. But the vine in this sunny region, as in most of the valleys on the southern slopes of the Alps, is an ornament as well as a source of profitable luxury: more than an ornament, indeed—a welcome place of retreat to the weary traveller, who finds shelter beneath the broad trellises to which it is trained; not only on the terraces that climb the mountain-sides, but in front of the inns by the roadside. The inns themselves are, generally speaking, so dirty and ill-found, that the trellis out of doors is far more welcome, for the most part, than the doubtful accommodation within.

After Chambave, one or two more villages are passed, and one or two feudal castles, and then appears the city of Aosta, the Augusta Prætoria of the Romans, under the first imperial Cæsar, by whom it was founded, 20 years B.C., on the site of the still more ancient city of Cordèle, the capital of the warlike Salassi. As a matter of course, where the progress of decay is slow, and innovation not the characteristic of the people, Roman remains are abundant in Aosta. The finest amongst them is the triumphal arch, erected by Terentius Varro, to commemorate the establishment of the emperor's rule after the subjugation of the Salassi. In its general design it resembles the Arch of Titus at Rome, consisting of a single arch, with four columns on each face, an intermediate one at each end, and a recess like a doorway on either side of the archway, between each pair of columns; but the shafts of the pillars are here plain, not fluted, and have Corinthian capitals, with a Doric entablature. There is also a remarkable Roman gate, the ruins of an amphitheatre, of a prætorian palace, and many other relics of the same period. Descending from Pagan times, Aosta enjoys the credit of having been erected into a bishopric, in the fifth century, by Eusebius, Bishop of Vercelli, the firm supporter of Athanasius, of Alexandria, against the Arians. The first bishop, Protasius, was succeeded by St. Grat, the great local saint of all the Val D'Aosta, whose hermitage on the mountain-side, opposite the city, is the object of constant pilgrimages. The cathedral boasts among its relics of possessing, enshrined in silver, and adorned with precious stones, the body of St. Grat, and also that of St. Jocondus, his successor in the episcopate. It stands on the site of one of

much earlier date, having been restored by Gontran, King of Burgundy, at the beginning of the sixth century. The interior is spacious and handsome, and contains some monuments of interest; one of them a large marble font, anciently used for immersion, which primitive mode of administering baptism obtained in the north of Italy until a late period. Pope Stephen III., in the middle of the eighth century, is reported to have first sanctified sprinkling in special cases, but it did not prevail generally till much later. Amongst the sepulchral memorials are those of Emeric de Quart, and Des Près, both of them Bishops of Aosta, of the respective dates of 1371 and 1511. Another of white marble, of early date, on which is a fine recumbent statue of one of the princes of Savoy, has been attributed to various members of that house. Besides the cathedral, is the collegiate church of St. Ours, the lofty campanile of which is a conspicuous object in the distant views of Aosta. St. Ours was a Scotchman, it is said, and the miracles which were wrought at his shrine were so distinguished, that he was canonized, and his relics preserved in the church that bears his name. But more distinguished names than that of the Ursine Scot belong to Aosta. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, was born here in 1033; and a greater still than he, St. Bernard, the Apostle of the Alps, was its archdeacon.

But though Roman antiquities and mediæval edifices have their undoubted attractions, more human interest attaches, perhaps, to a construction of far later date, and much humbler purposes: this is the "Tour du Lépreux," the scene of Count Xavier de Maistre's affecting story, "Le Lépreux de la Cité D'Aosta," in which he describes the thoughts and feelings of an unfortunate leper who spent his days there, isolated from the rest of the world. It stands on the base of one of the old Roman bastions, built of the materials taken from the wall, and, as De Maistre relates, is also called the "Tour de la Frayeur," being said to be haunted by a tall female figure, dressed in white, who appears at midnight, bearing a lamp. "The tower was fitted up in 1773 for the reception of four lepers, who were placed in charge of the Hospital of Saints Maurice and Lazarus. They were all of one family, Guasco by name, from the district of Nice. Father, mother, and four children, were all afflicted with the same disease; and singularly enough, the leprosy showed itself in the children first. Obtaining no relief from their own doctor, who, among other remedies, used 'viper broth' (a famous specific in this malady with the ancient physicians), they came to Moncaliere, near Turin, where the mother and eldest son died. The others were sent to Aosta in 1773, and soon afterwards, Pierre Bernard Guasco, and Marie Ange Lucie, his sister, were left the only survivors. But though under the same roof, they

lived almost entirely alone, neither daring to encounter the loathsome sight of each other's affliction; and also from a groundless fear on the brother's part of increasing by contagion his sister's malady, as she was the less afflicted of the two. They met for devotion in their little oratory, on the priest's visits, with averted looks, lest their meditations should be distracted. The garden-plots were divided by a trellis, covered with hops, through which the two held their only converse; and Pierre passed most of his time in his garden, or on the terrace walk, with its view of the distant glaciers, and the labourers in the field; while his sister retired to her chamber, or to the shade of a group of walnut-trees, to brood over their wretchedness. So great was the fear of contagion, that the leper never touched the flowers which he gave away, but with the scissors. . . . . The symptoms which affected the *lépreux* of Aosta were identical with those of the virulent leprosy of the middle ages. The eyebrows, eyelashes, and beard fell out, the cartilages of the nose disappeared, leaving the skin only stretched over the bone, and the face was one great scar. His sister's face showed no marks, but the hands, and other parts of the body, were affected, especially the chest. The fingers became ulcerated, their joints swelled, and the fingers bent back, and a joint of the left forefinger fell off without pain. Pierre Bernard, the last of the unhappy family, died in 1803, after a residence of more than thirty years in the solitary 'Tour du Lépreux.'"

But if leprosy be extinct in Aosta, the dreadful affliction of *cretinism* is encountered at every turn, not in that city only, but throughout the whole of the beautiful valley, together with its companion *goître*. The last is revolting enough to look at, "but cretinism," as Mr. King observes, "in the many loathsome forms it assumes, of besotted vacancy, dwarfed selfishness, hideous disproportion, and generally conscious degradation, affecting every fourth person one meets, is the most melancholy spectacle of the defacement of God's own image which the world can present. Every human feature is hideously caricatured; besides which, they are often deaf and dumb, and are almost always incapable of giving a rational answer."* The part of the valley most infested with cretinism is that which lies between Châtillon and Villeneuve,—

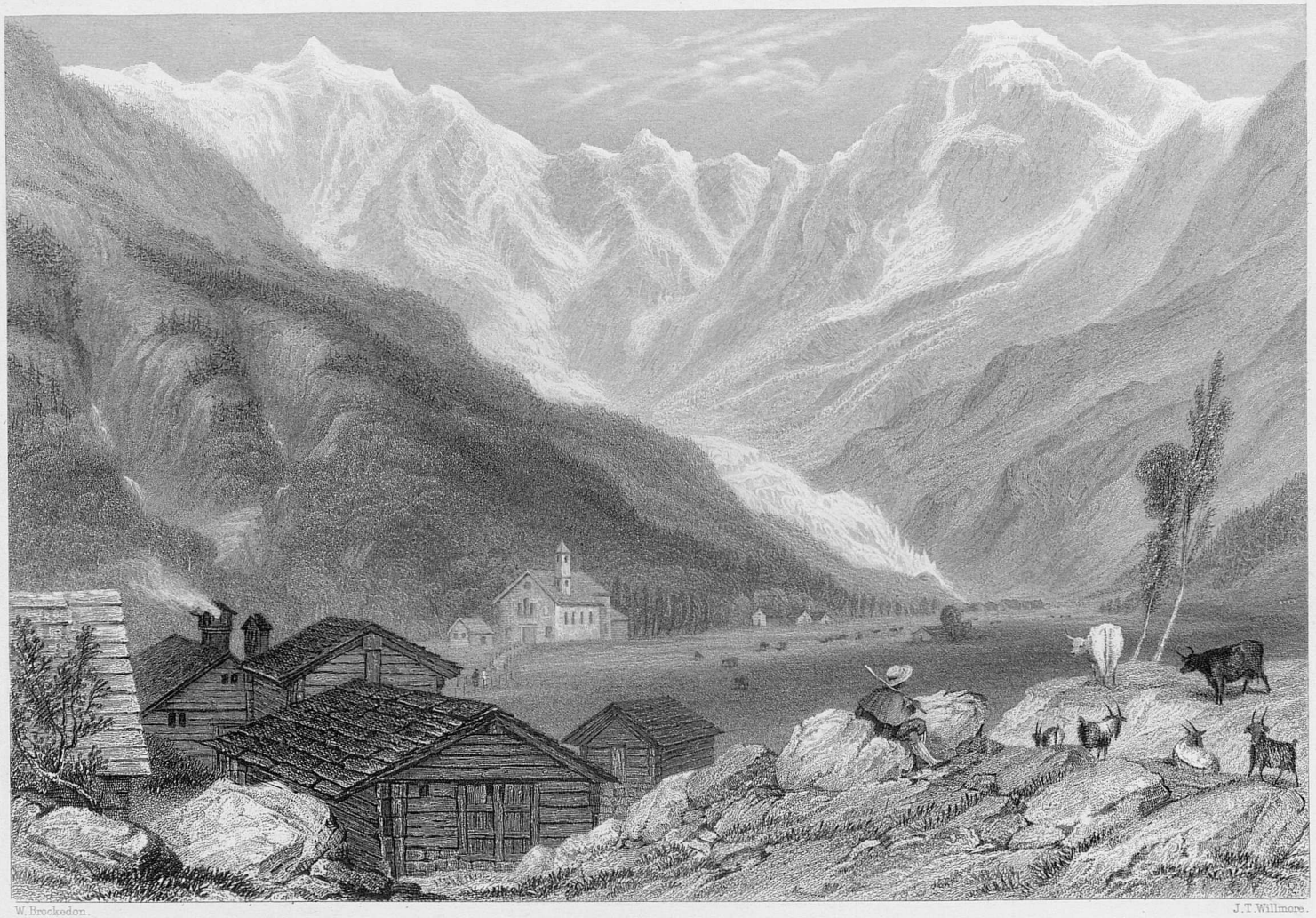
"Where all, save the spirit of man, is divine!"

Amongst the customs of Aosta, the singular one prevails of ringing the mid-day bells at eleven o'clock, which hour is called *nona*, derived from the dinner-hour of the Romans, who dined at the ninth hour. Though the actual hour

* King's "Italian Valleys of the Alps."

W. Brockedon. C. Cousen.

GRESONAY.



W. Brockedon. J.T. Willmore.

MONTE ROSA.

Val Ansasea.

was frequently changed, the custom of dining at eleven finally prevailed, and the *angelus* bell was rung at that time instead of at noon, especially on account of the fast days, when the country people were scrupulous about dining before the angelus bell had sounded.

The outskirts of Aosta are charming. Pleasant, winding lanes, through vineyards, orchards, and fields of maize, lead to the banks of the Dora, which sweeps, on the south side of the city, over a broad bed, crossed by a long wooden bridge, of very fragile structure. Beyond the bridge is a small chapel, above which rises a mountain slope, crowned by the distant Becca di Nona, from the summit of which, upwards of ten thousand feet above the valley, is one of the most magnificent views in Europe, its far-extended range being bounded by the entire chain of the Pennine Alps, from the enormous frozen masses of Mont Blanc to the pyramidal block of the Matterhorn, and the multitudinous peaks of Monte Rosa.

More of this region would the reader learn, let him turn (as we have done, to refresh our own recollections) to the graphic pages of the Rev. Mr. King, from whose interesting volume we have so freely quoted.

From the Val d'Aosta, with its recollections of Paganism, we turn to that part of Piedmont where Christianity, in its purest form, is for ever associated with the struggles and persecutions of the people of the Vaudois; to those valleys where

> "A spirit stronger than the sword,
> And loftier than despair,
> Through all the heroic region pour'd,
> Breathes on the generous air."

Where—

> "A memory clings to every steep,
> Of long-enduring faith;
> And the sounding streams glad records keep
> Of courage unto death." *

The valleys of the Piedmontese Vaudois are situated on the eastern slopes of the Cottian Alps, between Monte Genèvre and Monte Viso, and are bounded on the Italian side by the provinces of Pinerolo, Susa, and Saluzzo. Their extent is about twelve Italian miles from east to west, and nearly the same from north to south; so that they occupy a square of about twenty-four French leagues. Access to them from Turin is direct and rapid by the railroad to Pinerolo; but the journey is easy, if even the old road be followed, the distance being little more than twenty

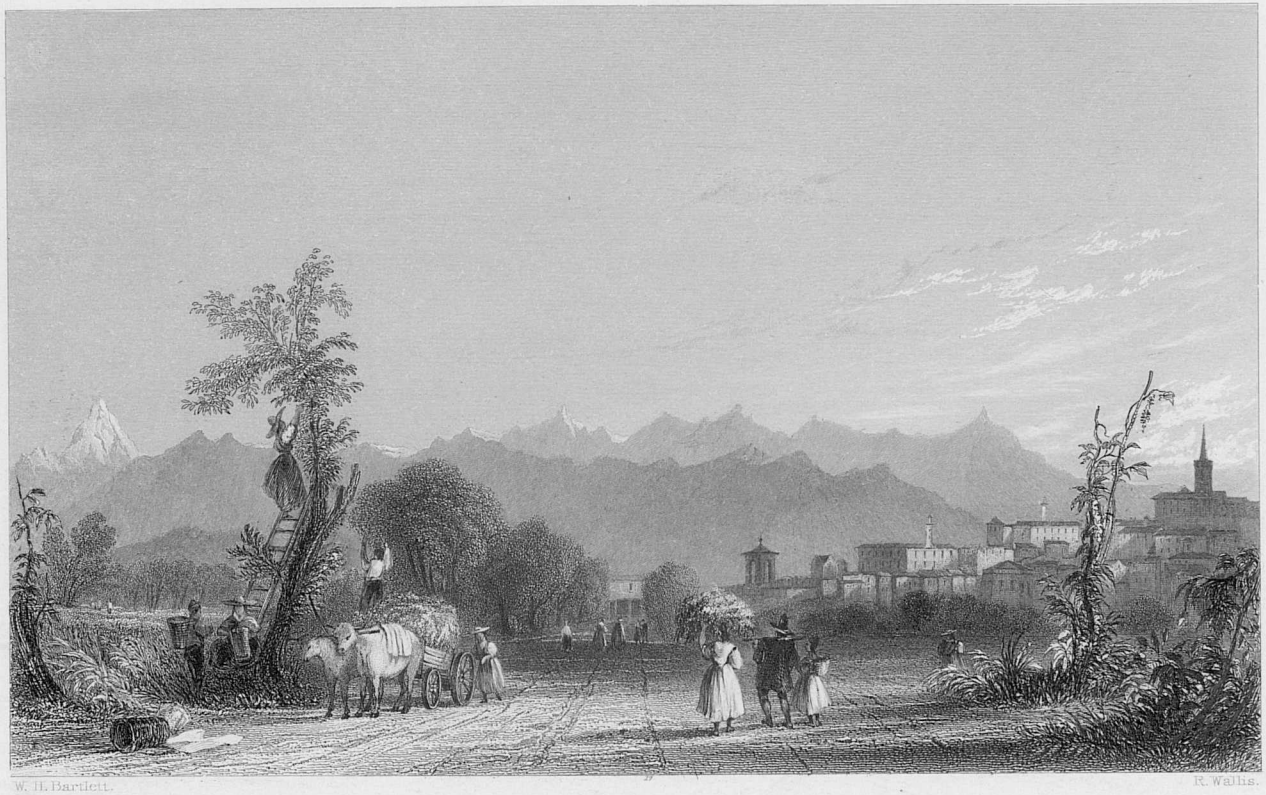
* Felicia Hemans.

miles. The route lies across the plain west of the capital, and passes through a richly-cultivated country, with a background of magnificent mountains, supreme amongst them soaring the serrated peak of Monte Viso. The first view of Pinerolo, rising like an amphitheatre in the midst of verdure, and backed by hills that gradually merge into the Alps, is highly picturesque and striking. The avenue which terminates its principal square is lined for several miles with luxuriant vines, trained from tree to tree, with crops of wheat in the intervals, and, in the vintage season, bending under the weight of the clustered grape; and the town itself forms a well-grouped mass of buildings, crowned by the tower of the cathedral, which is its principal ornament. Pinerolo formerly possessed a citadel of great strength, but it is now only a heap of ruins, having been demolished in accordance with the treaty concluded in 1696 between France and Piedmont. It was this prison-fortress which long kept the Waldenses in awe; and here were confined several French prisoners of state,—the most notable being, "the Man in the iron mask;" Fouquet, the finance minister of Louis XIV.; and the Duke de Lauzun.

From the cathedral terrace of Pinerolo, the general outline of the Vallées Vaudoises, or Protestant Valleys of Piedmont, may be surveyed. Towards the north extends the valley, watered by the Clusone (or Chiusone), which successively bears the names of Val di Perosa and Val di Pragelas; with this, on the westward, unites the Val San Martino, or Germanasca; and to the south lies the Val di Luserna (or Luzern), which, below the points where the Valleys of Angrogna and Rora diverge on either hand, is called the Val Pelice. The Clusone and the Pelice thus form, with the Alps, the boundaries of the Vaudois country.

Dr. Beattie's admirable volume, descriptive of the Vaudois, enters so minutely into the history of that most interesting community, that, for a full and complete account of them, the reader has only to turn to his instructive pages. Our own limits, and the general character of this work, preclude us from following the details which are there so graphically recorded; but we avail ourselves gladly of his personal experiences, in speaking of the scenery which the accompanying engravings enable us to illustrate. At the same time, an outline of the fortunes of the Vaudois, derived from other and more general sources, may not inappropriately introduce some of the localities mentioned.

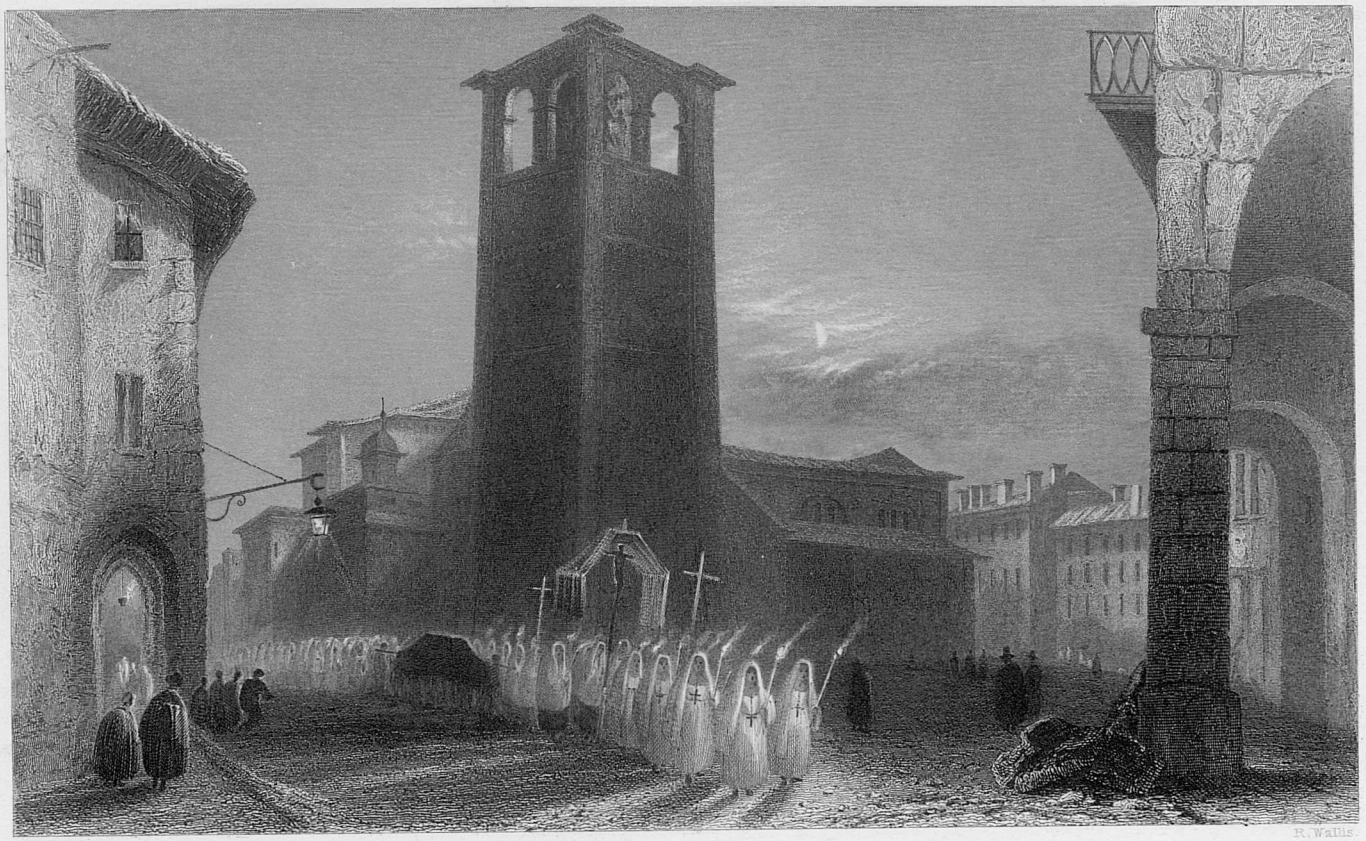
From very early times the inhabitants of these valleys seem to have separated from the Church of Rome, and to have long professed, without opposition, the faith which they now hold; eventually, however, they shared the ill-fortunes of their less peaceful brethren, the Albigenses. It does not appear that, before the middle of the thirteenth century, the Vaudois of the valleys were molested, or



W. H. Bartlett. R. Wallis.

PIGNEROL.

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.



W. H. Bartlett. R. Wallis.

PIGNEROL BY MOONLIGHT.

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.

forced to petition any of their princes for the redress of wrongs; but about that period Piedmont fell under the dominion of Thomas, Count of Savoy, and this prince, who had been leagued with many other chiefs under Simon de Montfort against Raymond of Toulouse, on his return from Languedoc, after having severely dealt with the refractory Albigenses, began to look about him at home, and to consider whether he could not find, amongst his own subjects, more victims to his awakened zeal. He could not, however, discover that they deserved his religious ire, and desisted from injuring them, on their humble representations. But the eyes of Rome were not closed upon their heterodoxy, and opportunity alone was wanted to attack them. For the next two centuries the Vaudois remained undisturbed; but after his accession to the tiara, in 1464, Pope Paul II. roused himself to ascertain the exact state of the simple souls in these quiet valleys; and he sent the inquisitor, Aquapendente, with a fulminating bull against all who did not instantly embrace Catholicism. The Duchess Yolande, of Savoy, was persuaded to accompany this bull by an edict to the same effect. Yolande was the sister of Louis XI. of France, whose dark policy led him, at that time, to persecution, in order to please the Church of Rome; and, to the grief of the duchess, who was then regent for her son Philibert, she was obliged to use this severity against her unoffending subjects. The Vaudois did not tamely submit to the injustice, and vigorously repelled force by force, till the death of Louis XI. relieved them from the dangers which threatened them.

Their difficulties, however, recommenced in 1534, in consequence of the hospitality which they showed to their distressed brethren of Languedoc, who fled to the Vaudois valleys for refuge. Duke Charles III., of Savoy, stood their friend against this new persecution, for he counted on their loyalty to assist him, when he disputed the entrance of Francis I. of France into the Milanese; but the superior forces of Francis soon triumphed over the feeble obstacles raised by Charles, and the Vaudois, together with Turin, became subject to the French monarch. For some cause or other,—scarcely in the spirit of toleration, which was wholly foreign to his policy,—Francis spared his new subjects; and when, afterwards, Emanuel Philibert married Marguerite, the sister of Henry II., his rights were restored to him, and the Vaudois kindly treated by the princess and her husband. Then came the war against the Huguenots, and the ambitious and cruel Guises insisted on Duke Emanuel's extirpating heresy in his dominions.

The terrible Castrocaro was commissioned to visit the peaceful valleys of the unfortunate Vaudois, and, by his orders, the fort of Mirabouc, the remains of which still exist, was erected in the Valley of Luserna. The amiable Duchess

Marguerite entreated him to be lenient towards her subjects; but he had the art to represent them as turbulent and unruly, and she saw with sorrow the impossibility of protecting them. The fatal night of St. Bartholomew revealed to all Europe the mistake its rulers had made, in trusting to the clemency of the house of Medici; and Emanuel Philibert, trembling for his devoted people of the reformed religion, hastened to restrain the furious zeal of the fanatic Castrocaro; he even permitted the Vaudois to extend protection to the fugitive Huguenots, and for a space they had no reason to complain of severity.

But the Inquisition, and the Society de Propagandâ Fide, became weary of seeing "Mordecai sitting in the king's gate," and, more successful "adversaries and enemies," they brought about the destruction which they had long meditated. It was represented to the Duchess Marguerite, sister of Louis XIII., and to her son, Charles Emanuel II., that the Vaudois were not only rebels, but capable of the most appalling crimes; and that it was incumbent on them, as followers of the true faith, to extirpate them, even to their very names. Annoyed by these constant representations, the duke and duchess weakly allowed themselves to consent to a reform being wrought amongst these "outcasts from salvation:" they shut their eyes to the truth, and permitted all the acts of horror, which desolated the valleys of the Vaudois, in April, 1655, and called down the magnificent apostrophe of Milton:—

"Avenge, O Lord! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold:
Even them who kept thy faith so pure of old,
When all *our* fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not; in thy book record their groans,
Slain by the bloody Piémontese, that rolled
Mother and infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
On all the Italian plains, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
An hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

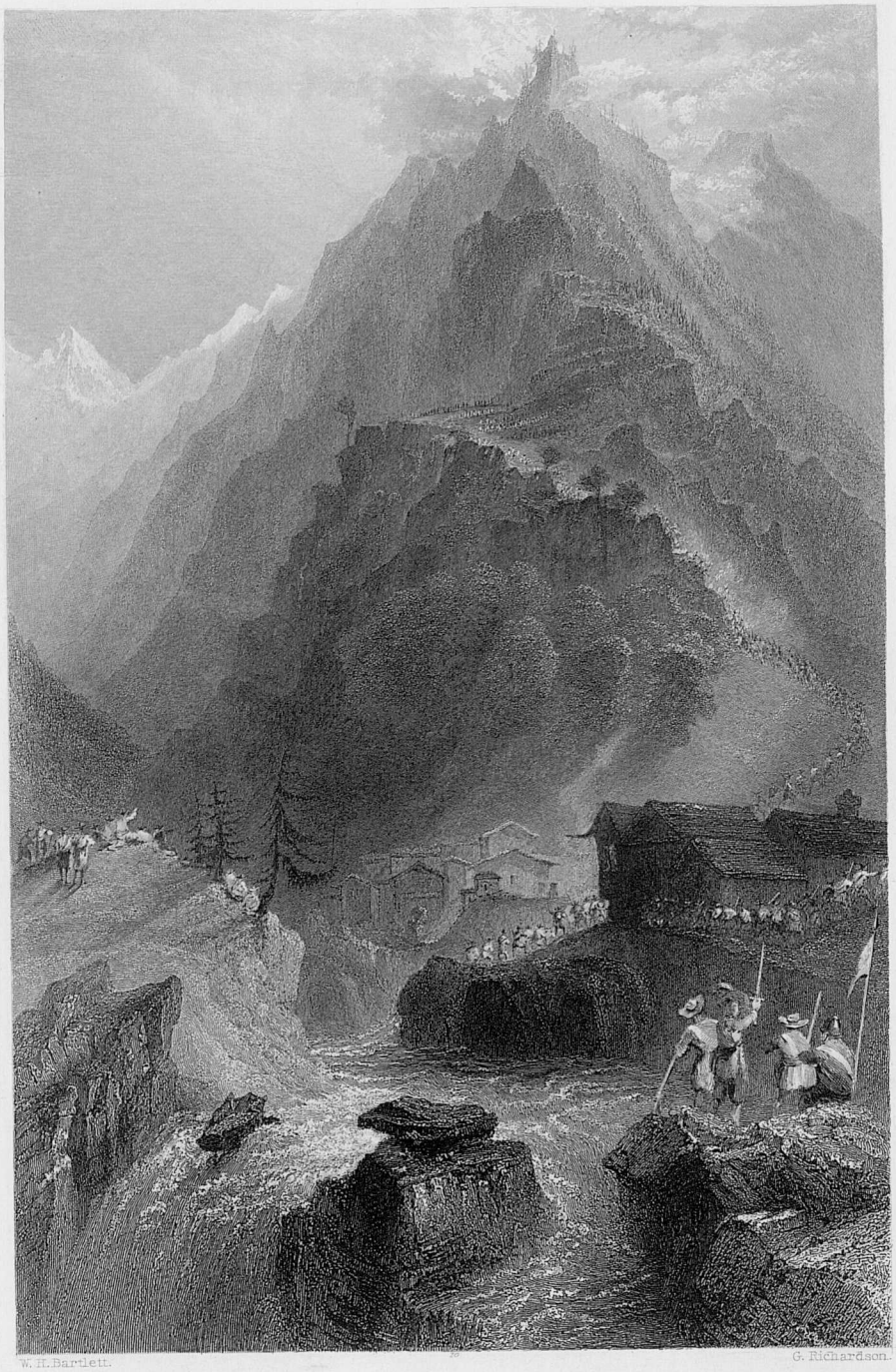
The poet's appeal was not made in vain: Cromwell bestirred himself in their behalf, and other Protestant rulers, coming to the relief of the sufferers, obtained an edict called by the insulting title of "Patents of Pardon," as if the victims had really been guilty of any crime towards their oppressors. They, however, accepted this concession, and, so far protected, continued for a time to enjoy something like tranquillity.

The revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which inflicted so deep a wound upon the

W. Brockedon. W. R. Smith.

THE BALSILLE.

(With the Col de Guignevert and the Col de Pis.)



W. H. Bartlett. G. Richardson.

THE BALSILLE.

(During the Attack.)

prosperity of France, was deeply felt in the Vaudois. The bigoted orders from Versailles were obeyed by the overawed court of Turin, and, in spite of the representations of the evangelical cantons of Switzerland, the Piedmontese Protestants were sacrificed. Commanded by their sovereign to embrace the Catholic religion, or to quit his dominions, the Vaudois did not hesitate which to choose—they departed, and were received with open arms at Geneva, throughout Protestant Switzerland, in Wirtemberg, in the Palatinate, in Hesse, and Brandenburg; many also took refuge in Holland and elsewhere. Here they remained in exile for a short time; but there were spirits amongst their number who could not brook the injustice under which they groaned, and who resolved, at all hazards, to regain their abandoned homes. A determined body of about nine hundred assembled, with this intent, in the woods of Noyon, on the beautiful borders of the Lake of Geneva, and, crossing its waters and the mountains of Savoy, these patriot-pilgrims of faith, regardless of dangers and fatigue, at length reached the Valley of Oulx, where their progress was arrested by a band of French troops. A fierce conflict ensued; but those who fought for their homes were not to be driven back, and a glorious triumph crowned their efforts at the bridge of Salabertrann.

It was on the tenth day after they had left the wood of Noyon that they reached the Val San Martino, and once more trod their native soil; but from this moment their hardships may be said to have begun—they were hunted from place to place, and winter came with great inclemency to harass them still more. They concentrated their forces, and, concealed among the rocks of La Balsille, fortified themselves as in a citadel, and subsisted on the scanty provisions they were able to procure in the neighbourhood.

Marshal de Catinat, who commanded the French in Piedmont, came in person to the Valley of San Martino, and attacked, but without success, the fortress which the patriots had erected. Disgusted at his failure, he abandoned the enterprise to his general, the Marquis de Feuquière, who, with twenty-two thousand men, after battering the fort for fourteen days with cannon, succeeded in becoming master of the place. He entered in triumph, but found, to his disappointment and amazement, that the besieged were fled to a man. Profiting by the darkness of the night, the Vaudois had contrived to escape, and, almost miraculously, had crossed the most frightful precipices, and placed insurmountable barriers between them and their foes. They retreated to the heights, and concealed themselves in the hamlets of Rodoret and Prali, where they found for their subsistence a considerable quantity of corn, which the snow had preserved during the winter, and which had never been reaped, owing to the war which disturbed the country.

This was the dawn of their good fortune, which the next summer became still brighter; for a difference having sprung up between France and Savoy, the duke was delighted to find so determined a reinforcement of his subjects already on the frontier. He lost no time in offering them his protection and welcome, incorporated them into his own troops, consented to and invited their return, and, by his edict of 1694, declared frankly that the persecutions they had met with were only submitted to by him because he was compelled to give way to the superior force of a greater power.

Then arose that epoch in the history of the Vaudois, proudly called by them "The Glorious Return." The narrative of all these events is attributed to their heroic leader, Henri Arnaud, surnamed the Great; but it was probably written by the Pastor Montoux, his equally celebrated companion and assistant in the work so bravely performed. Both were ministers of the reformed religion, and both had devoted their hearts and arms to the just cause in which they had so signally succeeded.

Arnaud's remains repose in Germany, where he died at the age of eighty years, full of honours and of fame. His tomb may be seen in the village church of Schönbrun, near Durmenz, a Waldensian colony in Wirtemberg, bearing a Latin epitaph, of which the following is a translation:—"Under this stone lie the remains of Henri Arnaud, the Pastor of the Vaudois, and the commander of their troops. Though you here behold his tomb, no one can depict to you his exalted deeds, or his great heart, which nothing could subdue. Alone, the son of Jesse fought against a host of Philistines, and alone he put to flight their armies and their chief. He died the 8th of September, 1721, and was buried in the eightieth year of his age."

"It reflects," says Dr. Beattie, "additional lustre on the memory of Arnaud, that, although honoured by pressing invitations from William III., Queen Anne, and Prince Eugene, to reside at their courts, he preferred the exercise of his pastoral duties in an obscure village, where he could edify by his instructions, fortify by his example, and direct the labours of that little colony which was just beginning to take root in the new soil. The church is now a ruin, and the population reduced, by a long series of hardships, political changes, and emigration, to twenty or thirty small families."

The return of the Protestants to their valleys was the cause of renewed hostilities between France and Savoy, and Victor Amadeus was forced to fly from his capital, which, with much of his possessions, had fallen into the power of the French. He showed his confidence in his subjects of the Vaudois by throwing

himself amongst them, and found them full of loyalty and devotion, and ready to defend him as they had defended their own rights. In a family at Rora is still preserved a silver goblet used by him in his journeyings, and which was left by him with his hosts, the family of Durand-Canton, as a *souvenir*, when he quitted their hospitable roof.

From this time the Vaudois were allowed the free exercise of their religion: the number of their churches was now reduced to fifteen, and thirteen pastors were appointed to serve them, but their poverty prevented their supporting themselves; for the expenses incurred for public instruction they were obliged to depend on the aid of those of the Reformed Church who were capable of assisting them. Queen Mary of England, wife of William III., granted a royal subsidy to supply salaries for the pastors of the Valleys, and even for those of Wirtemberg. The States-General of Holland contributed greatly to their support; and Switzerland was not behind in the benevolent work. England still contributes annually considerable sums in aid of the Vaudois, and there is no lack of interest for this faithful remnant of the primitive Reformers.

While on the subject of religion we may avail ourselves of the observations of the Rev. Mr. King, who thus records the impression he received during his visit to Piedmont last year:—"However much the influence of the Roman Catholic Church in Piedmont may be on the decline,—and it has of late years undoubtedly lost much of its hold on the affections of a large portion of the community,—still Protestantism has as yet made no corresponding advance. Efforts have been made, and are making, by the Waldenses and others, to preach the Gospel, and many churches, such as the one at Turin, have been raised in the largest towns, but the expected success has not been met with. Indeed, it has been calculated that, beyond the limits of the Vaudois valleys, there are not a thousand Protestants in the rest of Piedmont. Proselytism from the state church is nominally, indeed, a legal offence, but there is no disposition on the part of the government to throw any obstacle in the way of religious liberty. The feeling against the church is rather against it as a policy than as a religion—a struggle, in fact, for religious and civil liberty, in opposition to the enthralments of the papacy, and a priesthood who, by the tyranny over body as well as soul, had drawn on them the intense hatred of all classes, which had its results in the revolution of 1848. The reforms which followed on that crisis,—the abolition of the ecclesiastical courts, in which the priests had the power of inflicting summary punishment, even to death itself, on those who came under their censure—a power as grievously felt as it was unscrupulously exercised; the expulsion of the Jesuits; the more recent laws for

the suppression of all convents not having educational or charitable functions, and the regulation of the vast revenues of the church, together with the promotion of national education,—though they have as yet far from satisfied the liberal party, still cannot but be regarded as sure and certain steps towards a better and more enlightened state of things. The Waldenses are allowed to circulate the Scriptures, and religious publications, in the native languages, provided they confine them to those of their own sect; but this also is a nominal restriction, of the infraction of which the government takes no notice; and we were rejoiced to see the Bible—a few years ago a prohibited book, as it still is in the east of Italy—exposed for sale in every little town. But though it is extensively circulated, and eagerly read, I am obliged to admit that, as far as my own observations go, among the classes with whom I had opportunities of conversing, it is used more as a text-book against the priests, to convict them of misrepresentation, than from any earnest regard for the great doctrines of the Gospel."

Every one of the Vaudois valleys may be explored with advantage to the tourist, alike on account of the simple piety and industry of the people,* and of the wild grandeur of the places they inhabit, to which the lines of the poet† strikingly apply:—

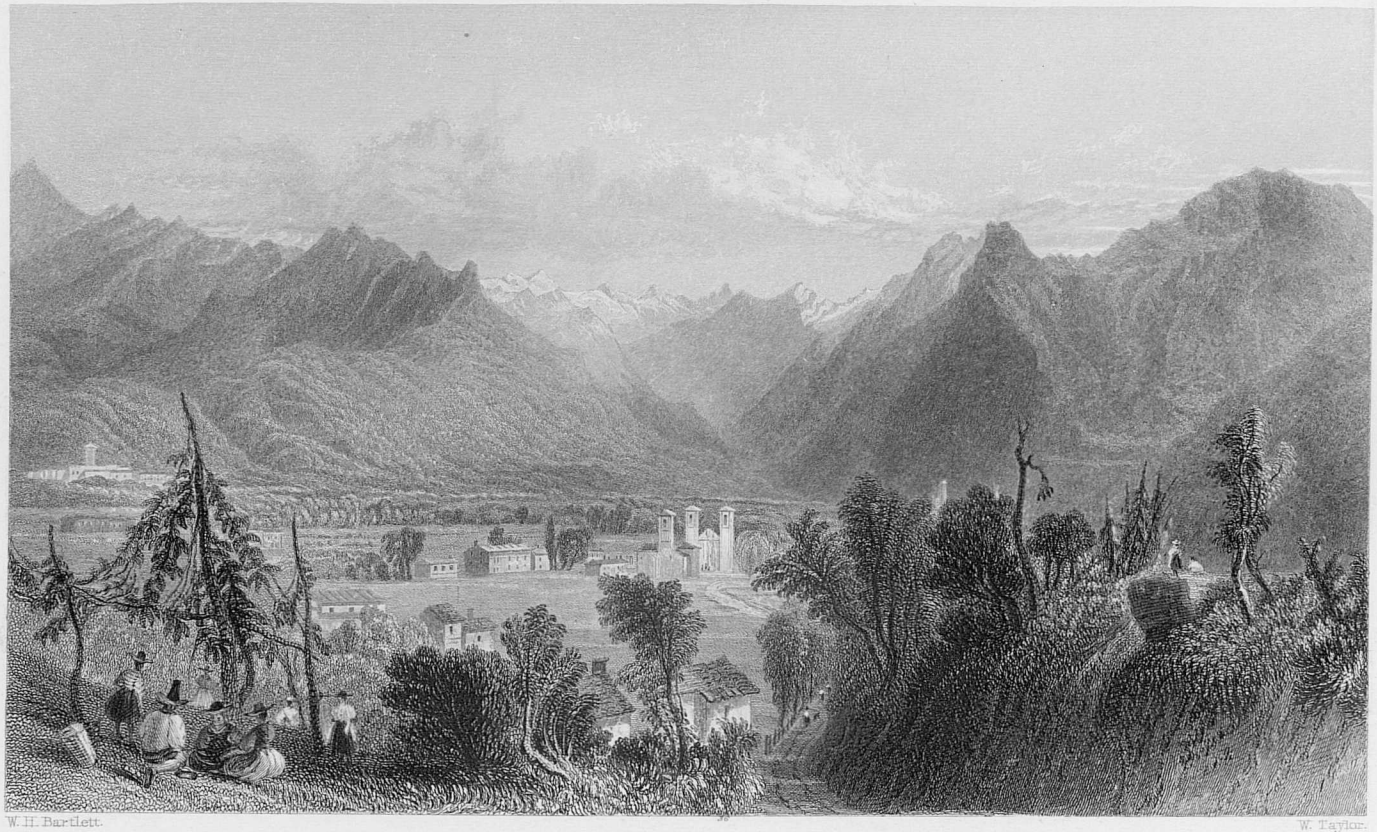
"Des morceau de granit, des chênes séculaires,
Font un vaste rempart à ces lieux solitaires.
Tout est nuit et silence, et le patre égaré
Ne marche que tremblant sous l'ombrage sacré."

Into all these recesses we cannot conduct the reader, and therefore select a few of the most remarkable sites, attaching to them, where necessary, some narrative of interest.

Proceeding from Pinerolo, the first Vaudois village which greets the travelle. is that of San Giovanni, or St. Jean, in the Valley of Luzern. This valley is by far the richest of those in which the Vaudois have any settlements, and of these the parochial district of St. Jean may be considered the garden. "It consists of a picturesque and fertile plain, bordered towards the south by verdant meadows, dipping gradually into the waters of the Pelice, and in every other direction presenting a rich combination of fruit-trees, vineyards, and corn-fields. The vineyards are particularly luxuriant, and festooned from tree to tree at such a height from the

* "The Waldensian valleys, urged by that thrift which seems to be peculiar to all Protestant communities, and aided by their brethren from French Switzerland, and England, rank among the most industrious Piedmontese subjects."—GALLENGA'S *Country Life in Piedmont.*

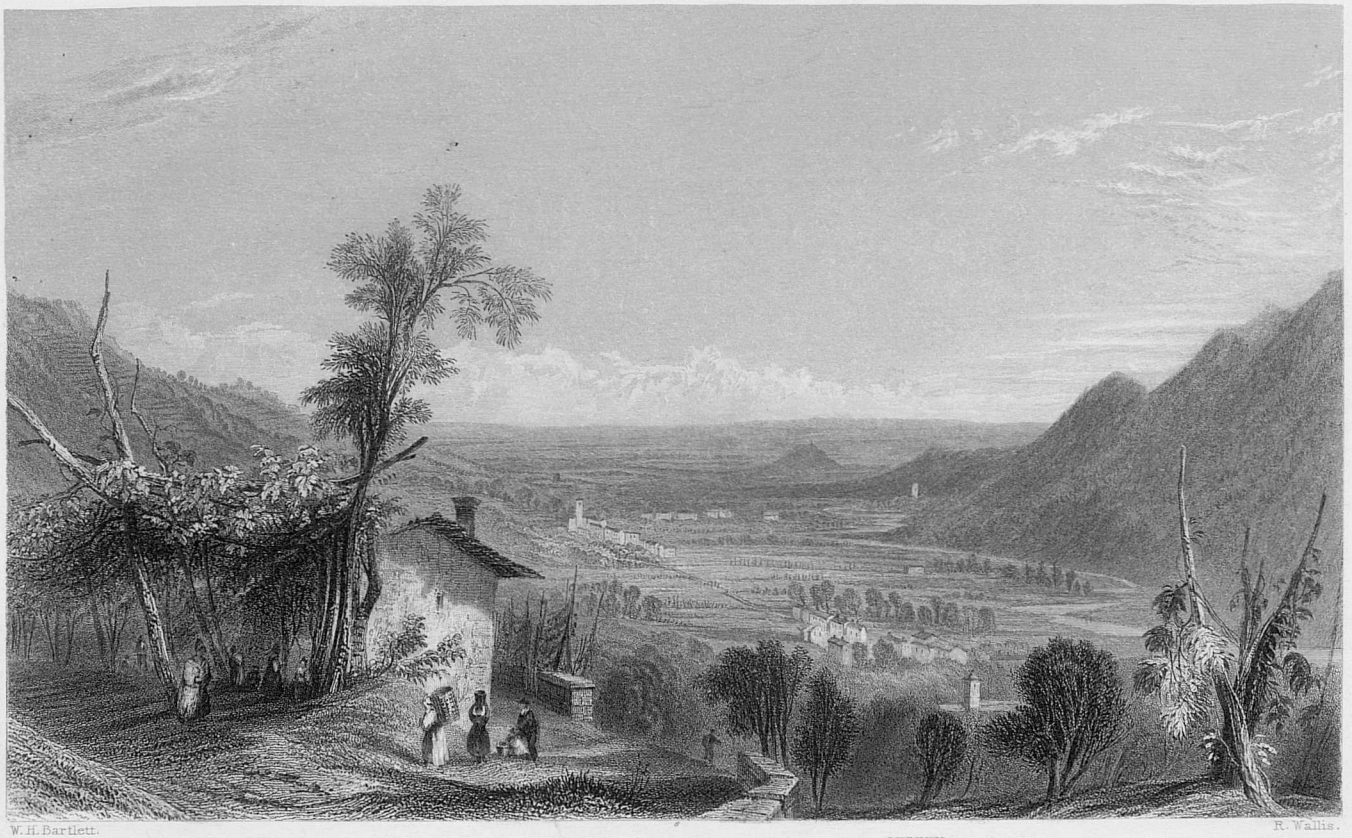
† The late Alfred de Musset.



W. H. Bartlett. W. Taylor.

ST JOHN AND LUZERN.

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.



W. H. Bartlett. St JOHN. LA TOUR. LUZERN. R. Wallis.

LA TOUR, AND LUZERN.

(From above the Protestant Church of La Marguerite.)

W. H. Bartlett. S. Fisher.

LA TOUR-VAL PELICE.

(The Waldensian Capital.)

W. H. Bartlett. H. Griffith.

THE POST OF THE VAUDOIS.

(In the Serre le Cruel above Bobbi.)

ground as to leave spacious avenues, under shelter of which the excessive heat of summer is unfelt, the labours of husbandry are carried on, and reapers gather in the rich wheat harvest. In the season when the mingled foliage of the vine and mulberry has acquired its full expansion—when the grapes descend in drooping clusters from the arched *berçeau*—when the husbandman and his steers are seen at intervals through the trees, and the sounds of happy voices unite in one universal expression of gladness and gratitude, it is a picture such as poetry itself could hardly exaggerate, and never fails to make a vivid and lasting impression on the stranger. The public road, the footpaths, and the fences, are generally lined with fruit-trees of various kinds, but chiefly with mulberries, which the husbandman prefers to all others; he feeds the silk-worms with the leaves, and by his own, and the labours of this wonderful insect, pays the landlord, and the heavy taxes of the state." *

La Tour (or La Torre), the capital of the Piedmontese Vaudois, stands but a short distance from St. Jean, in an angle formed by the waters of the Angrogna and the Pelice. Above the town rises a very remarkable mountain, the summit of which is crowned by a rock called Castelluzzo, so like a ruined keep that it is hardly possible to imagine it other than the work of man. A castle did, in fact, once stand upon the height, which was dismantled by Francis I., when he made his entry into Italy through these valleys, and finally demolished by the Constable Lesdiguières. The mountains round crowd together with their snowy crests, as if to guard the entrance of the valleys, of which La Tour is the key. They have all high-sounding names; and many a great act has been performed amid their fastnesses, when the hunted Vaudois fled from rock to rock, and cave to cave, disputing every inch of ground, and battling for existence in the caverns of Cavour, on the heights of Tagliosetta, of the Pra del Tor, of Prali, and at that famous post of the Vaudois, Serre le Cruël. A most conspicuous object in the approach to La Tour is Mont Vaudelin, within whose flank is a natural grotto, one of nature's marvels, formed as if on purpose to afford shelter to the distressed. It is capable of holding several hundred persons, and is naturally divided into chambers, with apertures in the rock, which serve as windows; it has a fountain of pure water in the midst, and places that can be used as ovens if required; and, to crown all, has but one entrance by a single cleft, so small that only one person can enter at a time—so that a determined individual could defend a whole community against a powerful enemy, as was done in the days of the perilous struggles which the Vaudois had to go through.

* Beattie's "Waldenses."

Higher up the valley is Villar, a small village finely situated amongst the heights, with towering mountains above it, and a fine plain below, for here the valley widens out; and, still ascending by the roaring torrent of the Pelice, the traveller soon arrives at Bobi (or Bobbio). A carriage can drive without difficulty as far as this village, beyond which passes lead far into the mountains, across Serre le Cruël, and over the Col Julien to Prali. There is some monotony in the road, from the narrowness of the gorge, and the continual recurrence of the same kind of scenery. Hills are here piled on hills, with openings giving a view of threatening snow mountains; woods of luxuriant trees clothe the steeps, rugged hamlets stop the way with their precipitous, broken, dilapidated streets, through which it seems impossible to pass; but presently a long vista appears, and the traveller finds himself driving under an arcade of trellised vines, neatly and carefully trained—the only evidence of industry presented to his eye.

One of the most striking features of the Valley of Luzern is the abrupt gigantic rock which overhangs Malpertius, and divides the two Combes, du Pra and Ferrière, and the Col Julien, at the confluence of the Pelice and the Cruël. This remarkable rock formed one of the strong posts of the Vaudois, in the "Rentrée" of 1689, and commands the entire horizon from the upper extremity of the valley to the banks of the Po. In the wildest and most rugged part of the gorge are the ruins of Fort Mirabouc, which formerly defended the pass below the Col de la Croix. This fort was built by Castrocaro, captured in 1593 by Lesdiguières, and retaken three years afterwards by the Duke of Savoy; but the most memorable phase in its history relates to the manner in which it fell into the hands of the French, who left it the ruin it now remains. The account is thus given by Dr. Beattie:—

"In the early part of the revolutionary war, a French detachment having passed the Col de la Croix, descended by this narrow defile, which is almost entirely occupied by a brawling torrent, and a steep, dangerous path. At the mouth of this gorge, a huge insulated rock, three hundred feet perpendicular, blocks up the path, and on its impregnable apex stood the watch-tower of Mirabouc. The guns bristling over its battlements completely enfiladed the pass; and, as the only means of scaling the rock was by a succession of stair-traverses hewn in the precipice, the garrison might have smiled at the summons sent them to surrender, had its principles been staunch. The guns, however, were mute; the commander, either struck with sudden and groundless terror, or, what is more probable, corrupted by French gold, pretended that the place was untenable, and surrendered without striking a blow. Of the soldiers under his command, one—the only Vaudois in the

W. H. Bartlett. J. Cousen.

THE COL DE LA CROIX.

(During a Tourmente or Snow-storm.)

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.

W. H. Bartlett. R. Brandard.

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH AT BOBI.

Val Pelice.

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.

W. Brockedon. H. Adlard.

RUINS OF FORT MIRABOUC.

(Val Pelice.)

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.

fort—protested against this cowardly betrayal of his country's honour. When brought before a court-martial, the evidence of this gallant individual was conclusive, and the officer found guilty and condemned. In acknowledgment of his meritorious conduct, the Vaudois soldier was complimented by the court, and instantly promoted. Popular prejudice, however, still ran so high, that, when the surrender of this important post was announced, the fact was instantly construed into an act of treachery on the part of the Vaudois, although, as it was proved on the trial, only one of that community was in the fort at the time, whose single voice protested against its surrender."

Not far distant from the rugged road which leads to the ruins of Fort Mirabouc, a lateral opening on the opposite side of the Pelice indicates the devious track by which the ascent of Mont Cornaöut may be made, from whose lonely summit the view is the finest that can be obtained in this part of Piedmont.

> " Beneath is spread, like a green sea,
> The waveless plain of Lombardy,
> Bounded by the vaporous air,
> Islanded by cities fair." *

In the distance, Turin, the " great city of the plain," and its lofty temple of the Superga, stand forth beautifully defined in the deep blue sky—the latter crowning the former with an air of regal magnificence. To the east, the prospect is only limited by the horizon; the vast interval is filled up with cities, towns, villages, and châteaux; and, like a white line on the extreme verge of the picture, the Lombard capital of Milan closes the panorama. The fantastic windings of the Po are seen at intervals glancing in the sun, and carrying beauty and fertility through its wide domain. Towards the south, a slight haze points out the distant line where the waves of the Mediterranean meet the sky; but the intervening hills conceal from view the cities and towns with which it is bordered. Nearer the valleys, the spectator's eye wanders over a rich succession of objects that excite his admiration, and awaken many historical recollections. Asti, the birth-place of Alfieri; Saluzzo, from which the Waldenses were so cruelly expelled in the sixteenth century; Campillon, Fenil, Bubiana—all of which belonged to their ancestors; Cavour, and its singular mountain, which offers a new problem for the solution of geologists; Garsigliana, with its lofty steeple; and, finally, the terraced heights of Pinerolo, which we have already described. Turning our eyes still further over the immense chain of Alps, on the right, Monte Viso, and on the left, Mont Cenis, start forth in isolated majesty. The first of these, resembling a vast

colossal obelisk, soars from the midst of this ocean of snowy crests, icy peaks, and inaccessible ridges—all surging up in every variety of shape and position, like the great pyramid of Egypt rising in solitary grandeur over the sand of the desert.

The lateral valleys of Rora and Angrogna present natural attractions of the highest order; their beauties are of a purely alpine character, and the history of each is crowded with records of heroic valour. At the distance of two hundred years the memory of the patriot Janaval is preserved in the valley of Rora; and the events which that of Angrogna has witnessed, are amongst the most interesting in the narrative of the Vaudois persecutions. We make room for one of these :—

"In the month of October, 1560, the Comte de la Trinité made preparations to invade this frontier with a powerful army, and force the Waldenses to capitulate on his own terms. As soon as the latter were certified of the hostile measures adopted, and of the numerous levies ordered for the service, they resolved to meet the danger with becoming firmness, and to avail themselves of those slender resources still left at their disposal. Various meetings were accordingly held, in which it was anxiously debated what expedients were to be used in order to defeat an expedition which threatened their very existence. The result was, to accept no conditions derogatory to the honour of God and his revealed word; to give themselves seriously to prayer and supplication that He would avert the impending calamity; that every individual should provide himself with such necessaries as the case demanded; and that all their movable property and provisions, their aged and invalids, women and children, should be carried up into the mountains, and there deposited in some place of security till the approaching struggle should decide their fate. About the end of the month the enemy's columns were put in motion, and the Waldenses prepared for their reception by observing a day of solemn fast. The devout performance of their religious duties inspired them with a courage which nothing else could supply; and instead of lamenting their fate as victims, they already prepared themselves for battle with the confidence of victors. In every family the praise of God was expressed in psalms and spiritual hymns, and in this manner they mutually soothed and encouraged one another. . . . . In the month of February, the Waldenses were suddenly attacked in their position at the Pra-del-tor by three divisions of the enemy. The first advanced upon them by the opening from the valley, the second by the mountains of Pramol, and the third by the heights of Val St. Martino. The first division advanced slowly, in the midst of conflagrations; the second was repulsed at the first shock; while Louis de Monteil, who commanded the third, taking advantage of the pause

W. Brockedon. J. Sands.

VAL ANGROGNA.

VAL D' OSSOLA.

From the Val Angrogna.

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.

W. H. Bartlett. J. Tingle.

PRA DEL TOR.

(Valley of Angrogne.)

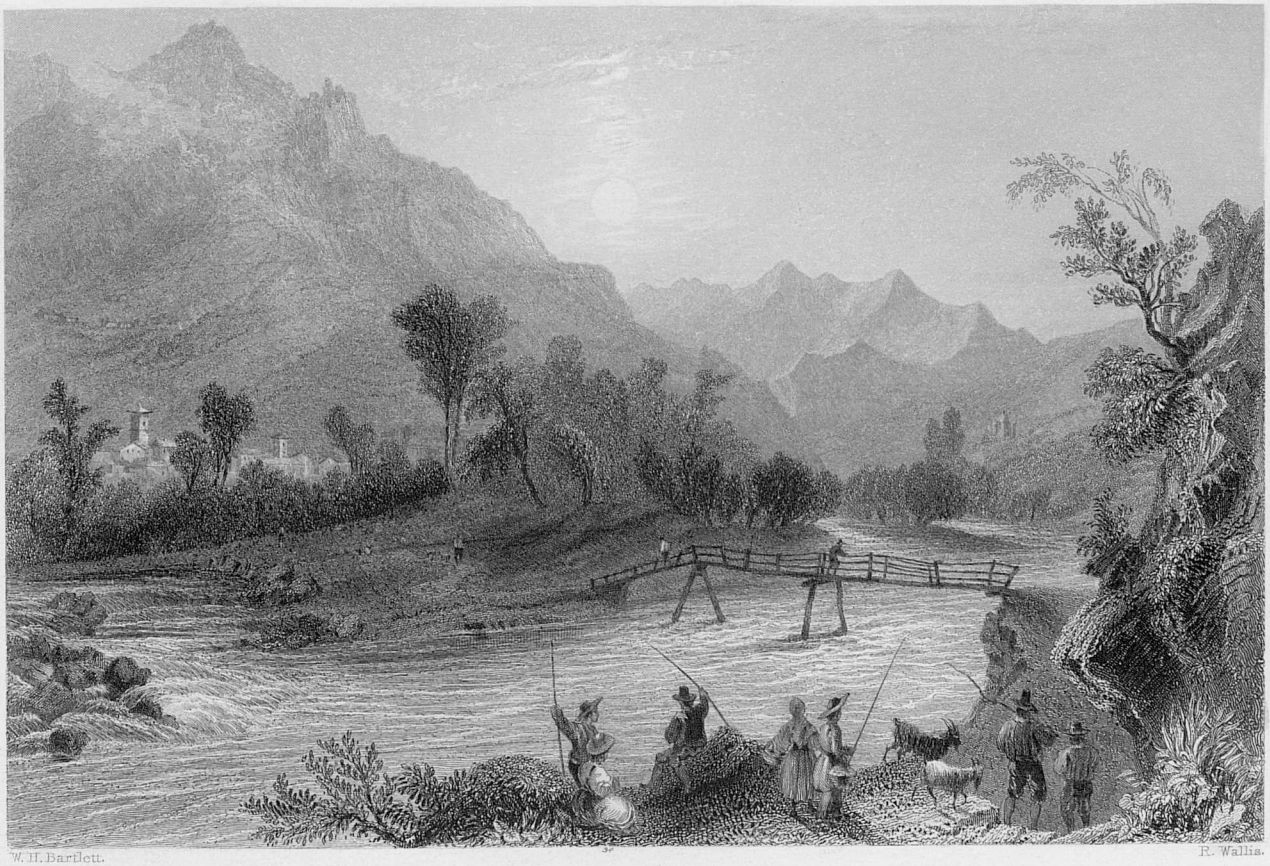
LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.

W. Brockedon. R. Brandard.

THE BARRICADE OF PRA-DEL-TOR.

(Looking towards Angrogne.)

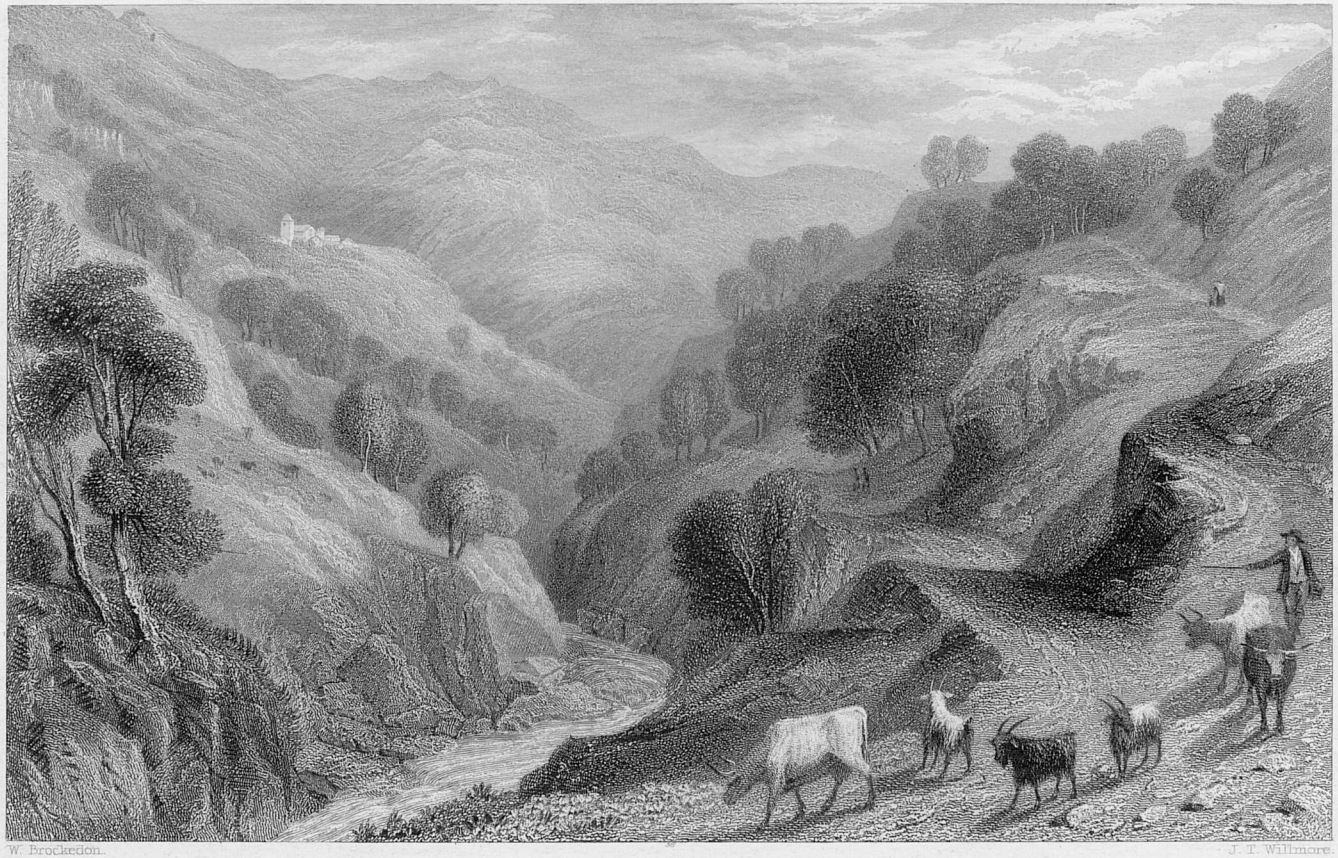
LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.



W. H. Bartlett. R. Wallis.

ST GERMAIN. VAL CLUSONE.

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.



W. Brockedon. J. T. Willmore.

MANEILLE IN THE VAL GERMANASCA.

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.

occasioned by the defeat of the others, was advancing rapidly across the snow, a Vaudois youth overtook and slew him at the head of his battalion. All the troops would have fallen into the hands of the Waldenses, had not their minister ordered them to fall upon their knees, and return thanks to Him who had given them the victory. In this manner he checked the spirit of revenge by awakening that of gratitude. He then exhorted them to spare the flying, and to shed no blood, unless where their own preservation rendered it unavoidable. In the meantime, whilst all this was passing on the surrounding heights, the old men, women, and children, left at the Pra-del-tor, were in a state of agonizing suspense. During the day they had heard the sounds of battle everywhere around them, and knew not what might be the result. In a short time, however, they beheld their fathers, husbands, and brothers, returning with the trophies of victory; and the same evening the voice of public thanksgiving resounded from every vale and hill." *

The barricade of Pra-del-tor is a narrow defile beside the torrent of the Angrogna; it is fenced by steep rocks, and at the spot where they were supposed to leave too wide a passage, a strong wall of flint was thrown up to add to the natural strength of the position, and so contrived that only one opening was left by which the retreating party might escape to the fastnesses behind it. It was here, says Muston, the historian of the Vaudois, that shortly before the attack a Catholic matron thus prophetically addressed the Comte de la Trinité:—"Sir," she said, "if *our* religion be better than the religion of these people, your arms will be victorious; but if *their* religion be better than ours, then you will sustain a defeat."

Travelling from Pinerolo towards the north-east, along the left bank of the Clusone, the village of St. Germain, with the picturesque wooden bridge which leads to it, attracts attention, both on account of the beauty of its site and the scene of martyrdom of which it was the witness, when, in 1560, the Protestant pastor of the village suffered death at the stake, at the hands of the monks of Pinerolo. The next object of interest is Pomaret, in the Val San Martino, just above the confluence of the Germanasca with the Clusone. Seldom is there to be met with scenery more beautiful than is encountered in the windings of the first of these streams, which, in the course of its descent from the twelve lakes which lie at the foot of the Alpe de Julien, receives numerous tributaries that rush from heights renowned in Vaudois story. Maneille may be cited amongst the loveliest

* "The Waldenses."

spots in the Val Germanasca, which here is celebrated for its excellent marble, so close of grain and brilliant of hue as to bear comparison with that of Carrara. But the most attractive object in all the valley, and, perhaps, in the whole of the Vaudois country, is the rocky height of the Balsille, a conical mass rising at the angle where the torrents meet which flow from Mont Guignevert and the Col du Pis. This was the scene of the famous defence of Henri Arnaud already alluded to. The approach to the stronghold of the Vaudois is very steep, and, when protected by strong barricades, must have presented difficulties of the most formidable character. The mountain has something very remarkable in its general character, and such as readily distinguishes it from all others. It consists of several precipices, rising successively above each other, and fringed with straggling pine-trees. The vestiges of its intrenchments, however, can only be detected by minute observation. The "barricades," and everything in that form which could arrest a common observer, have disappeared; but their memory, like that of their defenders, is imperishable. The rock called the château, or castle of the Balsille, is occupied by only two or three huts, and commands the narrow valley of the Germanasca. From the village the Col du Pis is seen to advantage; and on the side of the mountain, on the left hand, a beautiful cascade throws an animated feature on the landscape.

The last valley to be named in connection with the Vaudois is the Val Pragelas, the village of La Traverse being the place where Arnaud and his courageous followers, after crossing the Col de Soi, halted to ascertain their losses in the glorious fight, on the day before, at the bridge of Salabertrann. At present the most remarkable object in this valley is the Fort of Fenestrelles, a place of great strength, which on this side guards the approach to Piedmont. It is used as a state prison, and within its walls was laid the scene of M. Saintine's pathetic story of "Picciola." Its latest prisoner was Franzoni, Archbishop of Turin, the uncompromising, bigoted supporter of Pius IX. in his disputes with the government of Sardinia: after being imprisoned for two months, he was banished the kingdom.

The railroad from Turin to Genoa is a work that does honour to the Sardinian government, and attests the resources and activity of the country in conquering difficulties of no ordinary kind. The length of the line is nearly one hundred and four miles (English), and its cost was about £5,400,000. It was opened from Turin to Moncalieri, in September, 1848; extended in successive years to Asti, Novi, Alessandria, and Arquata, at which latter place the most difficult part of the work began; and, finally, after stupendous efforts in the construction of

W. H. Bartlett. R. Wallis.

THE FORT OF FENESTRELLE.

(Val-Clusone.)

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.

W. Bruckedon. W. Hill.

LA TRAVERSE, VAL PRAJELAS.

LONDON. JAMES S.VIRTUE.

viaducts, bridges, and tunnels of great length, was opened throughout to Genoa in the beginning of 1854.

The first place of interest on this line is Moncalieri, a royal residence, the prison-palace of Victor Amadeus II., the founder of the Sardinian monarchy, who died there, after his abdication, the prisoner of his son and successor, Charles Emanuel III. It is now the habitual place of residence of the present king, who has restored and greatly embellished it. Those who are curious in the study of family portraits, may freely indulge their inclination within the walls of Moncalieri, where the members of the house of Savoy are duly marshalled—a long line, reaching far beyond the period when portraiture became the legitimate ally of art.

At Troffarello the railway divides, the southern branch passing by Carignano, with its beautiful churches; by Carmagnola (associated, but by name only, with the death-dance of the French revolution), where the female peasantry deck themselves so gaily; by Raconigi, still famous, as of yore, for the beauty of its women; by the pleasant town of Savigliano, and stopping for the present at Cuneo; neither can it be extended much further in the same direction, as at Robillante the mountain road begins which crosses the Col di Tenda.

Our route, however, is towards the east, with the Alps receding on the right, and the Apennines coming into full view, straight on to Asti, so celebrated (in Italy) for its sparkling wine, which rather resembles the *tisane de champagne* than the finer growths of that famous province—if it may not, indeed, be more aptly likened to Saint Péray, with less of a vinous flavour.

Asti is a large and ancient city, built on the confluence of the Borbore and the Tenaro: once it was renowned for its hundred towers, but of these the ruins only remain. Its chief architectural ornament is the cathedral, built in 1348, and containing some tolerable pictures. Asti was the native city of Alfieri; and the room in which he was born, together with his portrait and an autograph letter to his sister, are shown in the Palazzo Alfieri, which was built by the poet's uncle. Of Alessandria, the most important place on the line to Genoa, we give no description just now, purposing to return to this city when we are called upon to describe the approaches to Lombardy from the side of Piedmont.

Here, then, we turn towards the Mediterranean. Novi, the first town we come to, has nothing to offer but the recollection of the battle won by the Austrians and Russians over the French, in 1799, when General Joubert was killed; and beyond Novi the traveller's attention is fixed on triumphs of another kind—those of the engineer, whose skill exacts his admiration along the whole

length of the line. The numerous tunnels are its principal feature; their number between Arquata and Genoa is "legion," the most remarkable being that at Busalla, called "*di Giove*," which is three thousand one hundred *mètres*, or very little short of two English miles in length. If the monotony of so many underground courses be great, great also is the relief from barrenness and darkness when we see the sun shining upon the vines, the olives, the oranges, and the gaudily-painted houses, which proclaim the vicinity of Genoa. But there are tunnels to the very gates of the city, the last being the Lanterna, only a few hundred yards from the very shabby railway station, which being *extra muros*, is probably not called upon to contribute to the aspect that has gained for Genoa the appellation of "the Superb."

It is to Genoa, beheld from the sea, that the full force of this title applies. Entering landward, especially from the railway, the grand amphitheatral effect is lost; but still there are glimpses of gorgeous palaces, glimpses also of the magnificent harbour, as the traveller descends the Strada Balbi towards the quarter of the principal hotels, which show that the proud designation has not been bestowed in vain. One thing, however, detracts greatly from the effect of its finest buildings, and that is, the difficulty of seeing them properly, owing to the excessive narrowness of the streets. The Strada Nuova, the Strada Nuovissima, and the Strada Balbi, in which are the noblest palaces, and the Strada Carlo Felice, terminating in the Piazza of the same name, are least open to this objection; but where such splendid edifices exist as Genoa alone possesses, it certainly excites regret that sufficient space is not afforded for fully appreciating their external character. It is with the entrance to these palaces, and their great height, that a stranger is chiefly struck. "The usual disposition," says a writer, quoted by Murray, "exhibits a large hall, supported partly on columns, leading to a court surrounded by arcades, the arches of which likewise rest upon columns. Sometimes, on one side of the street, these courts are level with the external pavement, while on the other the rapid rise of the ground is compensated by a flight of marble steps. Beyond this court is the great staircase, rising on each hand; and further still is frequently a small garden, shaded with oranges; so far the composition is admirable. It is invariably open to public view; and the long perspective of halls, courts, columns, arches, and flights of steps, produces a most magnificent effect; and this is still further enhanced, when the splendour of the marble is contrasted with the shades in the orange-groves. But the chief merit in the buildings lies in these parts. There are internally fine apartments, but by no means of magnificence corresponding to that of the entrance."

But the most picturesque description of the streets of Genoa, superseding, indeed, the necessity for any other, is that written by Dickens,* which we cannot refrain from quoting:—

"The great majority of the streets are as narrow as any thoroughfare can well be, where people (even Italian people) are supposed to live and walk about, being mere lanes, with here and there a kind of well, or breathing-place. The houses are immensely high, painted in all sorts of colours, and are in every stage and state of damage, dirt, and lack of repairs. They are commonly let off in floors, or flats, like the houses in the old town of Edinburgh, or those in Paris. There are few street doors; the entrance-halls are, for the most part, looked upon as public property; and any moderately-enterprising scavenger might make a fine fortune by now and then clearing them out. As it is impossible for coaches to penetrate into these streets, there are sedan chairs, gilded and otherwise, for hire in divers places. A great many private chairs are also kept among the nobility and gentry; and at night these are trotted to and fro in all directions, preceded by bearers of great lanterns, made of linen stretched upon a frame. The sedans and lanterns are the legitimate successors of the long strings of patient and much-abused mules, that go gingling their little bells through these confined streets all the day long. They follow them as regularly as the stars the sun. When shall I forget the streets of palaces—the Strada Nuova, and the Strada Balbi! or how the former looked one summer day, when I first saw it underneath the brightest and most intensely blue of summer skies, which its narrowing perspective of immense mansions, reduced to a tapering and most precious strip of brightness, looking down upon the heavy shade below!

. . . . . .

The endless details of these rich palaces: the walls of some of them, within, alive with masterpieces by Vandyke!† The great heavy stone balconies, one above another, and tier over tier, with here and there one larger than the rest, towering high up—a huge marble platform; the doorless vestibules, massively-barred lower windows, immense public staircases, thick marble pillars, strong dungeon-like arches, and dreary, dreaming, echoing vaulted chambers, among which the eye

* "Pictures from Italy." (1846.)

† Without attempting to describe their contents, we may indicate the principal palaces where the finest pictures, including the Vandykes, which are the boast of Genoa, are to be found. They are—the Brignole Sale, Palazzi Doria Tursi, Serra, Spinola, and Doria, in the Strada Nuova; Negroni and Spinola dei Marmi, in the Piazza delle Fontane Amorose; Pallavicine, in the Strada Carlo Felice; Balbi, della Universitá, and Durazzo, in the Strada Balbi; and the Palazzo del Principe, beyond the Piazza di Aqua Verde, near the railway station. All the streets above-named form a continuous curve, setting out from the theatre in the Piazza Carlo Felice.

wanders again, and again, and again, as every palace is succeeded by another; the terrace-gardens between house and house, with green arches of the vine, and groves of orange-trees, and blushing oleanders in full bloom, twenty, thirty, forty feet above the street; the painted halls, mouldering, and blotting, and rotting in the damp corners, and still shining out in beautiful colours and voluptuous designs, where the walls are dry; the faded figures on the outsides of the houses, holding wreaths and crowns, and flying upward and downward, and standing in niches, and here and there looking more faint and feeble than elsewhere, by contrast with some fresh little cupids, who, on a more recently-decorated portion of the front, are stretching out what seems to be the semblance of a blanket, but is, indeed, a sun-dial; the steep, steep up-hill streets of small palaces (but very large palaces for all that), with marble terraces looking down into close by-ways; the magnificent and innumerable churches; and the rapid passage from a street of stately edifices, into a maze of the vilest squalor, steaming with unwholesome stenches, and swarming with half-naked children and whole worlds of dirty people,—make up altogether such a scene of wonder, so lively, and yet so dead—so noisy, and yet so quiet—so obtrusive, and yet so shy and lowering—so wide awake, and yet so fast asleep, that it is a sort of intoxication to a stranger to walk on, and on, and on, and look about him. A bewildering phantasmagoria, with all the inconsistency of a dream, and all the pain and all the pleasure of an extravagant reality."

In Genoa, magnificence and dilapidation go hand in hand: we have spoken of the former, the latter our great novelist shall describe:—"One of the rottenest-looking parts of the town, I think, is down by the landing-wharf: though it may be, that its being associated with a great deal of rottenness on the evening of our arrival, has stamped it deeper in my mind. Here, again, the houses are very high, and are of an infinite variety of deformed shapes, and have (as most of the houses have) something hanging out of a great many windows, and wafting its frowsy fragrance on the breeze. Sometimes it is a curtain; sometimes it is a carpet; sometimes it is a bed; sometimes a whole line-full of clothes; but there is almost always something. Before the basement of these houses is an arcade over the pavement, very massive, dark and low, like an old crypt. The stone, or plaster, of which it is made, has turned quite black; and against every one of these black piles all sorts of filth and garbage seem to accumulate spontaneously. Beneath some of the arches the sellers of maccaroni and polenta establish their stalls, which are by no means inviting. The offal of a fish-market, near at hand,—that is to say, of a back lane, where people sit upon the ground, and on various old bulkheads and sheds, and sell fish when they have any to dispose of,—and of a vegetable-

market, constructed on the same principle, are contributed to the decoration of this quarter; and as all the mercantile business is transacted here, and it is crowded all day, it has a very decided flavour about it. . . . . In some of the narrow passages distinct trades congregate. There is a street of jewellers, and there is a row of booksellers; but even down in places where nobody can, or ever could, penetrate in a carriage, there are mighty old palaces shut in amongst the gloomiest and closest walls, and almost shut out from the sun. Very few of the tradesmen have any idea of setting forth their goods, or disposing them for show. If you, a stranger, want to buy anything, you usually look round the shop till you see it; then clutch it, if it be within reach, and inquire how much. Everything is sold at the most unlikely place. If you want coffee, you go to a sweetmeat shop; and if you want meat, you will probably find it behind an old checked curtain, down half-a-dozen steps, in some sequestered nook, as hard to find as if the commodity were poison, and Genoa's laws were death to any he that uttered it."

This absence of display is, for the most part, true enough; but no complaint can be made of the attractiveness of the jewellers' shops in the Strada dei Orifici, where the wares chiefly consist of the beautiful filagree ornaments in gold and silver, for which the Genoese are so famous; and in the Strada Soziglia there are confectioners' shops as well filled, and set out with as much taste, as any in Paris. A fruiterer's shop is a rarity, and for the best of all reasons—at every open space, in all the little *crocevie*, the fruit of the season is broadly and temptingly exposed *en plein air*.

Alphonse Karr says, in his entertaining letters from Genoa, that no one eats in Genoa, or if they do, they exercise the function in holes and corners where nobody can see them, on account of the poverty of their diet; but Dickens tells a different story. Here is his account of a real Genoese tavern:—"Where the visitor may derive good entertainment from real Genoese dishes, such as Tagliarini, Ravioli, German sausages strong of garlic, sliced and eaten with fresh green figs; cocks' combs and sheep's kidneys, chopped up with mutton-chops and liver; small pieces of some unknown part of a calf, twisted into small shreds, fried, and served up in a great dish, like white-bait, and other curiosities of that kind." Then for what they drink:—"They often get wine at these suburban Trattorie from France, and Spain, and Portugal, which is brought over by small captains in little trading-vessels. They buy it at so much a bottle, without asking what it is, or caring to remember if anybody tells them, and usually divide it into two heaps; of which they label one Champagne, and the other Madeira. The various opposite flavours,

* "Promenades hors de mon Jardin."

qualities, countries, ages, and vintages, that are comprised under these two general heads, is quite extraordinary. The most limited range is probably from cool Gruel up to old Marsala, and down again to apple-tea."

As far as eating goes, we, for our own parts, have seen the *facchini*, and most of the nondescript race that fill the lower part of the city, devouring maccaroni in the sun in as great quantities, and with quite as much relish, as their idler brethren, the *lazzaroni*, on the Chiaja, at Naples.

Besides the drive or walk in the promenade of the Acqua-Sola, in one of the highest parts of the city, the great place of daily resort in Genoa is the Piazza delle Fontane Amorose, close to the post-office, where it is the fashion for the men to seat themselves on a parapet with an iron rail, which overlooks the street below, as inconvenient a place of rest as can well be imagined. Immediately opposite this parapet is another exactly like it in all respects, but no person in the slightest degree *comme il faut* ever seats himself there. Another caprice of fashion relates to the kind of hat to be worn at different hours of the day. In the morning, when the sun shines obliquely, and the buildings give ample shade, you may appear in a broad-brimmed felt; but when the sun is in the meridian, and not a vestige of shade is to be found, if you are not seen in a silk hat, with brims of the smallest dimensions, adieu at once to your gentility. Amongst the things which fashion prohibits in Genoa—and the prohibition extends to all above the rank of a porter—is the act of carrying a parcel, however small: even the servants, when they go to market, give their baskets to a *facchino*.

Genoa has a great reputation for flowers, and nobody who has seen them will deny that the bouquets which are manufactured there are the largest a lady—no, we will not restrict their dimensions to what a lady can accomplish—the largest a sturdy *facchino* can carry. But on this subject, as well as on that of the flowers generally, in Genoa, let us hear what Alphonse Karr wittily and truly says:—

"I had been told at Marseilles:—Genoa is the city of magnificent bouquets. This is one of the most undeserved reputations I ever met with. In the first place, the Genoese are not fond of flowers—for it is not to take delight in flowers merely to pluck what grows naturally in a soil so fertile; but to plant, and cultivate, and collect them—and this they take very good care not to give themselves the trouble of doing. Let me explain the mistake. A stranger may easily be deceived for a few days. Many of the flowers which we rear with so much pains in our gardens in France, spring spontaneously in the fields about Genoa. The myrtle, the white jasmine, and the Spanish broom, all grow wild; the red valerian flourishes on the walls; the pomegranate and the cistus display their brilliant hues amid the shrubberies;

the rose-bay sheds its delicious odour on the borders of the rivulets; perennial sweet-peas climb the hedges, at the foot of which the large violet campanula opens its bells; the iris shines in the cornfields; pinks grow by the roadside, and orange lilies fringe the chestnut groves. Oranges, lemons, camellias, geraniums, and Spanish jasmines, vegetate and flourish in the open air; and yet, with all these elements for its creation, I have never seen a garden here in which there were really any flowers." *

Monotony, he says, is the besetting sin of the flower-combinations in Genoa, and he instances the exclusive attention which is bestowed on the orange and lemon. Speaking of the way in which they are cultivated in France, he observes:—"The orange-tree is not naturally cut round like a ball, any more than it naturally grows in a square box, painted green. Its flowers at the end of winter and in spring, its fruit almost all the year round, and its persistent leaves, make it a very agreeable tree." But if, after a time, he continues, you can see nothing but orange-trees, you get bored, for they lack variety; the shape of the tree is not in their favour, and their hard, varnished leaves, which cling for two years to the parent stem, want the charm of those which, softened and coloured by the autumnal sun, wither and fall to the ground. The birds, that know the charm of foliage, love not the orange-tree; they never build or sing among their branches. Oranges and lemons are, M. Karr admits, very charming in their way, in the company of other trees, but they must not be grouped in a collective form; and one of the principal reasons why they are so treated in Genoa, is on account of their commercial value. The Genoese are, above all things, dealers in oranges and lemons; and in the next degree, and for the same purpose, they cultivate the jasmine. "In all the gardens are large squares of Spanish jasmine. I said to myself, 'How deliciously these gardens must be perfumed in the nights of August and September.' Not a bit of it. Every day the flowers are gathered for the pomatum manufacturers. The jasmine blows at one o'clock in the afternoon, and at five the plant is stripped." As for the Genoese bouquets, they are enormous, and that is all the praise M. Karr can bestow upon them. "A moderately-sized bouquet is about as large as an open umbrella, and formed like a cockade. It is invariably composed of circles of white, blue, red, and yellow flowers." They are, moreover, so artificially—one may say, so wonderfully—constructed with wood, and wire, and worsted, that to think of their ever having grown in a garden is altogether out of the question.

Genoa is greatly indebted for her churches to private munificence. Thus Sant'

* "Promenades hors de mon Jardin."

Ambrogio, with its rich marbles and paintings, was entirely built at the expense of the Pallavicini family; L'Anunziata was erected and decorated by the Lomellini; San Matteo by the Dorias, and Santa Maria di Carignano by one of the family of the Sauli; a curious story illustrative of the rivalry of the rich Genoese nobles being told in connection with the last-named church. Santa Maria di Carignano, when first built, stood by itself on a hill, separated by a deep ravine from the opposite eminence of Sarzano, where dwelt another member of the Sauli family, as rich as the one who had endowed Santa Maria, and equally well disposed to ornament his native city. Desirous of triumphing over his rival, the founder of Santa Maria invited his kinsman to come and see the new construction, but the latter sent word that for the present he begged to be excused, as, though he certainly intended to pay a visit to Santa Maria, some indispensable preparations were necessary before he allowed himself that pleasure. It was thought that the Sauli of Sarzano was mortified and defeated, but shortly after the message, a host of workmen assembled by his orders, and began to make preparations for some vast undertaking in front of the Church of Santa Maria. At this juncture, Sauli of Carignano happened to meet with his relative, and inquired in the politest manner what this army of labourers signified; to which Sauli of Sarzano replied, that having received an invitation to admire the beautiful church which the other had built, he intended to construct a bridge over the valley, and as soon as it was finished, he should cross by it and pay his promised visit to Santa Maria. The story says that the bridge-builder kept his word, but not until he was an aged and decrepit man, when he was borne to the scene of his triumph on a litter. It is a pity to destroy so ingenious a tradition, but the truth of the matter is, that the Church of Santa Maria was raised in 1552, and the Ponte di Carignano only begun in 1718.

An incongruous style and too much ornamentation are the defects of all the Genoese churches (with the exception of the Carignano): nor from this censure can we exempt the principal amongst them, the Duomo, or cathedral of San Lorenzo, with its alternate courses of black and white marble on the outside, its Gothic details, its Corinthian columns, and its carving and gilding within. It was built in the eleventh century, and restored at the commencement of the fourteenth, to which latter period much of the west front belongs, though many traces remain of earlier date. For instance, some of the pillars of the portal were taken from Almeria, when that city was captured by the Genoese in 1148. On the north side are curious ornaments, exhibiting monsters and runic knots; while Roman bas-reliefs may be found let into several parts of the outer walls. Ancient and modern decoration equally characterise the interior of San Lorenzo, the most noticeable

being the fine marquetry of the stalls of the choir, executed about 1546, by the Bergamasque, Francisco Zubello; a fine group in bronze of the Madonna and Child; and many fine specimens of different coloured marbles; the pictures are not of a high quality. The richest part of the church is the Chapel of St. John the Baptist, into which, by decree of a bull of Pope Innocent VII., "*in vendetta*" of the daughter of Herodias (who fares ill in many parts of Italy *), no female is allowed to enter, save on one day of the year. In this chapel is kept the delicately-wrought shrine of the saint (*cassone di San Giovanni*), containing his ashes, which were brought, it is said, from Mirra to Genoa, in 1097; the workmanship of the shrine is of the year 1438; the artist, Daniele di Terramo. Those who are curious in relics may also feast their eyes on the famous emerald vase, known throughout Christianity by the name of the *sacro catino*, and found at the taking of Cesarea in 1101. This vessel is declared to be the identical *sangraal*, or *sangreal*, the constant quest of the Knights of the Round Table, in which Joseph of Arimathea received the blood that flowed from the Saviour's side; another tradition describes it as the dish out of which the Last Supper was eaten; and a third invests it with greater antiquity, though with less sanctity, in making it one of the gifts offered by the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. "Three times each year," says Murray, "was the *catino* brought out of the sacristy, and exposed to the veneration of the faithful. A prelate of high rank exhibited it to the multitude, and around him were ranged the Clavigeri, to whose care the relic was committed. No stranger was allowed to touch the *catino* under heavy penalties, and the attempt to try the material by steel or diamond, gem or coral, or any real or supposed test of its genuineness or hardness, was punishable with heavy fines, imprisonment, or even death. Acute and somewhat sceptical travellers, as Keysler and the Abbé Barthélemy,† in spite of these precautions, saw enough to lead them to suppose that the *catino* was glass, a fact which is now fully confirmed. But the extraordinary perfection of the material, as well as of the workmanship, must always cause it to be considered as a very remarkable monument, and of remote antiquity. The dish is hexagonal, with some slight ornaments, which appear to have been finished with the tool, as in gem

* At Pisa, for example, where, at Epiphany, the custom of "La Befana" is preserved. Befana is the name given to the daughter of Herodias, who looks out of a window to see the Three Kings go by, and is supposed *to be disappointed*, as they do not pass through Herod's dominions; hence she is called "Befana," or "the Mocked One." She is a *mannequin*, sometimes large, and splendidly dressed, and hangs half out of the window, surrounded by lights. People go in crowds to see and insult her with sayings more or less civil.

† M. de la Condamine, who noticed air-bubbles in the alleged emerald similar to those which appear in melted glass, tried to scratch it with a diamond, but the monk who showed it, suspecting his intention, removed it in time. Its real nature was detected in Paris, where it was sent in 1809. It returned to Genoa, with its reputation damaged, in 1815.

engraving. The colour is beautiful, the transparency perfect." When reclaimed from Paris, with other spoils "conveyed" by Napoleon I., it was found to be broken, having been very carelessly packed; but the fragments have been united by a setting of gold filagree.

If we advert to the contents of some other of the principal churches in Genoa, it is only to mention where the best pictures may be seen. In Sant' Ambrogio, or di Gesù, is a magnificent "Assumption," by Guido, and "St. Ignatius healing a Demoniac," by Rubens; the Anunziata contains the famous "Cena," by Procaccini, his masterpiece, but very badly placed; a damaged "Martyrdom of St. Stephen," the joint work, it is alleged, of Raffaelle and Giulio Romano, is displayed in San Stefano della Porta; and another damaged picture, "St. Francis receiving the Stigmata," by Guercino, is shown in Santa Maria di Carignano, with others by inferior masters, the best amongst them being a very remarkable production, a "Pietà," by Luca Cambiaso. Another "Pietà," the work of Michael Angelo, is to be seen, not in a church, but in the great Albergo de' Poveri, outside the city walls, which also possesses a noble statue of the Virgin, by Puget.

Genoa, like most Italian cities, has a fair proportion of theatres. The principal is the Carlo Felice, which ranks third in size in Italy; the Scala, at Milan, and the San Carlo, at Naples, alone being larger. The Carlo Felice is capable of holding three thousand persons, and during Carnival time it is generally filled. The Sant' Agostino, a wooden theatre, offering to its audience not only the regular drama, but equestrian performances, at certain seasons, comes next. There are also the Colombo, in Italian comedy; the Apollo, in French pieces; and the Teatro Diurno, where everything short of opera is performed. To a stranger, however, the most amusing series of dramatic representations in Genoa is to be found at the Marionetti, or puppet-theatre, and for which he may be fully prepared by reading the elaborate playbills which are posted on the walls in the square of the Fontane delle Amorose, with some such title as this — "The Subterranean Revenge; or, the Duel in the Sepulchre;" *Gianduja*, the Genoese "Punch," being always thrown in as a set-off to dismal tragedy.

Of the manner in which these Marionetti perform their spiriting, who can speak with more critical authority than the best amateur actor of our time? "It is," says Mr. Dickens, "without any exception, the drollest exhibition I ever beheld in my life. I never saw anything so exquisitely ridiculous. They *look* between four and five feet high, but are really much smaller; for when a musician in the orchestra happens to put his hat on the stage, it becomes alarmingly gigantic, and almost blots out an actor. They usually play a comedy and a ballet. The comic

man, in a comedy I saw one summer night, is a waiter at an hotel. There never was such a locomotive actor since the world began. Great pains are taken with him. He has extra joints in his legs, and a practical eye, with which he winks at the pit, in a manner that is absolutely insupportable to a stranger, but which the initiated audience, mainly composed of the common people, receive (so they do everything else) quite as a matter of course, and as if he were a man. His spirits are prodigious. He continually shakes his legs and winks his eye. And there is a heavy father with grey hair, who sits down on the regular conventional stage-bank, and blesses his daughter in the regular conventional way, who is tremendous. No one could suppose it possible that anything short of a real man could be so tedious. It is the triumph of art."

Cafés, of course, are numerous. The best is La Concordia, which forms the ground floor of a fine palace in the Strada Nuova, opposite the Palazzo Rosso, or Brignole Sale; it has a large raised garden, planted with orange-trees, and is approached by a flight of steps and peristyle of white marble. This garden is the chief place of *réunion*, the saloons, which are magnificently gilt and decorated, being quite deserted as long as space is to be found in the open air. Chocolate, iced coffee, ices, and sorbets, are the refreshments served; the two latter at four or eight sous each, according to their quality or quantity. Besides fruit ices, there are other kinds, perfumed with jasmine, geranium, thyme, and other sweet-smelling flowers and herbs. Dinners also are served here, but the *cuisine* is not first rate. The cafés next in repute to the Concordia, are the Gran' Corso, in the Piazza Carlo Felice, and the Gran' Cairo, near the Exchange.

If the Genoese women are not absolutely a beautiful race, they at all events appear so when at a certain distance, their upright figure and free step showing them off to great advantage. Their appearance is also greatly assisted by their head-dress. This, with the better classes, is a white muslin scarf, the *pezzoto*, which is pinned to their rich black hair, whence it floats over their shoulders, very gracefully defining the form. The lower orders wear, in the same way, a gaudily-printed piece of calico, called the *mezzara*, which, indeed, is the general name for both kind of head-dress. This feature of Genoese costume belongs, however, only to the city; in the suburbs and the country round, the young women wear neither cap nor *mezzara*, but, in their stead, the flowers of the season—not on Sundays only, but every day of the week. In the spring, the young lemon-buds decorate their hair; roses adorn it in June; pinks in July; jasmine and pomegranate in August; bay-roses in September; and in winter such flowers as are still to be found near Genoa. These peasant girls have the same free, unembarrassed step as

the Genoese ladies; it is caused with respect to them by their habit of carrying water from the fountains in copper vases, which they balance so evenly on their heads as not to spill a single drop. The freedom of their limbs is further developed by their walking barefoot, with the petticoat slightly raised on one side; when they do wear shoes, which is only on Sundays, their *allure* is by no means so attractive; but to lose as little by civilization as they can, if a shower of rain fall, they invariably take off their shoes, which are made of the very slightest materials, and put them in their pockets.

The dialect of Genoa is a language peculiar to that part of Italy, and doubtless owes many of its peculiarities to a widely-extended commercial intercourse. It has received numerous words and sounds from Arabs, Spaniards, Greeks, French, and, indeed, from the people of all the countries that border the Mediterranean; even England has contributed a fragment of pronunciation, as in the use of the letters "ou," when combined, to which the Genoese give the same sound as ourselves in the words "cloud," "bound," &c. Like the Venetians, the Genoese suppress several letters in speaking, *l, r, t,* and *v* disappearing when they talk. Thus "nolo" becomes "nōo;" "dito," "dio;" "nave," "nae," &c. The letter *l* is commonly changed into *r;* and when the consonant which follows it is either *d* or *t,* it is suppressed altogether. The *c* before *e* and *i* has the French sound; and the Genoese have conquered the difficulty of pronouncing *eu* and *u,* which are so great a stumbling-block in France to our own countrymen. The Genoese dialect appears never to have been employed in public or private documents, but many poets have written it with success: the collection of poems published under the title of *Chitarra,* by Gian Jacopo Cavalli, is held by the people in much esteem.

The difficulty of making yourself understood among the lower orders in Genoa, when you only speak Italian as it is written, is amusingly described by Alphonse Karr. "The Italian of books," he says, "exists in books only; every state in Italy, every city, every small town, has its peculiar Italian. Here, every one has his own language. I have two female servants who, born five or six leagues apart, one to the east and the other to the west of Genoa, understand each other with difficulty, and are constantly laughing at each other's mistakes. You may fancy how they laugh at me. I never open my mouth without solecisms and barbarous expressions issuing forth like the toads and adders that fell from the mouth of the wicked princess in the fairy tale. For instance, in the grammar it is written *fa caldo,* "it is hot;" in Genoa they say *fa cado,* and if you say *caldo,* they appear not to understand you, and bring you a bootjack or a brush." On the subject of common oaths, he adds, "I was desirous of learning how to swear in the language of the

country, and requested a peasant family whom I frequently talked to, to teach me the graduated scale. It begins by 'Oibo!' which is scarcely an oath, but rather a token of discontented surprise; then comes 'Vergogna!' which is used when what you say or do is disagreeable; next follows, 'Per Bacco!' when the voice is raised, and the manner threatening; last of all is heard, 'Per Dio santo!' uttered with flashing eyes and terrible gestures. Beyond this there is nothing but the blow with stick or knife, according to the circumstances of the case, or the character of the people concerned."

We have spoken of "the gaudily-painted houses" which greet the traveller on entering Genoa by the side of Piedmont. In a still greater degree he is struck by this species of decoration when, leaving the city, he takes our present route along the Riviera to Spezia, the future naval arsenal of Sardinia; but whether or not the limit of her territory in that direction, something more positive than the Conference of Zurich must determine. Of all the places in the vicinity of Genoa where bright colours are used to finish the exterior of the houses, Nervi is the most remarkable. This little town possesses a thriving population of orange-merchants and vendors of macaroni and vermicelli. Here, too, reside almost all owners of the little carriages for four persons—which generally manage to hold a dozen—that are to be seen in the Piazza Carlo Felice, in Genoa, ready to start for any place you choose to name within reach of the capabilities of a single horse—or it may be beyond them. The greater part of these carriages are adorned with pictures of saints, and around them are inscriptions in their honour. But it is the manner in which the houses are painted that constitutes the peculiar appearance of Nervi. They are of all colours—yellow, red, green, blue, black, pink—every hue is to be seen. Italian house-decorators possess the art of completely deceiving the eye at a very short distance: all the architectural ornaments are painted in relief; but it is in the false windows that the fancy of the artist or the bad taste of the proprietor is exhibited. One of these false windows will present the appearance of being open, and hung with curtains of the richest damask; at a second you may see a lady reading behind a blind; at a third hangs a bird-cage, with a cat stealthily climbing; from a fourth a female servant seems to be shaking a carpet, while her lover, finding her thus engaged, passes his arm round her waist. This kind of art is poor enough; nor can any great praise be bestowed on the simulated architecture, except as regards the perfect manner of its imitation. You are obliged sometimes actually to touch the walls to make sure that it is only a level surface. What is not less extraordinary than these paintings, is the rapidity with which they are executed. Scarcely have the masons spread the stucco on the walls than their place is supplied

by the painters, who lay on their colours while the composition is still wet, and thus one party follows the other till, in an incredibly short time, the fresco is finished. One drawback, however, attends this species of decoration: as long as it is fresh and bright, it passes for as much as it is worth, but when old and faded, the effect is absolutely hideous. The manner of building at Nervi, and other rocky environs of Genoa, is also peculiar. Quarrying is far too laborious a process for obtaining stone and marble, and blasting with gunpowder is substituted. A mine is charged in a rock, the explosion takes place, and the labourers carry away the fragments, one at a time, on their shoulders. These fragments are never squared, the mason fits them together as well as he can, making the smaller ones fill up the interstices caused by the irregularities of the larger; and after this fashion the Cyclopean work is accomplished.

It is a common saying that the waters of Genoa contain no fish—*mare senza pesce** is the phrase; yet the sardines are abundant and excellent; the mullet ranks deservedly high; a fish, bearing the ominous name of sea-wolf, slightly resembles salmon; the whiting is large and fine; and there are various smaller members of the finny tribe, of greater or less value, according to the taste or experience of those who eat them. A curious custom prevails among the fishermen of Nervi. If a very large fish is caught, it is not exposed in the ordinary way for sale, for the people are parsimonious in adding to their daily *minestra*, but is put up at lottery, the licence to that effect having been previously obtained from the mayor or syndic. This functionary issues numbered tickets of the value of eight *soldi*, which the wife and children of the fortunate fishermen distribute through Nervi. At the hour fixed for drawing the lottery, a small table is placed in front of the church, and the entire produce of the net is divided into lots, the chief prize being the monster fish, the others consisting of the smaller fry. A great crowd usually assembles, and at the moment when the first ticket-holder puts his hand into the

* In the "Archives Curieuses," by Sebastian Moreau de Villefranche, treating of the capture and deliverance of Francis I. ("Prinse et Délivrance de Françoys Premier, 1524—30"), the writer amplifies the negatives for which Genoa, in his time, was celebrated: he says, "Nous ferons un petit récist de ce villayne rusticité et canaille de la ville et peuple de Gènes. Et premièrement nous commencerons à déchiffrer six quolibetz qui sont audits Gennes; c'est à savoir: 'Mare senza pesche, montagne senza bosco, possessione senza intrade, banchi senza dinari, donne senza mariti, e gente senza fede,—attamente *Mori bianchi.*'" The French seem never to have held the Genoese in great estimation, witness their proverb: "Il faut trois Juifs pour faire un Genois." And Montesquieu bids farewell to Genoa in the following lines:—

"Adieu, Gènes détestable,
Adieu, sejour de Plutus,
Adieu, l'ennui qui m'accable,
Mes yeux ne te verront plus."

bag to draw out his number, the women fall down on their knees, and recommend themselves to their patron saints. At last, the winner is declared, he bears off his prize in triumph; but the maledictions of the unsuccessful that accompany him are the sauce with which he is forced to relish it. Nor do the losers stop there: the saints themselves come in for reproaches; and even worse—a hole is found in the coat of every one of them, whether it be the denying Pietro, the incredulous Thomaseo, Magdalena, with a damaged reputation, or Paolo, of whose original Judaism some trace they say remains.

While speaking of singular customs, we may mention another, the practice of which may be witnessed, not at Nervi only, but in all the small towns and villages in the neighbourhood of Genoa. This is the manner in which the funerals are—literally—"performed."

The outward signs of an approaching ceremony of this nature, are indicated in a way that is little in keeping with their solemn character. First appear a number of children fantastically attired, who utter joyous cries; these are followed by men whose costume is equally incongruous, consisting of a shirt—more or less white—which is worn over the rest of the dress, like a smock frock, while round their heads a white handkerchief is knotted; and at every door the women are gathered. The whole place has the air of a carnival,—laughter and jokes abound, and amusement seems the order of the day. But at a given signal, the masquers desert the street, enter into some garden enclosure, and after a few minutes reappear from behind its walls, bearing waxen tapers, chanting psalms, and followed by a few priests, who carry umbrellas. The children crowd in front, playing and talking as they lead the way, and the behaviour of the men who carry the coffin is not a whit more decorous. In this manner the remains of the dead are borne to their last resting-place, with no attendant friend or relative.

Before we quit this part of the dominions of the King of Sardinia, we must follow the coast line to Sarzana, their present limit on the side of the duchy of Massa-Carrara. All travellers are agreed that no more beautiful scenery in Italy is to be found than on the coast-road between Genoa and Spezia. "On one side —sometimes far below, sometimes nearly on a level with the road, and often skirted by broken rocks of many shapes—there is the free blue sea, with here and there a picturesque felucca gliding slowly on; on the other side are lofty hills, ravines besprinkled with white cottages, patches of dark olive woods, country churches, with their light towers, and country houses gaily painted. On every bank and knoll by the way-side the wild cactus and aloe flourish in exuberant profusion; and the gardens of the bright villages along the road are seen, all

blushing in the summer-time with clusters of the belladonna, and are fragrant in the autumn and winter with golden oranges and lemons. Some of the villages are inhabited almost exclusively by fishermen; and it is pleasant to see their great boats hurled up on the beach, making little patches of shade, where they lie asleep, or where the women and children sit romping and looking out to sea, while they mend their nets upon the shore."*

Such is the loveliness of the scenery, that no mode of travelling along the Riviera di Levante appears too slow, and those who are not pressed for time may as well make a bargain with a Genoese *vetturino,* whose habit it is to convey his fare as slowly as heart can desire. In this manner the journey from Genoa to Spezia may be quietly accomplished in two days, not rising at inordinately early hours, and pausing at Sestri to sleep one night, with plenty of time to enjoy the unrivalled beauty of the sunset on this enchanting shore.

Leaving Genoa by the Strada della Pace, and passing through the Porta Pilla, the high road of the Riviera appears, which leads to the Sardinian frontier, and thence onward to Pisa and Florence. It is an ascent to the suburb of San Martino d'Albaro; and what is most striking on this, the south side of the city, is the vast extent of fortified ground, hill rising above hill, each crowned with its fortress; this, however, is all that is picturesque, the heights being bare and stony.

But once across the Col d'Albaro, the characteristic features of the Riviera di Levante begin to show themselves, the aloe and the cactus rising amid the rocks, and the sheltered slopes revealing the vine, the olive, the orange, and the fig,—the last the fruit, *par excellence,* of the markets of Genoa. Villages succeed with Roman names, Quarto and Quinto,—the latter claimed as the birthplace of Columbus,—and wherever the road dips to the level of the sea, it crosses a bridge spanning some mountain-torrent, or oftener the dry bed of one. The rapidity with which these water-courses are filled may be gathered from the following fact related by a recent traveller. Two diligences, between Genoa and Nice, met on the road one day, the carriage from the former place having traversed the bed of one of the streams without wetting its wheels. An hour afterwards, the other diligence passed the same spot: a sudden storm had intervened, the carriage was swept away by the improvised torrent, and three passengers, together with the horses, were drowned.

Of Nervi we have already spoken, after which place, and distant about twelve English miles from Genoa, comes the pretty town of Recco, with its gleaming white houses and lofty campanile strongly relieved against the thickly wooded

* "Pictures from Italy."

mountain, at the base of which it rests. Here begins a long, but not a toilsome, ascent, each step disclosing a wider view of the blue Mediterranean, shut in on one side by the broad promontory which has its northern angle at San Nicolo, and its southern extremity at Porto Fino. But the spot for the most beautiful view along this part of the coast is from the trellised terrace of the road-side inn, a short distance before reaching the tunnel of the Cima di Ruta, which opens upon scenery of a totally different character. Here, looking northward, the Bay of Genoa lies at your feet, extending as far as the eye can reach, the great city glittering midway, and the horizon bounded by the purple outline of the Apennines, that overhang the Riviera di Ponente.

At this road-side inn the *vetturini* stop to dine, and rest their horses, and advantage of the stoppage may be taken to visit the little town of Camoglio, which lies far below, shining on the margin of the shore. "Descended into, by the winding mule-tracks, it is a perfect miniature of a primitive seafaring town,—the saltest, roughest, most piratical little place that ever was seen. Great iron rings and mooring-chains, capstans, and fragments of old masts and spars, choke up the way; hardy, rough-weather boats, and seamen's clothing, flutter in the little harbour, or are drawn out on the sunny stones to dry; on the parapet of the rude pier a few amphibious-looking fellows lie asleep, with their legs dangling over the wall, as though earth or water were all one to them, and if they slipped in they would float away, dozing comfortably among the fishes. The church is bright with trophies of the sea, and votive offerings, in commemoration of escapes from storm and shipwreck. The dwellings not immediately abutting on the harbour are approached by blind low archways, and by crooked steps, as if in darkness and in difficulty of access they should be like holds of ships, or inconvenient cabins under water; and everywhere there is a smell of fish, and sea-weed, and old rope."*

Very different the scene, and very different the atmosphere, after returning to the high road, and passing through the tunnel of La Ruta, meeting the south wind as it steals through the leaves of the far-spreading forests of chestnut which fill the valleys below—

"E con perpetuo onore
Di non caduche fronte è verde 'l bosco."†

The dark green foliage of these forests is inexpressibly refreshing in contrast with the glitter on the sea, which is now lost sight of for about seven miles, while crossing the base of the promontory of Porto Fino. But the Mediterranean

* "Pictures from Italy."
† Tasso.

comes in sight again as the road suddenly turns on the height above Rapallo, with the palm-trees of San Fruttuoso distinctly visible on the extreme right, and, midway between the two, the deserted convent of Cervara, where Francis I. saw the last of the land he coveted, before he was carried prisoner to Spain. Rapallo is very beautifully situated on the shores of the bay to which it gives its name, and the mediæval tower, standing close to the sea, which was formerly its defence, is a most picturesque object. Its numerous churches, and very high and slender campanile, add much to the general effect; nor is the interior without its attraction, the houses being almost all built on arcades, beneath which a numerous population of women and girls industriously ply their trade,—lace-making being the speciality of the town.

It is between Rapallo and Chiavari, especially as the latter place is neared, that the Riviera discloses itself in all its beauty. Here the rocky heights are covered with arbutus and lofty stone-pine, and the hollows are filled with masses of grey olive-trees, or crouching thickets of fragrant orange and lemon; while bright villas, and churches with graceful campaniles, lie scattered about in most admired disorder. The road is seldom far from the sea: sometimes it hangs over its blue depths with nothing but a low wall for the barrier, a sheer descent of smooth rock lying on the other side; sometimes it sinks nearly to the level of the shore; then again it rises, climbing sinuously, till once more the waters are many hundred feet below,—and, if the position of the sun be favourable, a grateful shade affords shelter all the way to Chiavari.

> "Là, sotto il vago e temperato cielo
> Viva un' lieta e riposata gente,
> Che non l'offende mai caldo nè gelo!"*

The "joyous and tranquil" inhabitants of Chiavari are, however, a most industrious race. The whole people seem to have but one occupation—that of making chairs incessantly. They are the lightest specimens of household furniture that ever were seen or handled, and are very prettily made. But the town of Chiavari is itself a very interesting place. Like Rapallo, it is chiefly built on open arcades, with pointed and circular arches, and it contains several fine churches. Old and picturesque towers are also dotted about the town.

From Chiavari the road runs on a level with the sea as far as Sestri, passing Lavagna with its castellated palace of sombre red. Mulberry-trees, festooned with vines, grow in profusion in the fertile country on the left hand, while the sandy

* Bembo.

shore on the right is bordered by tall aloes and cactus, which give quite an oriental character to the scene. Sestri is charmingly situated on an isthmus at the foot of a small wooded promontory, and the traveller, not yet satiated with the beauty which has been all day before his eyes, may yet linger late on the shore, to gaze on the magnificent sunset. It is impossible to behold anything more lovely than the hues which colour the western sky as the sun declines behind the mountain range above Finale—that mountain citadel,

"Qui jadis vit passer les Francs de Pharamond." *

And when the rose-tints are faded, and "all is grey," still he may linger to watch the magnificent stars, as they gradually light up the heavens:—

"Risplendo dopo lui con lucid' urna
Il Fanciullo troiano. E' n una stella
Luminosa catena, ed aureo nodo
Fare di squammosa coda umidi Pesci." †

The celebrity of hotels is fleeting, and this is not a guide-book, but it is difficult to pass through Sestri and not speak in praise of the "Grand Hôtel de l' Europe," kept by Augustin Paggi, which stands outside the town, within a stone's throw of high-water mark, the front windows commanding the view of which we have spoken, and those at the back looking towards the Apennines over an avenue of orange and lemon-trees.

Ascending from Sestri directly inland, the road to Bracco leaves the luxuriant vegetation of the Riviera gradually behind. The olive and the myrtle are the first to disappear, the fig and vine follow, then the chestnut and the fir, and finally, at the Col di Velva, 2100 feet above the sea, even the grass is gone, and nothing remains save the desolation of naked rocks on every side. But from the summit of this pass the view is singularly fine: ranges of Apennines are seen, separated by dark ravines, bare, but beautiful in their dark purple tints, the blue sea catching the eye beyond the indentations of the coast, and, far in the distance, rising the rose-hued mountains of Carrara. It is a winding track to the bottom of the valley at Borghetto, and then the traveller mounts again beside the Recco torrent, till he reaches San Benedetto, on the ridge from whence the bay and town of Spezia first become visible. There are many celebrated sites in Italy, but none, perhaps, are more magnificent than that of the Bay of Spezia, forming a semicircle (whence its old name of Luna) from Porto Venere on the west, to Cape Corvo on the east.

Spezia, always an attractive spot, is daily increasing in importance since the

* Victor Hugo.

† Tasso, "Le Sette Giornate."

Sardinian government decided on making it the naval arsenal of the kingdom. The town itself contains little or nothing to interest the traveller, who may well be content with that part of it which faces the harbour, where the bathing establishment, the shady public promenade, and the best hotels are situated. Spezia is the watering-place of Florence, and during the bathing season is filled with visitors. Boating is here a great source of enjoyment; indeed, it is only by water that access can be obtained to every part of this beautiful shore. The places which most attract excursionists are Lerici, on the eastern side of the bay, with its own little harbour, defended by a picturesque castle; and Porto Venere, on the western. At the bottom of the narrow Gulf of Lerici, stands the village of Sant' Arenza, where Shelley lived, and whence he sailed on the voyage whose disastrous termination has ever associated his memory with the locality. We have met with no truer or more striking description of the scenery around Lerici than that which is given by Mrs. Shelley in her interesting "Note" on the last poems that were written by her husband. "Our house, Casa Magni, was close to this village; the sea came up to the door, a steep hill sheltered it behind. The proprietor of the estate on which it was situated was insane; he had begun to erect a large house at the summit of the hill behind, but his malady prevented its being finished, and it was falling into ruin! He had—and this, to the Italians, seemed a glaring symptom of very decided madness—rooted up the olives on the hill-side, and planted forest trees; these were mostly young, but the plantation was more in English taste than I ever elsewhere saw it in Italy. Some fine walnut and ilex-trees intermingled their dark massy foliage, and formed groups which still haunt my memory, as then they satiated the eye, with a sense of loveliness. The scene was, indeed, of unimaginable beauty: the blue extent of waters, the almost land-locked bay, the near Castle of Lerici, shutting it in to the east, and distant Porto Venere to the west; the varied forms of the precipitous rocks that bound in the beach, over which there was only a winding, rugged foot-path, towards Lerici, and none on the other side; the tideless sea, leaving no sands nor shingle,—formed a picture such as one sees in Salvator Rosa's landscapes only. Sometimes the sun vanished when the sirocco raged—the *ponente*, the wind was called on that shore. The gales and squalls, that hailed our first arrival, surrounded the bay with foam; the howling wind swept round our exposed house, and the sea roared unremittingly, so that we almost fancied ourselves on board ship. At other times sunshine and calm invested sea and sky, and the rich tints of Italian heaven bathed the scene in bright and ever-varying tints. The natives were wilder than the place. Our near neighbours, of Sant' Arenza, were more like savages than

people I ever before lived among. Many a night they passed on the beach, singing, or rather howling, the women dancing about among the waves that broke at their feet, the men leaning against the rocks, and joining in their loud wild chorus."

Exactly opposite Lerici stands Porto Venere, which once held a temple dedicated to Venus—the goddess changing her name and sex, in later days, to St. Venerius, whose bones, they say, repose in the Isle of Tino. Porto Venere has nothing beautiful belonging to it, but its situation, and the black marble rocks, veined with gold, on which it stands. No place that has suffered by fire or pillage can present a more complete aspect of misery and desolation. "The houses," says Alphonse Karr, exaggerating slightly, as is his wont, "are only the imitations of houses; the inhabitants are not numerous enough to fill them, and the proprietors, not meeting with occupants, have taken the heroic resolution of carrying away the roofs and floors, and planting trees and vegetables within the tenantless walls." Such houses as remain are blackened by time, and corroded by the salt sea air; they lean against each other for support, and the fall of one would apparently bring down all the rest: but dilapidated as the place is, it is yet, at a distance, strikingly picturesque; even its ragged, half-starved population—not too nearly approached—contribute their share. Before leaving Spezia, the phenomenon for which its bay is celebrated must be mentioned. "At a short distance from the shore, to the south of Spezia, the water of the gulf offers the remarkable appearance called the *Polla*, resulting from the gush of an abundant submarine fresh-water spring. It occupies a circular space twenty-five feet in circumference, and sometimes rises above the adjoining sea-level. On the surface at least, it is, however, not sufficiently fresh to be drinkable." *

Between Spezia and Sarzana, the last town of importance within the limit of the Sardinian territory, the traveller has to cross the Magra, a wide and furious torrent, which descends from the heights of Pontremoli. Until 1858, the only way of crossing this river was by a ferry-boat, but after heavy rains had swelled its flood, the passage was often impracticable for many hours. Now, however, it is traversed at all times and seasons by a fine stone bridge, which was in the course of construction in the autumn of 1857, when last we went that way. It was passable even then, but the driver, when asked if it were practicable, said, "Yes, but it is dangerous to sit in the carriage:"—as well it might be, for the horses had to be taken out, and after much zigzag pulling, the operators being chiefly the girls who carried the stone for the bridge, the vehicle was safely deposited on the opposite side.

* "Handbook for Northern Italy."

The Magra divides the ancient territory of Liguria from the Lunigiana, and was formerly the boundary of the Genoese and Tuscan states; but the Sardinian frontier now extends beyond the "Rocca," or fortress of Sarzanatta, the defence of Sarzana on the side of the duchy of Parma. Sarzana possesses a fine cathedral of white marble, begun in 1355, but not completed till a century later. "It is," says Murray, "a fine specimen of the Italian Gothic. In the centre of the west front is a good and unaltered rose window. The *façade* is remarkable for its simplicity. The interior has been much modernized, but the transepts contain two rich and florid Gothic altars. There is a "Massacre of the Innocents," by Fiusella, surnamed Sarzana, from his birthplace. In the *façade* are three statues, one of which represents Pope Nicholas V., Thomas of Sarzana, who was a native of this town. But a greater celebrity attaches to Sarzana than that of having given birth to either pope or painter: it was the cradle of the family of Buonaparte, one of whom, the chief of the branch of the Cadolingi, Lords of Fucecchio, emigrated to Ajaccio, in Corsica, and founded the house whose great descendant was the first Napoleon.

Having completed our account of the Riviera di Levante, we return to Alessandria.* It is, by its strategical position, rather than by what remains of the old city, that interest attaches to this place. Alessandria stands in the midst of a fertile plain, a little below the confluence of the rivers Tanaro and Bormida, which too often flood the country round. The city was founded in the twelfth century, by the Lombard League, to resist the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, and keep in check the House of Montferrat. Built, in the first instance, of earth mixed with chopped straw, Alessandria was called, in derision, by the Ghibelline, or imperial faction, "La Paglia," its proper name being taken from that of Pope Alexander III., the protector of the opposing Guelphs. "The citadel, built in 1728, is now the most interesting and the most prominent feature of the city. The road winds round it, passing over a covered bridge, under which the Tanaro seems to be lost. This fortress is larger than many towns, with a regular *Place* in the centre, a parish church, and very extensive barracks and armouries. The French added to the fortifications of the city; and much more was projected by Napoleon I., by whose orders extensive lines were begun, but the unfinished works left by him were afterwards destroyed.† Modern engineers have skilfully availed themselves

* *Vide* page 83.

† Previous to the late war, great additions were made to the fortifications of Alessandria; and the subscription for a hundred pieces of artillery to arm them had a wide extension, a good deal of money for their purchase being raised in England.

of the advantages afforded by the position chosen by those of the middle ages; and by means of the Tanaro, the whole surrounding country can be inundated, and rendered quite unapproachable by the enemy." * There are so few objects of art worthy of attention that it is scarcely worth while to dwell upon them. The Cathedral and the Palazzo Ghilino are the only buildings that deserve notice; the streets are dull, and the aspect of the city monotonous.

But if Alessandria be no place to arrest the traveller, its environs may make him linger in contemplation of the field of Marengo, which lies on the south side of the city, and distant from it little more than a mile. In the centre of the broad plain a large house has been built, having no pretensions to architecture, which serves as a museum for objects picked up on the ground after the memorable day. On the *façade* of the building, painted in fresco, are the portraits of Kellermann, Lannes, Bessières, and Berthier. A marble statue of the First Consul stands in the middle of the courtyard. A little to the right of the museum is a monument to Desaix, on the spot where he fell. His mausoleum, as we have already stated, is in the church of the Convent of the Great St. Bernard. The mound on which the Marengo monument is erected, is formed of human skulls and bones,—a gigantic ossuary.

The memory of this great battle was revived with the most jubilant demonstrations, when, on the 12th of May, 1859, the Emperor of the French and King Victor Emanuel entered Alessandria to open the campaign, which, in less than two months, carried their triumphant arms to the banks of the Mincio. Triumphal arches were erected in different streets, and at the Porta Marengo, which leads to the famous battle-field, one of these arches was adorned with flowers and flags, and bore the inscription, "All' erede del Vincitore di Marengo," (to the descendant of the Conqueror of Marengo,) conspicuously emblazoned in tri-coloured letters. A writer in one of the English newspapers, on the spot at the time, thus describes the busy and singular appearance of the city:—"Groups of Zouaves, bands of hussars and lancers, together with beautiful women and girls, kissing and embracing each other with that nonchalance which forms one of the prominent features of the present movement. Ladies of rank walking arm-in-arm with the young officers of the Imperial Guard; priests and soldiers talking together, eating together, drinking and singing together. The enthusiasm was not *d'ordre*, but it was the real manifestation of a powerful and true-felt feeling. This manifestation had no limit when the first order of the day,

* "Handbook for Northern Italy."

addressed by the emperor to the army, was posted at the corners of the streets, and over the walls of public buildings."

In this part of Piedmont every recollection is warlike, the same sites having been fields of battle for centuries past, from the days of Lautrec and Colonna, of Pescara and Bonnivet, of Bourbon and Bayard, and of all the chivalrous array of the armies of Francis I. and Charles V., down to our own time. The railway from Alessandria to Arona, at the foot of the Lago Maggiore, with its branches from Mortaro to Vigevano, and from Novara to Vercelli, passes near many of the most remarkable scenes of contest during the late war; while the projected line from Alessandria to Stradella traverses one spot, the field of Montebello, which has been twice renowned in the annals of victorious France. On the first of these routes, Valenza recalls the fact, that, on the 18th of May, 1859, the first trial, and a most effective one, was made by the rifled cannon of the French against the Austrian position at the head of the bridge over the Po;* and Vercelli is for ever associated with the heroic fight of Palestro, which took place beneath its walls on the 31st of the same month. Into the details of the memorable two-months' campaign it is not possible for us to enter, but its leading incidents may be marked as they fall in our way. Here, for example, are some striking passages of the battle in which "Il Rè Galantuomo" added so greatly to his already well-earned fame:—

The Sardinian troops, headed by the king, passed the Sesia by two small bridges,—the fine bridge of grey granite, which formed part of the railway from Turin to Novara, having previously been partially destroyed by the Austrians, who blew up two of its arches. The riflemen on either side came, as it were, within point-blank range of each other. So long as the attack was made with the artillery on the formidable positions of Palestro, Casalino, and Vinzaglio, the Austrians defended themselves with great firmness and energy, but they could not stand the bayonet. The 3rd Zouaves,† who had only three days before joined the king's army, after three days' heavy marching, were encamped along the Bisogna,

* The Austrians had pointed their field-pieces at a mill on the right bank of the river, and directed their fire on it for several hours, with very little success, greatly to the amusement of the French troops, who, at last, thought it time to give the enemy a lesson. A battery was therefore formed of six small rifled guns, having a range of two thousand six hundred yards; they only fired five rounds, and the work they had to do was done. Palisades, earth-works, everything that the Austrians had taken so much pains to erect, were knocked to shivers in an incredibly short space of time. On the day after this experiment, the Emperor of the French came from Alessandria to ascertain the effect of his new artillery, with which he was highly delighted.

† It was this regiment which, after the battle of Palestro, complimented Victor Emanuel by electing him one of themselves, with the rank of corporal.

a small river, almost dry, but wide, and with a stony bottom, like all those in this country. Suddenly, cannon-balls came whistling through their tents. The Austrians, masked by a thick row of poplars, had been able, without being observed, to establish a battery of artillery on the opposite bank. The Zouaves, who were at the time preparing their food, rushed to arms, and the formidable word of command, "*A la bayonnette,*" was executed almost as soon as given; jumping into the water, and advancing without firing, notwithstanding the shower of shot discharged at them, they, in a few moments, had pinned the enemy to the ground, and made three hundred prisoners. Six Zouaves detached themselves from the main column, and dashed forward, or rather swam,—for the water was almost up to their arm-pits,—and made an attempt on a gun, which took the Piedmontese in flank. In five minutes after the gun was silent, and all the Austrian artillerymen lying dead beside it. Just as the Zouaves had accomplished this feat, a shell burst against the breach of the gun, and killed five of the victors, the sixth alone remaining to tell of their success and their death. The Piedmontese showed a courage worthy of the highest praise, and the bravery displayed by the King of Sardinia, who threw himself into the thickest of the fight, perfectly electrified his troops. In order to understand the difficulties which the Piedmontese had to contend with, a description of the locality is necessary. The whole country, from the Sesia to the east, is one mass of corn and rice-fields, divided from each other by raised causeways and ditches of three or four feet, which serve for the purpose of irrigation. On the borders of these divisions between the fields are closely planted trees, while the fields themselves are studded with large quantities of mulberry-trees. The corn, the growth of which is very luxuriant after the great rains, had at this time an average height of at least five feet, thus affording admirable cover for riflemen. The rice-fields, on the contrary, were just cut, and, consequently, were under water, to distribute which equally, and to regulate the irrigation, little raised banks of one or two feet high, according to the level of the ground, ran in serpentine lines. Through this country passed the two main roads,—to Novara in one direction, to Casale in the other. They are artificially raised causeways, sometimes twenty feet or more above the level of the surrounding fields. Such being the nature of the ground, it was quite impossible to deploy a line of any length, and thus take advantage of a numerical superiority; neither was their any means of bringing up and employing artillery except on the causeways, which were only of width sufficient to admit two guns, and no more; and, as if to put the bravery of the attacking troops to the test, the position of the two villages of Palestro and Vinzaglio was in itself of consi-

derable strength. At musket-shot distance from them runs the canalized stream of the Boggia Busea, a rapid current of at least fifteen feet in width, and five in depth, the only bridges over it being on the main road. As the villages are approached, the ground begins to rise gently for about three hundred yards from the bridge of Palestro, and then, all of a sudden, rapidly and precipitously to a height of from twenty to thirty feet. On this elevation are built the villages, while the road itself, for which so steep an incline would have been impracticable, is cut through like a broad railway cutting, with precipitously-sloping sides to the right and to the left. At the entrance of both villages the Austrians had thrown up a barricade. Like all in Italy, more or less, these villages are built entirely of stone and brick, and have their almost straight main-street, through which the road runs, and their old-fashioned church, with the never-failing campanile tower. The houses themselves, built round a courtyard, and but scantily provided with small windows, little wider than loopholes, served as so many small redoubts; and in these, as well as in the churchyards, the Austrians obstinately defended themselves: but the impetuosity of the Piedmontese, and of their allies, the Zouaves, made resistance vain, and nearly all who garrisoned these strongholds were killed.

Vercelli, which overlooks Palestro, is an ancient city, once of considerable importance, and still possessing a large population. The *duomo*, or cathedral, built about the middle of the sixteenth century, is a fine specimen of Italian architecture; the tomb of St. Amadeus of Savoy, richly-decorated with silver, is one of the most conspicuous ornaments within it; and in the library attached to the cathedral are many rare MSS., the most remarkable amongst them being a copy of the Gospels written by St. Eusebius, the founder of the see of Vercelli, in the fourth century.* "It is," says Murray, "a Latin version, and supposed

* M. Edmond Texier, in his "Chronique de la Guerre d'Italie" (Paris, 1859), tells the following amusing story of the *sang froid* and studious habits of the librarian, who is the present custodian of this interesting manuscript:—"The priest, whom we accidentally met, was one of the canons of Vercelli. He gave us some details respecting the late occupation of the city by the Austrians, and was loud in praise of one minister of public instruction, who had just sent some books for the cathedral library, lamented the state of the times, and ended by asking us if we had seen the celebrated manuscript of St. Eusebius. To my great shame I acknowledge that I had never heard of this manuscript; but, to prevent the canon from forming an unfavourable opinion of me, by avowing this fact, I observed that the moment was not propitious for *bibliophiles*, and that it was not easy to admire rare books to the sound of a sharp fusilade. 'What does the fusilade signify!' replied the canon; 'you must not think of passing through Vercelli without having seen what is perfectly unique, there being nothing like it in the whole world,—the Evangel of St. Luke, copied in the fourth century, by St. Eusebius, who was the bishop of our see.' He said, indeed, so much on the subject, that we agreed to follow him to the library of the cathedral. There, after having passed through the sacristy, we found a priest, buried up to the chin in books, his head alone appearing above a rampart of folios. It was the librarian, who, rising abruptly at our approach, threw down a perfect wall of old

to be the most authentic copy of that called 'Itala,' by St. Augustine, and employed in the earliest ages of the Western Church, until its use was superseded by the Vulgate; and this being older than any Greek manuscript now extant, it is, in one sense, the most ancient copy of the Gospels existing. It is written in capitals, in two columns; the writing is much faded, and the evanescent character can scarcely be traced, except by the indentation of the pen in the mouldering vellum. St. Eusebius always carried this volume about with him; it is one of the earliest authentic autographs in existence." Besides the Duomo there are several interesting churches in Vercelli, that dedicated to San Cristofero being remarkable for its excellent frescoes, painted by Gaudenzio Ferrari, a pupil of Perugino and of Raffaelle.*

The space between Vercelli and Novara, traversed by railway, offers a splendid view of the glittering range of Alps, of which Monte Rosa is the queen. To this view the description by Mr. King† happily applies. "From the dazzling snow-fields and glaciers, which seem to overhang the heads of the valleys on the southern side of this range, framed in forests of dark pine, stream down torrents innumerable, rushing with augmenting volumes through these romantic glens, or 'vals,'—deep rifts from the main chain often thirty miles in length, with scarcely a passage, but for the chamois or shepherd, over into the adjacent one. At length—in rich vine-clad valleys, along fields of maize, rice, and trailing gourds, deep groves of chestnut and walnut, fig, mulberry, and almond-trees, orchards, trellised vines terraced up the mountain sides, and meadows of the finest green, irrigated by refreshing streamlets—they converge and form the Dora Battea, the Sesia, the Tosa, and finally the Po itself."

Such is the general character of the distant scenery which greets the eye till,

books, in his eagerness to greet us. Although our visit was, unquestionably, inconvenient, he left off his work with the greatest readiness, and showed us parchments innumerable, one after the other. At last he came to the precious manuscript itself, which he took out of its case, and displayed for our edification. I looked on with the eyes of faith and of admiration, for time had so whitened, not to say effaced, the parchment, that one might have written on it without knowing that one was converting it into a palimpsest. When our curiosity was fully satisfied, and we were about to take leave, the librarian took up the subject of the *Imitation de Jésus Christ*, and said he was just at that moment engaged on a monograph to prove that the author of the *Imitation* was neither Gerson, nor Thomas à Kempis, nor Marillac, but a canon of Vercelli, named Gersen. In support of this assertion he produced a document of the year 1349, which, in fact, showed that the *Imitation* was anterior to Gerson or Thomas à Kempis, the former having been born in 1369, and the latter in 1380. The good abbé discussed the question at great length, and, notwithstanding my impatience to learn the latest details of the recent engagement between the Austrians and the allies, I could not help admiring the passion for study which could isolate a man so entirely from the world, and leave his mind free and at ease in the midst of the roar of artillery."

* There is a very full and accurate account of these frescoes in the "Handbook for Northern Italy."

† "Valleys of the Alps."

after crossing the Agogna torrent, the traveller reaches Novara, which, like Vercelli, is an ancient city, and possesses many interesting ecclesiastical buildings. The Duomo is a lofty and handsome cathedral, of early Lombard architecture, some parts of it being, it is said, as old as the fifth century. Thorwaldsen has contributed to the sculpture by which it is embellished, and it contains a few frescoes by Luini; but its tessellated pavement, a fragment of the original structure, is one of its most attractive features. It is of black and white mosaic, the work of Byzantine artists, but the bold patterns are Roman; the figures introduced in the medallions are all birds, emblematic of Christian virtues. That part of this remarkable pavement near the entrance is a good deal worn, and the colour of the black marble has become grey with age and friction. There is one very interesting and curious chapel, or baptistry, which presents all the appearance of a Pagan temple: it is circular, and supported by columns evidently Roman; opposite the door of entrance, rather sunk in the floor, is a circular Roman urn, now used as a font. On the walls of a cloister of the cathedral are placed numerous stones, bearing Roman and mediæval inscriptions; this mode of preserving them may be a safe one, but they lose all their dignity, and retain very little of their original value by being thus plastered up with brick and mortar, pell-mell, one with the other, without any connecting association. The archives of the Duomo contain several curious specimens of the antiquities of the Lower Empire and the middle ages, besides some old manuscripts. The Church of St. Gaudenzio is spacious, and produces a noble effect, even though much of the decoration is stucco, imitating Oriental breccia; there is, however, some delicate pink and white marble on the walls and altars. The mosaic pavement, similar to that in the cathedral, is well preserved and fine, and the frescoes of Gaudenzio Ferrari, which adorn the chapels, are of the highest order.

Novara has been, time out of mind, the scene of contention in the wars between France and Italy. Here Louis of Orleans, the husband of Valentina of Milan, underwent a terrible siege, which Brantôme calls, "Le souffreteux siège de Navarra où il (Louis) mangea jusques aux chats et aux rats;" and here the Swiss gained a great victory over the French, when fighting for the Emperor Maximilian, to revenge which, Francis I. resolved again to invade Italy. To regain Novara was a main object with the French army, which considered itself disgraced by its loss; it was, therefore, a great triumph when, after their successful return to Italy through Piedmont, they found themselves again masters of this disputed town, the key to the Milanese. Novara was a fatal name to the Piedmontese, on the 23rd of March, 1849, when the sanguinary action took place, almost in the suburbs

of the city, in which Radetzky defeated the brave and chivalrous Carlo Alberto, who, failing in his last attempt to make head against his powerful foe, closed the fruitless struggle by the abdication of his throne. Ten years later, however, Palestro avenged Novara, and it was then the turn of the Austrians to fly. They did so with the utmost precipitation, the fear they had of the French soldiers adding wings to their flight. To give an idea of their stupor, M. Texier cites the following fact:—"On the morning of the re-capture of Novara by the French army, the director of our telegraphic lines not waiting for our troops, set out alone for the city, and following the wires, penetrated Novara till he reached the office of the telegraph. There he found the Austrian clerks, and gave them the order to be off at once, as he had come to install himself and his clerks in their stead. The former did not need to have this told them twice, but took to their heels instanter." * Another fact, stated by the same authority, further exemplifies the hasty departure of the Austrian army:—"During the thirty-two days of their occupation of Novara, they levied a contribution of three millions of francs.† On the 29th of May, the Syndic of the city was ordered to provide six hundred head of cattle, and an additional sum of three hundred thousand francs; the money to be paid on the 2nd of June, at noon precisely. The six hundred oxen were collected from the surrounding country, and driven into the ditches of the fortifications; but the Austrians having allowed Novara to be re-taken on the 1st of June, the municipality had the indelicacy not to run after them with the three hundred thousand francs. The enemy, moreover, retired so quickly, that they had not time to carry off the cattle, which were immediately transferred to the French commissariat." This change of masters did not affect the destiny of the herd, only its destination.

* "Chronique de la Guerre d'Italie." 1859.

† The exactions of the Austrians are specified in the annexed memorandum, which was published in the Turin papers at the time:—"The requisitions made by the Austrians on Novara and the neighbouring villages in the course of a month, from the 25th of April to the 30th of May, were:—256,500 litres of wine; 1,680 oxen; 11,500 hectolitres of oats; 450,000 kilogrammes of bread; 5,040 quintals of hay; 200 quintals of leather; 270 hectolitres of brandy; 76 quintals of tobacco; 600 hectolitres of rice; 991 quintals of flour; and, in addition, they required 4,000 men to labour at the works of the passage of the Ticino, and had them fed and paid two francs a-day by the inhabitants; the expense which this alone occasioned was 200,000 francs. Besides this, they subjected the population to heavy expenses for lodgings, washing, hay, straw, food for the officers, and the supply of horses and vehicles." Well might the inhabitants of Novara be glad to get rid of these locusts! Well might the municipality of the city address the following words to the French army, in the proclamation which was placarded at the corners of all the streets:—"Noble companions of the Sardinian and Italian army, defenders of the cause of right and of civilization, valorous representatives of the holy responsibility of nations, a thousand times welcome! Our expectation has been long and painful; our hearts have been cast down by the isolation of our city from the parent State; sorely have we been angered by the insolence of an enemy who, in hypocritical language, promised to respect everything, yet outraged us every way!"

From Novara to the Lombard frontier, which is determined by the river Ticino, the railway * crosses the plain to the village of Trecate, a league and a half distant, where the Emperor of the French, on the 3rd of June, assembled his Imperial Guard preparatory to the grand movement, of which the issue was the glorious battle of Magenta; and from Trecate the emperor proceeded on horseback personally to direct the passage of his troops across the Ticino, between Turbigo and Magenta. It was at the former place that the Turcos, those fierce rivals of the Zouaves, first showed of what stuff they were made in this campaign. Here is a striking account of their terrible onslaught, taken from a letter, written from Novara, on the 4th of June, and addressed to one of the London daily papers:—

"Among the many rumours that are circulating as regards the movements of the troops yesterday, I will select for special mention the attack made by the Turcos upon the Austrians at Turbigo. This regiment of Turcos is composed of Arabs and negroes; but few white men are among them, with the exception of the officers. They are the most extraordinary body of men in the world, and are chosen for their fierce and impetuous courage. No obstacle stops the charge made by a regiment of Turcos. They swim through rivers, climb hills almost perpendicular, and glide and twist along through underbrush and trees, like the savages of the American wilds. Their officers must be men of the most undaunted courage, else they are at once subdued by the savage energy of their men. From time to time the officers are actually obliged to shoot down such of them as have become uncontrollable. It is the only method that is successful in keeping down the lawlessness of these reckless daredevils. Their uniform is a most picturesque one, the white turban causing the black and bronzed faces to appear still more wild. The blue jacket and loose blue trousers leave their movements perfectly free, and it is a most splendid sight to see the regiment marching, they are so light and strong, and stride so rapidly over the ground. Yesterday morning the regiment of Turcos that I refer to was still here, but at eight o'clock they received orders to march to the Ticino, and, once across that stream, they were to occupy Turbigo. When near the latter place, a fire was opened upon them by the Austrians, who were there to three times the number of the Turcos. But the latter at once rushed upon their enemies, shouting like madmen, and only making use of their bayonets. The Austrians fired a volley as these men rushed upon them; but the next moment they were so vigorously attacked with the bayonet, that they at once

* The Austrians destroyed this railway on their retreat from Novara, but it has since been restored by the Sardinian government.

retreated, some of them throwing aside their muskets, and flying with all haste. The officers in vain attempted to stop the carnage that was going on. The Turcos, bounding from victim to victim, mercilessly plunged the fatal weapon into the bodies of the poor wretches that were running for their lives. An officer belonging to the Turcos spoke in terms of wonder and admiration as regards the conduct of these men during the engagement. He assured me that even he, accustomed to these troops, could not but admire their wonderful attack. He said they bounded like tigers upon their prey. Rushing up to the muzzle of the cannon, they slaughtered the Austrian gunners like sheep, taking immediate possession of the four pieces. Some of these devils mounted upon the gun-carriages, invested with the insignia of the Austrian officers they had killed, and caused their prisoners to drag them about the field. They answered the reiterated demands of their officers to spare the troops that were so desirous of surrendering, by loud shouts, exciting each other to continue the butchery, and thus a great many Austrians were killed. I am assured that many of the Austrians threw their arms away and marched in order up to the officers of the Turcos, surrendering themselves prisoners, and begging to be protected."

Of these same Turcos, while they were encamped in the Bisogna Valley, near Genoa, at which port they disembarked from Algeria, another correspondent gives the following description:—

"The Turcos are the most wonderful specimens of humanity I ever saw, and I could have watched their wild, vehement gestures, and shining eyes, and boneless bodies, through half the day. They are chiefly blacks, tall, fierce-looking men, occasionally handsome, always with beautifully white teeth, who walk about with a cat-like step, as if the ground were too hot for them,—the very impersonation of muscular strength. A painter would find many a subject in their original grouping and picturesque costume: one set squatted Malay fashion on their hams round the heap of wood and circle of tin cans forming their simple kitchen, gesticulating and pouring out a torrent of guttural sounds, evidently advice to the head cook, who sat gravely in the same position, his face seared and seamed with veins and wrinkles, his head shaved all round—as is often the custom among them, leaving a plot six inches in diameter at the top, where the rough, black wool, stood right up, clear away from the bare skull—taking no notice of them or their exclamations, but inserting a dirty finger every now and then into the meat, to see if it were yet sodden; another wound himself into his broad red sash, with the help of a comrade, as a Highlander puts on his plaid; two more were sitting down, with their arms round each other's necks, laughing and chattering and kissing like

sisters; while another amused himself by baiting the sentry on duty, who at last, though an officer was present, lost his temper, and charged him along the tent with his bayonet!"

The exploits of the Turcos at Turbigo allayed the discontent which had been excited by the gallantry of the Zouaves at Palestro.

Before we entirely quit Piedmont, we must mention a few places which lie to the south-east of Alessandria, chiefly on account of their connection with "the first blood" that was drawn during the late war. There is a railway from Alessandria to Voghera, which will eventually run to Stradella, the last town on the Piedmontese frontier, in the direction of Piacenza, and distant about two miles from the Po. On this line, the first place of any importance is Tortona, situated at the base of the last spurs of the Apennines, near the right bank of the Scrivia. It is one of the most ancient cities of Northern Italy, and the name it now bears differs very little from that which was given to it by the Romans. The most remarkable building in Tortona is the Duomo, which contains a very singular antique sarcophagus, on which are sculptured a curious mixture of Pagan and Christian emblems. Voghera comes next, memorable as one of the earliest Italian towns in which printing was introduced; and about sixteen miles further on, the traveller arrives at Casteggio, an important military position, from the time of the Gallic and Punic wars, down to the war of 1859. "It was besieged," says Murray, "by Hannibal, and might have defied his power, but two hundred pieces of gold paid to Publius Darius, the commander, purchased the fortress, and the provisions and stores found therein were of the greatest utility to the Carthaginian army. Of the Carthaginian general there is yet a remarkable memorial. About a quarter of a mile from the town is a spring of very pure and clear water, called, by immemorial tradition, 'La Fontana d'Annibale,' and girt by a wall, which he is said to have built. It is close to the track of the Roman army, and about a hundred yards from the modern road to Piacenza." It was near Casteggio that, on the 9th of June, 1800, a few days before the battle of Marengo, the great battle between the French and Austrians was fought, in which the heroic Lannes earned the title of Montebello, from the village where the French finally routed the reserve of the enemy; and on the same ground, fifty-nine years afterwards, victory shone again upon the arms of France in contest with the same foe.

The second battle of Montebello was fought on the 20th of May, 1859; its hero was General Forey. An Austrian *corps d'armée*, fifteen thousand strong, from Stradella, moved upon Casteggio and Montebello, which were occupied by the Sardinian cavalry, under Colonel de Sonnaz. These troops vigorously sus-

tained for some time the shock of the enemy, but the disproportion of strength becoming too great, the Sardinians received the order to retreat. They did so in perfect order, disputing every inch of the ground, in order to give the French, who had received intimation of the conflict, time to arrive. Marshal Baraguay D'Hilliers, whose head-quarters were at Ponte Curone, beyond Voghera, had, in fact, heard the noise of the cannon, and immediately ordered General Forey to advance with his division. The first French troops to reach the ground were a small body of not more than two hundred and fifty men, commanded by Colonel Cambriels, who, for half an hour, alone resisted the attack of the Austrians. At the expiration of that time General Forey's division came up, numbering about six thousand men, and then began a bloody struggle, which lasted for six hours. Besides the great inequality of strength, General Forey fought under the disadvantage of not being able to use his artillery, owing to the recent heavy rains, which had made the low ground, over which he had to pass, a perfect marsh; four guns were all he could bring to bear upon the Austrians, who, occupying Casteggio, and resting upon Montebello, had no difficulty in developing the whole of their force, and employing all their artillery, with which they kept up a heavy cannonade for full five hours. The French replied chiefly with musketry, and in spite of the difficulties they had to contend with, continually gained ground, till, arriving within two hundred yards of the enemy, they charged with the bayonet, and, breaking the Austrian line, entered Montebello, where a terrible hand-to-hand fight ensued; the French attacking with irresistible impetuosity, the Austrians defending the place, house by house, and street by street, with the most obstinate valour; but at the end of half an hour the latter gave way, and "Montebello" was, for the second time, inscribed on the roll of French victories. More, however, than the actual advantage, was the moral effect of this triumph, for it was hailed by the French as a token that their soldiers had not degenerated from what they were in the days of the Republic, and of the first Empire. It was, indeed, but the prelude to that surprising series of successes which characterized the whole of this rapid campaign.

CHAPTER III.

LOMBARDY.

At the time when the present work was begun (in June, 1859), while yet the issue of the war between France and Austria was doubtful, the territory that extends from the Ticino to the Adriatic, and is bounded on the south by the Po, bore the name of Venetian Lombardy. But the peace of Villafranca has confined that designation to the provinces lying eastward of the Mincio, and the costly gift of the Emperor of the French to the King of Sardinia resumes its old title of Lombardy proper.

It is a land of proverbial fertility, deriving all its wealth from its natural productions, and dependent entirely upon agriculture for its prosperity. This was not always the case, for in the days when Lombardy was a free state, she was renowned throughout Europe for the value of her manufactures. Her woollen goods were in the highest esteem, her silk was of unrivalled excellence, and to be armed in Milan steel, with weapons forged in the provinces of Bergamo and Brescia, was the knightly soldier's proudest boast. But with the loss of liberty, all these fountains of wealth were dried up. Lombardy was subjugated by Spain; and wherever the Spanish yoke falls, commercial and industrial activity at once disappear. The proud and indolent *hidalgos* taught the Lombard nobles to despise the useful occupations and profitable enterprises which, during the middle ages, had assured opulence to the great families, and prosperity to the state. Absurd laws and vexatious fiscal regulations discouraged trade, and threw the workmen out of employment, manufactures wholly declined, and agriculture alone was not neglected, though even that industry suffered. The fatal sway of Spain is felt in Lombardy even to this day, and as a distinguished political economist, a native Lombard, has observed, the country is not yet entirely *dispagnolizzata*. Nor did Lombardy prosper by the change which transferred her from the authority of Spain to that of Austria. Better days may now be at hand; but as the produce of her soil is still Lombardy's chief dependence, it may not be undesirable, in describing the country, to dwell somewhat upon her agricultural resources.

In order to comprehend the full value of Lombard agriculture, we must glance

at the extent of the country. It contains about 32,125,500 acres, spread over a very unequal surface. The ground occupies a part of the northern side of the basin of the Po, and descends from the Rhætian Alps in a continuous declivity, very abrupt at first, and then in gentler slopes, from a height of thirteen or fourteen thousand feet, to a level but slightly above the sea. Half of this territory spreads itself out in the plain, and is composed of alluvial soil, excessively fertile, but very much exposed to inundations. The other half, of which four-fifths are occupied by mountains, and one-fifth by hills, consists of land either of poor quality, or of a kind that requires continual care to prevent it from being swept away by torrents. This great difference of elevation permits the growth of the greatest variety of produce within a comparatively limited space. Thus the traveller approaching Lombardy from Switzerland finds himself in the morning in the midst of eternal snows, and in the evening is surrounded by a vegetation which is almost tropical. Nothing is comparable to the serene beauty of this delightful region. Laveno, Majolica, Bellagio, Iseo, Sermione, Toscolano, leave their sonorous names and their enchanting sites for ever fixed in the memory of him who once has seen them. The purity of the air, the limpid waters which reflect the crests of the Alps in the calm bosoms of the Lombard lakes, and the softness of the climate, have inspired, and not without cause, the antique muse, and the poetry of modern times. In this enchanting land everything charms the senses, and Upper Lombardy may, without exaggeration, be called the Paradise of Europe.

This happy country is, however, far from owing all to the favour of nature—its fertility is chiefly due to the industrious hand of man. It has required the labour of a hundred generations to raise those terraces which support the earth on the steep mountain slopes, to drain those marshes, to dig those canals, to dispose, with admirable art, of those currents of water which, descending from the high valleys, intersect and pass over each other at different levels, and fill the distant plains with marvellous fecundity. Without the dykes which confine the rivers, one part of the level country would be nothing but a vast marsh; without the system of irrigation, the rest would be burnt up by the devouring rays of the summer sun. Lombardy cannot rest in peaceful reliance on the works constructed in days gone by—her hands must be ever busy guarding against the inundations of the Po and its numerous tributaries, with as much solicitude as the Dutchman displays in protecting himself from the encroachments of the ocean.

The climate of Lombardy is very mild, the mean temperature being 55° Far.; but the harvests often suffer from the late frosts of spring, caused by the proximity of the Alps, and by formidable hail-storms, the disastrous frequency of which is

ascribed to the thinning of the woods on the mountains. The great inequality of altitude of the cultivated lands exposes them also to very variable climates. Thus in the Valteline, where the corn is cut at the enormous height of upwards of four thousand feet above the level of the sea, the harvest takes place at the same season as in the neighbourhood of Stockholm and Drontheim. If the Scandinavian peninsula be excepted, more rain falls in Lombardy than in any other part of Europe; but then it comes all at once. In autumn it pours in torrents for weeks together; in summer the droughts are so prolonged that if the waters, which are collected from the alpine glaciers, in the great lakes, were not carried off by the irrigating canals, the injury to agriculture would be excessive. In Lombardy it is the east wind which brings the rain, because it comes from the Adriatic; and dryness attends the west wind, owing to the columns of air being chilled in crossing the Alps, and discharging their humidity in the form of snow.

The principal productions of Lombard agriculture are cereals, silk, wine, flax, and cheese. The wheat is of excellent quality, but the harvests are not so abundant as they might be if the farmers manured their land better. Rye is very little cultivated, and is losing ground every day: it is grown in the least fertile parts of the country, particularly in that district called La Gera d'Adda—a space between the rivers Serio and Adda; and on the plain of Gallarata, formerly a vast heath, to the north of Milan, extending from the Ticino to Monza. The park of the royal residence at Monza gives a very good idea of the sterility of this poor, light soil, and it needs all the persistence of its cultivators to obtain from it even a crop of rye. As to barley and oats they are, relatively, but little raised in Lombardy. As oxen are chiefly used for draught, the number of horses are not great, and except those for riding and driving, they are almost entirely fed upon grass and hay. But the cereal which constitutes the principal food of the country is maize, or Indian corn, and the Italian peasant rightly attaches the greatest importance to its cultivation. On an equal surface, it produces twice as much as wheat, is more easily ground, and it is not necessary to convert the flour into bread by baking it in the oven. The staple dish of the peasantry is their *polenta*, a kind of soup made, with little trouble, of the flour of the Indian corn. This useful cereal, while it affords nourishment to man by its grain, feeds the cattle with its young shoots, and when the harvest is gathered, the dried leaves supply a warm and elastic material for bedding.

But that growth which most attracts the attention of the traveller, south of the Alps, is rice,—Lombardy being the only European country in which it is cultivated or productive to any extent. It was first introduced into Italy by Theodore Trivulzi, a noble Milanese, in the service of Venice, who tried the experiment of planting with

it a small property, half inundated, which he possessed near Verona. The attempt succeeded, and imitators were found—as well as marshes, which latter soon acquired a value that was not theirs before this innovation. The cultivation of rice quickly spread along the banks of the Po, and at the present moment Lombardy alone produces, in ordinary years, four millions of bushels, valued at about £722,000 sterling. The heat of the summer sun in Lombardy, and the admirable system of irrigation adopted there, are highly favourable to a plant which only grows in shallow water, raised to a temperature of from 20 to 25° Réaum.; and great care is taken in laying out the rice-fields to give them such a level as will enable the water to cover them and flow off slowly and with regularity. These rice-fields are of two kinds—*risaje a vicenda,* and *risaje stabili*: in the first the rice alternates with crops of maize, of clover, and of Italian rye-grass, and the produce here is greater than in the second division, where the ground is permanently occupied. The grain is sown in the beginning of April, is then covered with water to the depth of two or three inches, is weeded carefully, left dry at midsummer, and, thus preserved against the ravages of aquatic insects, grows with vigour till September, when it is cut down: the sheaves are then deposited on vast thrashing-floors, and the grain is trodden out by horses. This primitive method gives great animation to the country at the time of the year when it is employed, and carries the imagination back to the earliest period of agriculture.

Of the wine of Lombardy, though a good deal is made, very little, in praise, can be said: it is sour in summer, and bitter in winter. These undesirable qualities arise from the little care that is bestowed on the culture of the vine. The graceful garlands, climbing from tree to tree, and laden with purple grapes, have a charming effect in the landscape, but the result, in the wine-press, is detestable. In general the Italian peasant chooses the kinds which produce the most fruit, without troubling himself much about the rest. He plants his fields with rows of poplars, mulberry-trees, and maples, pruned tolerably low, to the number of about a hundred per acre, and at the foot of each five or six vines are trained till they reach the top of the tree which supports them, when their flexile shoots are interlaced with those which meet them from the trees adjacent. Although nursed in shade, the grape ripens perfectly, and is of delicious flavour; but it does not possess the true vinous principle of the grape that is ripened near the ground, on low plants, pruned with care and skill. Moreover, if the vine is imperfectly cultivated, the wine is very badly made, and it is difficult to keep it good from one season to another. In Lombardy, indeed, old wine is scarcely ever met with; it is generally drunk the year it is made, and turns sour during its first summer. The crop is equally divided between

the proprietor of the land and the tenant, and as all the husks fall to the share of the latter, who adds water to the mess, it may readily be imagined that the stuff he drinks deserves the name he gives it, of *vino piccolo*.

One of the chief productions of Lombardy is the cheese that is made from the milk of the cows fed in the pastures which are watered by the tributaries of the Po. It bears the local name of *grana*, and, as an article of commerce, is called Parmesan, because it was first made in the neighbourhood of Parma, but the provinces of Lodi and Pavia are the districts which in reality produce the greater part. Its value as an export is estimated at over three millions sterling. Gorzongola, in the Milanese, between Monza and Treviglio, also produces the rich cheese called *stracchino*, which is made from cream and unskimmed cow's milk.

There is yet another article for which Lombardy once was famous, and may be so again. This is silk, which she is capable of supplying, and does supply other countries to an enormous extent, the value of what she raises being rated annually at upwards of four millions sterling. The number of mulberry-trees in Lombardy is really incalculable, and seen from a certain elevation, as from the roof of Milan Cathedral, they give the country round about the appearance of an immense forest; and some idea of the importance attached to their growth may be derived from a visit to the vast nursery-gardens near Milan, which are filled with the young plants. The sale of the mulberry leaves alone gives rise to a very active and animated trade. When the silkworm is young it eats little, and the leaves are cheap, but in proportion to the growth of the voracious insect, their value constantly increases. If hail-storms have desolated a part of the country the price immediately rises, and the speculators in mulberry leaves often realize great profits. There are brokers who negotiate between seller and purchaser; then come the *periti*, or appraisers, who estimate the weight of the leaves on the tree; the price is discussed, and when the bargain is struck, the purchaser strips off the leaves himself. When the time for winding the silk from the cocoons arrives, all the young peasant girls, gaily dressed, assemble beneath the shadow of the vines, and, laughing and talking, perform their pleasant task. Under a bright sun and sky of purest azure, no picture of country life is more charming than the occupation of silk-winding on the beautiful slopes of the Brianza or the Varese.

The sources of the prosperity of Lombardy, the principal amongst which we have briefly indicated, cannot fail to receive a fuller development in consequence of its union with Sardinia—a connection previously formed by nature, for the Lombard provinces are in reality only a continuation of the eastern part of Piedmont. There is an assimilation throughout both of manners, customs, and habits of thinking;

the same systems of cultivation, the same social organization, the same kind of soil, and productions of the same character: and the liberal features of the new Sardinian tariff, together with the facilities for export afforded by Genoa, must of necessity have the best effect in stimulating Lombardy to commercial and manufacturing enterprise.

But to form an exact idea of the resources of a country, it is not enough merely to enumerate its productions and indicate their value; the conditions under which they are created require to be shown. On this account, we take advantage of the present occasion to enter into some further details, based upon the authority of some of the most eminent statistical Italian and German writers.*

In relation to agriculture, Lombardy divides itself into three distinct regions,—the mountain zone, that of the hills and higher plains, and that of the lower plains.

The first of these regions occupies nearly half the surface of Lombardy. It comprehends the whole of the province of Sondrio, the greater part of the provinces of Como and Bergamo, and two-fifths of the province of Brescia. The whole of this country is covered with mountains, spurs of the great chain of the Rhætian Alps, which become gradually of lower elevation as they approach the south, and reveal valleys between their heights more or less adapted to the purposes of cultivation. The principal of these valleys are the Valle Chiavenna, which opens out of the Lake of Como at Riva, and at Colico joins that of the Valteline; the Valle Brembana, through which the Brembo takes its course; the Valle Seriana, watered by the Serio; and the Valle Canonica, which terminates in the Lago d'Iseo. The upper parts of these valleys are devoted to pasture and some corn; but in the lower parts, which are sheltered from the north wind, a southern vegetation appears in all its full luxuriance. Throughout this region the sub-division of property is extreme, every peasant being a small proprietor; but some part of it is possessed in common, the mountains affording a vast amount of pasture which, though covered with snow in winter, feed in summer great numbers of sheep and horned cattle. Of the whole extent of pasture land, a part is reserved for the inhabitants of each village, and the rest is let out to the *pastori*, owners of sheep, and to the *mandriani* (called also *malghesi* and *bergamini*), whose stock is in cows and oxen, and who form a class apart. In summer they lead an isolated life on the high pastures with their flocks and herds; in winter they descend to the plains, and enter into an arrangement with the farmers for the maintenance of their sheep and cattle. The *mandriani* are passably rich, but the animals they rear are not highly thought of

* "La Proprietà fondiara e la Populazione Agricole in Lombardia," di Stefano Jacini. Milano, 1857. "Agriculture du royaume Lombardo-Venetien," par Jean Burger, &c.

in the low countries, where the farmers purchase in preference those which are brought from Switzerland. Upper Lombardy yields in another important particular to the cantons. While in Switzerland magnificent forests of resinous trees cover the mountains to the extreme limits at which they are able to grow, the heights of Lombardy are generally naked and unproductive, the inhabitants lacking that provision which supplies their alpine neighbours not only with fire-wood and building materials, but with timber for shoring up the earth on the precipitous slopes, for preventing the ravages of the mountain torrents, and for diminishing the violence of storms and the duration of droughts. But however improvident in this respect, the mountaineer of Lombardy is laborious, brave, and honest. He possesses the proper sentiment of human dignity, for he is a landed proprietor; he feels himself independent, for he sleeps under his own roof; he is economical and sober, his diet consisting of chestnuts, a few vegetables, coarse bread, *polenta* of buckwheat or maize, and sometimes a little bacon. The houses there, built of brick and stone, are less picturesque and commodious than the Swiss *châlets;* the villages are dirtier, the women worse dressed, instruction is more limited, labour less industrious and careful, and circumstances less flourishing than in the Helvetian cantons. That liberty, which has for centuries been the birthright of the Swiss, is the lever they have hitherto required for setting their faculties in motion.

Let us descend a little lower—to the region of hills and high plains which extends from the Lago Maggiore to the Lago di Garda. It is a beautiful country, but, save here and there, as in the environs of Varese and the Riviera di Salò, wears a somewhat monotonous aspect. Everywhere the fields are planted with mulberry-trees, which, being of the same form and size, arrest the eye without offering it the charm of the natural forest. The land is divided into an infinite number of small properties, some of which are cultivated by the aid of oxen, but the greater part is made profitable by spade husbandry. The mulberry-trees form the chief source of revenue, and beneath them wheat and maize are grown, the shade which the former cast not injuring the growth of the latter. Indeed, there is a Milanese proverb which ascribes a virtue to the mulberry shade: "L'ombra del gelso," it says, "è l'ombra d'oro." The vine also is cultivated, but it is looked upon merely as an accessory. Two-thirds, or three-fifths of these small territorial divisions are given to wheat or rye, and the rest to maize, except a small reserve for a little flax, some hemp, potatoes, buckwheat, and a few vegetables. The soil is thus constantly occupied by exhaustive growths; nevertheless, the crops are perpetual. This fertility is attributable to two causes: the care with which the ground is manured, and the skilful use of the spade,—respecting which instrument the

Lombard proverb says, "Se l'aratro ha il vomero di ferro, la vanga ha la punta d'oro" (If the plough has its iron coulter, the spade has its golden edge). This region is, in point of fact, one large garden.

The third agricultural region, that of the lower plains, is the country of large properties and extreme fertility. These plains are, for the greater part, irrigated by the rivers which, descending from the Alps, throw themselves into the Po. A space of six hundred and forty thousand acres is thus fertilized by the waters of the Ticino, the Adda, the Brembo, the Serio, the Oglio, the Clisio, and the Mincio, distributed throughout its extent by an immense network of large and small canals—the work of antiquity and of the middle ages. The laws and usages which regulate the distribution of these waters form a complete code, which is admirably conceived, and singularly develops the true spirit of association. The land thus watered becomes, under the influence of the sun, of prodigious fecundity, and is wholly devoted to meadows and rice-fields. Those meadows which are only irrigated during the summer give three or four excellent crops of hay, and an abundant after-crop; while the *marcite*, which are irrigated during the winter, return five or six crops; and such as are fertilized by the waters of the Vettabia, which receives the drainage of the city of Milan, are cut eight or nine times a year. It is the rye-grass which gives these marvellous crops. The rice-fields are also enormously productive. The proportion of arable land in this region is about a third, and in some parts only a fifth, of the cultivated soil: it is made to produce maize, wheat, rye, oats, colza, millet, and, near the Adda, hemp in small quantities; the mulberry and the vine grow well also.

Respecting the cultivation of Lower Lombardy, a few words may not here be out of place. The large farmers are a wealthy class, but their habits of life are simple; they are not, generally speaking, illiterate, and they often send one son of the family to the University of Milan, to prepare him for the profession of a lawyer, or an engineer. The agricultural labourers come next: they receive different names, according to their various occupations, which place them higher or lower in the rural scale. First come the *famigli*, or cow-keepers, who, besides their living, receive a fixed salary of about 180 *lire* (something over £7 sterling) per annum. To these succeed the *cavalcanti* and the *bifolchi*, who take care of the horses and oxen; their salary varies from 60 to 80 lire per annum, and a small garden for their use. The lowest class are the *falciatori*, or haymakers, who work by the piece; their food is of a miserable kind, and while their day's work brings them in on an average only half a *lira* (5*d.*) a day, they have to pay yearly about 25 lire (£1 sterling) for the wretched hut which they inhabit. It often happens that

during the fruit harvest, they work late into the night, and thus, by dint of excessive labour, realize double wages. When the workmen of these different classes have wives and children, the farmer gives them the *diritto di zappa*, that is to say, the right to cultivate on their own account a small piece of land which is let to them, but at a somewhat exorbitant rate. The women and children are employed chiefly on this allotment, and when the rent is not fixed too high, and they are able to rear silkworms on it, they manage to add to their scanty means. The best paid workman—the only one, indeed, who manages to live comfortably—is the *casaro*, or cheese-maker: his wages vary from 2 to 2½ lire per diem. As their art is a secret, the *casari* form a class apart; they are conscious of their importance, and dictate their own terms to the farmers. They are athletic fellows, from the hilly district of Piacenza, are three-parts naked all the year through, very few amongst them are married, and they are of a restless, roving nature. "Sombre and taciturn," says the Princess de Belgiojoso, who has well described them, "selfish and vindictive, they are the terror of their employers, and the dogs never recognise them as members of the family; yet they seldom wander far from the stables or the cheese-rooms. At whatever hour you visit one of these farms, you may see one or more of these *casari* leaning against the threshold of a stable-door, with folded arms and downcast eyes, and wearing nothing but a double leathern apron which reaches only from the waist to the knees. It is this race which supplies the circus and the booth at our country fairs with their most powerful athletes." These men have a class under them—the *sotto-casari*—who receive about one-third less wages. To conclude these observations, although the land of the plain is far more fertile than that of the upper regions, it cannot be said that the condition of those who cultivate the soil is better. It may, however, be added, that owing to its greater fertility, two classes of people are there exempted from actual manual labour, while in the mountains only one class enjoys that immunity.

The moral and physical qualities which make men free and prosperous are common to all the Lombards. In general tall, strong, and inured to fatigue, they make stout soldiers and sturdy labourers. They lack the vivacity and mobility which distinguish the southern races, and show more of the calm sense and cool judgment of the people of the north—in fact belong, by temperament, to both, as their country belongs to two opposite zones. Their origin explains the union of the different qualities which characterize them, their blood being nearly an equal mixture of the fair and dark races that have successively peopled Europe. Amongst their northern ancestors were the Gauls, the Heruli, and the Alani of Odoacer, the Goths of Theodoric, and the Lombards, originally a tribe of Germans;

their southern progenitors were the Ligurians—of the same origin as the Iberians, who first occupied Spain, and the south of France—the Etruscans, of Asiatic and probably of Semitic race, and finally the Romans. The evidence of German blood is very distinctly to be traced, for at every step in the Lombard meads the fair hair and high colour of the north are to be seen; but the mixture of races has been by no means effected with the same regularity—local circumstances and the accidents of conquest have caused a preponderance of one nation in one place, and its diminution in another. Thus, in Lombardy, three different groups may easily be recognised, distinguished by certain shades of dialect, and certain peculiarities of disposition. The inhabitant of the plains bordering the Po is taller, calmer in his movements, more grave in his manners, and his language is more allied to that of Central Italy. The inhabitant of the provinces of Milan and Como is quicker, more changeable, more enterprising, and the frequent use which he makes of dipthongs in his speech is evidently deducible from the Celtic element in his blood. Lastly, the Bergamasque and Brescian are of a more sanguine temperament, of a more violent nature, and the roughness which is their characteristic reflects itself in their dialect and physiognomy. Of the language of Lombardy in general, M. L. Vaïsse says:—"The Milanese (which has a nasal accent) and the High Lombard dialects suppress the final and often the middle vowels. They have, in common with the Genoese and Piedmontese, the vowels *eu* and *u*, and the sounds *an, in, on, un*, and the consonant *j* precisely of the French phonetic value, which are not met with in the Lower Lombards of Cremona or Mantua. Of all the dialects, the Bergamasque is the rudest, and that on account of the multiplicity of its contractions." But notwithstanding the shades of difference which mark the Lombard character according to its locality, all the people unite in a persistent application to labour, in a lively imagination, tempered by practical restraint, and, what is most essential in a people destined to freedom of government, the possession of strong good sense.

Having spoken of the nature of the country and the character of its inhabitants, its territorial extent may now be mentioned. While Lombardy proper was still under Austrian domination, it was divided administratively into nine provinces, or delegations—viz., Milan, Pavia, Lodi-Crema, Cremona, Como, Mantua, Sondrio, Brescia, and Bergamo; but since the treaty of Zurich, all these, with the exception of the greater part of the Mantuan province, have been made over to Sardinia, which thus acquires a superficies of 8538 square miles, and a population of 2,800,000 souls.*

* The Treaty of Zurich defines the limits of Lombardy on its eastern side as follows:—"His Majesty the Emperor of Austria renounces, for himself and for his successors, in favour of His Majesty the Emperor of the

It will facilitate our local description if, instead of crossing the Ticino (in front of which river we closed our account of Piedmont), we fall back upon the northern frontier, and descend by the three great Lombard lakes to the capital.

Let us steam from Locarno* down the Lago Maggiore, and take a cursory glance at its shores and far-famed islands. The mid-day boat, leaving its port when the *tramontana,* or north wind, has ceased to blow, and meeting the *inverno,* or southern breeze, coasts the western side of the lake, past Ascona, with its feudal castle; past Brissago, with its terraced gardens, its shining houses, and its dark avenue of cypress; past Canobbio, where a beautiful cascade sends to the lake its tribute of waters from a rapid mountain torrent; past Pallanza, near which is the sanctuary of La Madonna di Campagna, and that famous quarry which supplied the glittering white marble of which the Duomo of Milan is built, and whence the fine opening towards the Simplon pass spreads out in infinite grandeur; and then the Borromean Islands, the most striking features of the Lago Maggiore, come in sight as they rise out of the blue waters, their terraces and temples and gardens gleaming in the lucid waves. These islands, four in number—the Isola Bella and the Isola Madre being the principal and most attractive—are situated at the entrance of a beautiful bay between Pallanza and Streza, and their position, with a glorious range of mountains opposite, touched with a thousand beauties of light and shade, and the immense width of the sea-like lake, on which they seem to float like water-flowers, is the most exquisite that can be imagined.

"The Isola Bella," says Murray, "belongs to the Count Borromeo, who resides a part of the year in the vast palace. An ancestor of the family, in 1671, converted this mass of bare and barren slate-rock, which lifted itself a few feet above the surface of the lake, into a beautiful garden, teeming with the vegetation of the tropics. It consists of ten terraces, the lowest founded on piers thrown into the lake, rising in a pyramidal form one above another, and lined with statues, vases, obelisks, and black cypresses. Upon these, as upon the hanging gardens of

French, his claims and titles to Lombardy, with the exception of the fortresses of Peschiera and of Mantua, and of the territories determined by the new delimitation, which remain in the possession of His Imperial Royal Apostolic Majesty. The frontier, starting from the southern limit of the Tyrol, on the Lake of Garda, will follow the middle of the lake as far as the height of Bardolino and Manerba, whence it will join in a straight line the point of intersection of the zone of defence of the fortress of Peschiera with the Lake of Garda. That zone shall be determined by a circumference at a range of 3500 metres from the centre of the fortress, *plus* the distance of the said centre to the glacis of the most advanced fort. From the point of intersection of the circumference thus drawn with the Mincio, the frontier will follow the valley of the river to Le Grazie, will extend from Le Grazie in a straight line to Scorzarolo, will follow the valley of the Po to Luzzara, from which point there is no alteration in the frontier line already existing before the war." The previous article of the treaty contained the cession, by the Emperor of the French, of Lombardy to Sardinia.

* *Ante,* p. 8.

W. H. Bartlett. Robt. Wallis.

MAGADINO, LAGGO MAGGIORE.

(Canton Tessin)

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.

Babylon, flourish in the open air not merely the orange, citron, myrtle, and pomegranate, but aloes, cactuses, the camphor-tree (of which there is a specimen twenty feet high), sugar-cane, and coffee-plant,—all inhabitants of tropical countries, and this within a day's journey of the Lapland climate of the Simplon, and within view of the alpine snows. . . . . Every handful of mould on the island was originally brought from a distance, and requires to be constantly renewed. It is probable that its foundation of slate-rock favours the growth of tender plants by long retaining the heat of a noonday sun; but few persons are aware that, in addition to this, the terraces are boarded over during the winter, and the plants protected from the frost by stoves heated beneath, thus converting the terraces into a sort of hothouse. The orange and lemon blossoms perfume the air to some distance. A laurel (bay) of gigantic size is pointed out, as well for its remarkable growth as for a scar on its bark, where Napoleon, it is said, cut with a knife the word '*battaglia,*' a short while before the battle of Marengo. . . . . The palace contains pictures by the Procaccini, the 'Charity' of And. Sacchi, and some by Tempesta. In the chapel are three superb monuments of the Borromeo family, removed from a church in Milan at the time of the Cis-alpine republic; one, of the fifteenth century, was made to hold the relics of Santa Giustina, an ancestress of the family; another, on the right of the altar, is by Antonio Busti, and is praised by Vasari. The large unfinished building which separates the two wings was intended for an octagonal hall and great staircase, but has never been covered in. . . . . The Isola Madre, from its greater distance from the mountains, enjoys a milder climate in winter, and its gardens will interest the horticulturist. The plants of New Holland grow luxuriantly out of doors; the two species of tea are generally in flower in October, and four species of Auracaria have attained considerable size."

To the above may be added, with reference to the pictures in the palace of the Isola Bella, that Luca Giordano and Titian embellish its walls, and that the productions of Tempesta are rendered more interesting by the fact that the island was his place of refuge after having murdered his wife to marry a woman more beautiful. The portraits of Tempesta and his second wife are placed opposite to each other, and "the cruel beauty of the latter," observes a French traveller, "makes you feel that she must have been the painter's accomplice."

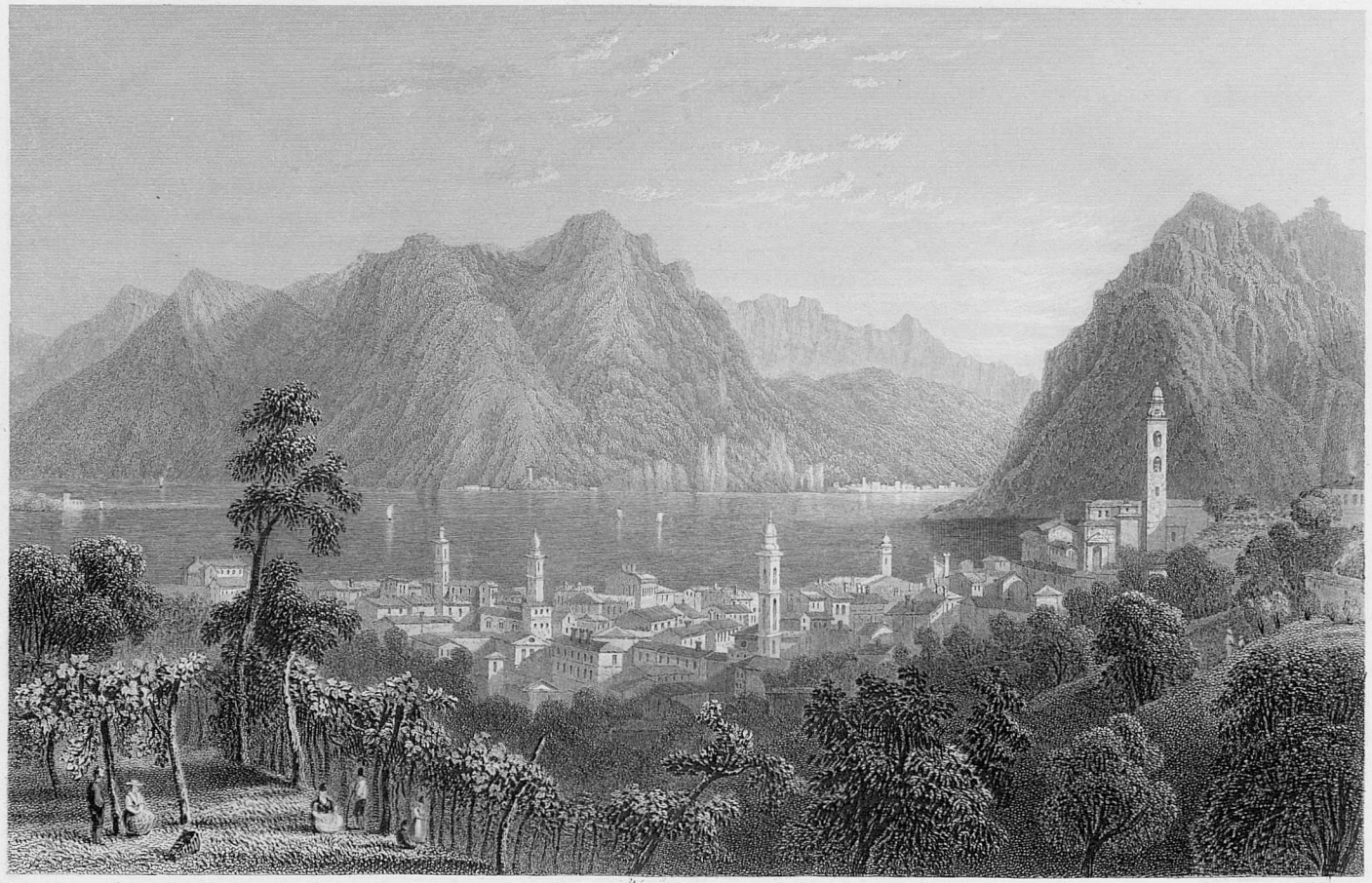
The Borromean Islands are seen only, not examined, in proceeding by the steamboat, the point of departure, to visit them, being at Baveno, on the eastern side of the lake. Arona is the next place of note, the interest which attaches to it arising from the fact of its being the birthplace of San Carlo Borromeo, whose colossal statue—sixty-six feet high, and placed on a pedestal forty feet above the

ground—stands on the summit of a hill, about half an hour's walk from the town. "The head, hands, and feet alone, are cast in bronze, the rest of the figure is formed of sheets of beaten copper arranged round a pillar of rough masonry, which forms the support of it. The saint is represented extending his hands towards the lake, and over his birthplace, Arona, bestowing on them his benediction. There is grace in the attitude, in spite of the gigantic proportions of the figure, and benevolence beams from the countenance;—altogether the effect of it is good, and very impressive. It was erected in 1697, by subscriptions, principally contributed by the Borromean family. It is possible to enter the statue and mount up into the head, but the ascent is difficult and fatiguing, and not to be attempted by the nervous. It is effected by means of two ladders, tied together (provided by a man who lives hard by), resting on the pedestal, and reaching up to the skirt of the saint's robe. Between the folds of the upper and lower drapery the adventurous traveller squeezes himself through—a task of some difficulty if he be of corpulent dimensions; and he then clambers up the stone pillar which supports the head, by placing his feet upon the iron-bars or cramps by which the copper drapery is attached to it. To effect this, he must assume a straddling attitude, and proceed in the dark till he reaches the head, which he will find capable of holding three persons at once. Here he may rest himself by sitting down in the recess of the nose, which forms no bad substitute for an arm-chair."* Some naval officers of our acquaintance, who recently made this darksome ascent, confessed to its difficulty, and admitted that the landsman, who was their companion, was quite right to climb no further than "lubber's hole," as they significantly called the narrow entrance to the saint's interior.

From Arona, a very interesting excursion may be made to the small, but highly picturesque Lake of Orta; and to the celebrated sanctuary of the Monte Sacro, at Varallo, in the Val Sesia, one of the most beautiful valleys that furrow the base of Monte Rosa. rom Arona also the railway begins which communicates, by way of Alessandria, with Turin and Genoa.

Although only a part of the Lake of Lugano, heretofore Austrian, is Sardinian, and to visit it takes us backward into Swiss territory, yet for its beauty and because, topographically, Lugano is a Lombard lake, we follow a circuitous route to Como, instead of proceeding by the road which, passing through Varese, leads direct to that city from the Lago Maggiore. There is no need to visit Sesto Calende, at the southernmost extremity of the Lago Maggiore, whence the Ticino

* "Hand-book for Switzerland, Savoy, and Piedmont."



W.H.Bartlett. C.Mottram.

TOWN OF LUGANO, FROM THE VINEYARDS.

(Canton Tessin)

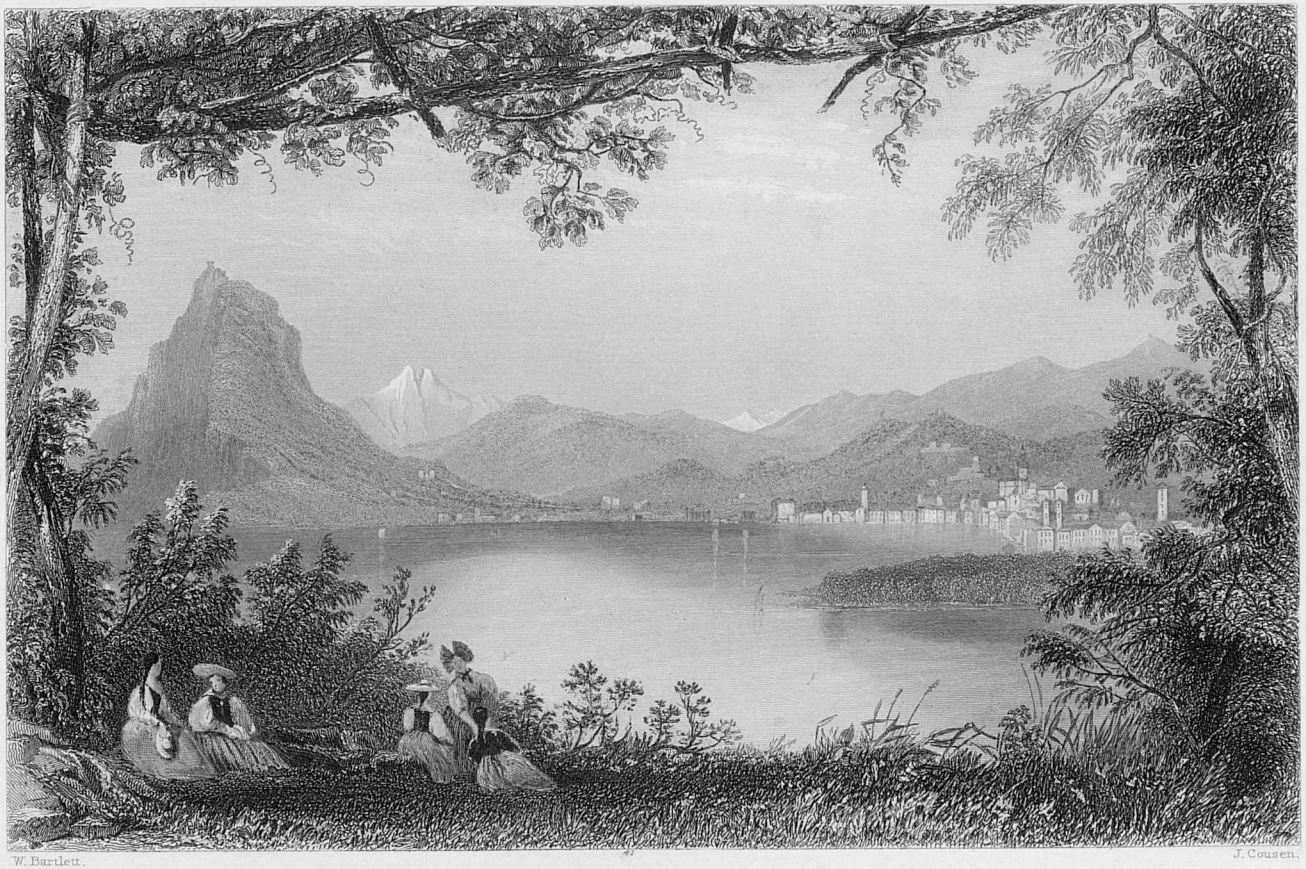
LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.

W. H. Bartlett. G. Richardson.

LUGANO, WITH THE LAKE AND MOUNTAINS.

(Canton Tessin)

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.



W. Bartlett. J. Cousen.

LAKE OF LUGANO.

(Canton Tessin)

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.

issues, renewing its rapid course—for the town, though it bears traces of Spanish occupation, contains nothing but the mediæval Church of San Donato to interest the traveller. Avoiding that place, therefore, we ascend the lake in the steamer from Arona, and, once more passing the Borromean Isles, land at Luino, a small village on the eastern shore. This is the nearest point to Lugano, towards which the road climbs a steep mountain slope, and, meeting the swiftly-flowing Tresa, pursues its course above the right bank of that torrent through a very beautiful valley, till, descending again, it first touches the Lake of Lugano at the little village of Ponte Tresa, encounters at Agno another sinuous branch of the same waters, and then, beneath the shadow of Monte Salvadore, approaches the most picturesquely-situated town of all the Swiss cantons. The Cathedral of San Lorenzo, the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, the antique hospital, and many other buildings in Lugano, are all worthy of inspection; but they are forgotten by most travellers, wooed to the margin of the lake to gaze upon its wondrous charms, or tempted to ascend the heights of Monte Salvadore, for the sake of one of the finest views that this part of Italy can boast of.

There is a steamer on the Lake of Lugano, but the *trajet* to Porlezza, at its north-eastern extremity, is too attractive to make one wish to shorten the distance by taking any other conveyance than the row-boat, with its striped awning, and, for the occasional relaxation of the rowers, if the wind be fair, its long lateen sail. So we glide gently beneath the northern shore, and within a few oars'-lengths from the land, till, the coast receding, but not far, our track is left across the open water, with room enough to enjoy to their full extent the beauties which, as we advance, reveal themselves on either hand. There is no part of the Lake of Lugano without its charm, but that which especially distinguishes the eastern branch, is the wild and precipitous grandeur of the mountains that rise so abruptly from its bosom; nor is this character lost till we touch the strand at Porlezza, where, in days not long gone by, the easily-bribed Austrian official permitted the baggage to pass unsearched—the person and the name in particular having already undergone a severer scrutiny at the *dogana* near the shore.

However beautiful the waters of Lugano, there is nothing of regret in leaving them behind, for we are hastening towards the Lake of Como, by an exceedingly narrow, but well-kept road, enclosed within stone walls, in summer the sunny abode of countless lizards, the quick-eyed denizen of the soil, that first greets the traveller in Italy. The distance between the two lakes is not more than six or seven miles, and the road traverses a very pretty valley, on an ascent generally, with fine mountains and two small lakes—Piano and Bene—on the right hand,

and no view on the left until, at a sudden turn, a broad expanse of the deepest blue stretches midway across the landscape: Menaggio lies at our feet, and the villas which rise in the distance shine upon the promontory of Bellaggio. We have reached the Lake of Como.

There are many spots in sunny Italy where the traveller is tempted to say, "Here would I set up my rest!" but in no part of that beautiful country is the desire to linger so strongly awakened as on the shores of this enchanting lake, where the softest climate and the most picturesque scenery combine to soothe the senses and delight the eye. The choice of a place of residence is the chief difficulty where all is so attractive; but, for the convenience of visiting the most remarkable sites, Bellaggio, with rare beauties of its own, offers the best situation for excursions, and nowhere can the traveller be better housed than at the Hôtel Gianazzini, which stands at the foot of the gardens of the Villa Serbelloni. From the broad terrace of this hotel, which overhangs the lake, may be descried a hundred points of interest. Directly opposite are Cadenabbia and the Villa Sommariva, with its shady myrtle groves, its trellised walks of citron and jasmine, its sparkling fountains, and the works of art which are gathered within its walls; on the left hand, and nearly adjoining, are the lovely gardens of the Villa Melzi; on the right, the orange groves of Varenna; and on all sides every aspect of beauty that nature wears.*

* Having traced the approaches to Piedmont in the earlier part of this work, we have thought it desirable to add the description of one of the most remarkable passes by which Italy is entered from the Austrian frontier. This is the Stelvio Pass, the road from which may be admired in its magnificent excavations close to Varenna. The Stelvio Pass is in the mountains which rejoin the Rhætian Alps to the mass of the Ortler, and confine the upper part of the Valteline. It is the highest point in Europe over which man has carried a road; but, notwithstanding that particularity, it is but little known, being out of the line ordinarily taken by tourists. It is 8850 feet high—that is, 1183 feet higher than the Mount St. Bernard, over which no vehicle can pass, and nearly 1000 feet above the region of perpetual snow. When the treaties of Vienna placed Lombardy and Venetia under the domination of Austria, that power became desirous to open direct communication between Vienna and Milan; and as the road by Istria and Carinthia, in the south, and that by Salzburg, Innspruck, and the Brenner, to the north, were very long and difficult, while the road by the Valley of the Inn, the Col of la Maloya, and the Lake of Como passed partly over Swiss territory, the Austrian government resolved to construct a road over the Col di Stelvio. The road begins to ascend near the little town of Glurns. It then enters a narrow valley which is traversed by the torrent of the glaciers of the Ortler, and ascends slightly for about two leagues. Then the zigzags commence, and they lead to a spot from which are seen the glaciers of the Cristallo in front, and to the left the Ortler-Spitz, a cone covered with frozen snow, 12,058 feet high, and the culminating point of all the Tyrol. To the right is the Col di Stelvio, with the interminable zigzags which lead to its summit. In the course of these windings are seven long galleries, or tunnels, solidly built, the object of which is to protect the most exposed parts of the road against avalanches and falls of stones. These galleries have saved the lives of many travellers. At the spot where they begin all vegetation has ceased; there is nothing but rock and snow; even the roaring of torrents is not heard, and the death-like silence which prevails is only occasionally interrupted by the cry of the eagle, the fall of avalanches, or the raging of storms. At the top of the col there is no hospital, as at St. Bernard—no shelter of any kind; nothing but a stone, bearing an inscription that the col is the boundary of three different countries—the

W. Callow. E. Brandard.

COMO.

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.

But our course lies southward. The Lecco branch of the lake, dividing at Bellaggio, and leading towards the Bergamasque country, we leave unvisited, and pursue our route towards the ancient city which gives its name to these waters. One might exhaust the vocabulary of admiration in speaking of all the objects that charm the eye during the voyage. Unrecorded, then, in this place, are the names of the princes, nobles, artists, wanderers of all ranks and countries, who have raised their palaces on these delightful shores; and resisting the temptation to describe, we land on the crowded quay of Como. It is a curious old town, of mediæval date, not over clean, but full of picturesque buildings. Most of the streets are slovenly, and those near the quay extremely dirty; mean little shops under shabby colonnades are their chief feature: but nothing is remembered in the place, or is worth notice, before the strangely beautiful pile of the Cathedral, and the singular fabric of the Town-hall clinging to its side.

The Duomo, begun in the fourteenth, and finished—all except the cupola—in the sixteenth century, exhibits great varieties of style and decoration. The façade is covered with ornament—scrolls, inscriptions, figures, flowers, leaves, garlands, vases, are scattered up and down; there is wonderful diversity, with a strange mixture of the classic with the romantic. Here the two statues of the elder and younger Pliny, erected by their proud fellow citizens of Como, are seated beneath lace-work canopies of purest marble; here the Magi are adoring the Sacred Babe in mediæval sculpture; here are crowded emblems of masonic mystery; and here extend dilapidated scrolls, inscribed with words of deep meaning. The fine white marble pillars of entrance are of various shapes—round, and many-sided, twisted, and fluted; some encrusted with wreathing flowers springing from elaborately-carved vases, some dotted and scored with involved patterns of Eastern form, others encircled by cords and cables, and cut and shaped in a thousand various ways. The lateral doorways are very beautiful, particularly the northern, which is the very perfection of the redundant arabesque style—all birds and

Tyrol, Italy, and Switzerland; and that it is 2550 feet higher than the Cols of the Simplon, St. Gothard, Mont Cenis, &c. In descending on the side of the Valteline, after a while some large buildings are found, which serve as hotels, police-offices, and barracks for soldiers. They are situated in the upper part of the valley of Beaulie, in which the various torrents unite to form the Adda. From the col to this station the road descends in zigzags between high banks of stone. Further on it enters a frightful defile called the "Horrors of Bormio," being an immense rent in the mountain, full of precipices, and at the bottom the Adda rolling along. In this defile the road is carried over precipices by means of bridges, through masses of rock by means of tunnels, and, in some cases, it passes beneath cascades. At last it reaches Bormio, and there the passage of the col ends. The contrast between the beauty of the country beyond Bormio, and the horrible defile is most striking. On the map Glurns and Bormio seem near together, but the winding road which unites them is fifteen leagues long, and is everywhere so steep that only pedestrians, horses, or light mail carts can pass over it. The expense of making the road must have been enormous, and the engineering difficulties immense.

angels, and winged and twining things: but such doors as these have parallels elsewhere, which can scarcely be said of the effects of the grand façade. The pointed centre is surmounted by a fretted turret; at the two angles, edged with jagged ornament, rise two small towers, tipped with figures bearing flags. Other lateral angles start from these, and are terminated by new *tourelles*, with figures and pyramids, and below them, descending to the ground, are narrow square pilasters, pierced in compartments, with niches containing figures about half-way down; the remaining niches are filled with medallions and mystical shapes of all sorts—fountains, vines, bouquets, castles, churches, and masonic riddles. Above the principal entrance is a row of statues in niches, surmounted with rich tabernacle-work, canopies, and a fine bold medallion, all surrounded by a corded circular arch. Over this is a noble and richly-carved circular window, above and at each side of which are canopies filled with statues. Some of the immensely long windows have blunted extremities, some are slightly pointed, and the patterns round all are very rich. There is no counting the little towers, crowned by statues, which rise from every projection at the sides, and the huge dome capped by its own peculiar turret, the largest of all, completes the building.

The interior of the Duomo exhibits similar combinations of style, and is attractive from its works of art. Of the paintings, the most remarkable are three by Luini—an Adoration of the Magi, a Life of St. Jerome, in compartments, and a Nativity; the first and last of these being executed in *tempera*. Gaudenzio Ferrari is also well represented in a Marriage of the Virgin. The sculpture in the numerous chapels is worthy of attentive examination.

The mixed architecture of the Duomo is still enhanced by the odd construction close beside it. This is the *Broletto*, or Town-hall, built of alternate courses of black and white marble, with here and there some patches of red. The pillars which support the lower pointed arches seem sunk into the ground, and it is so close to the cathedral that it seems to form part of the walls. The date is 1215, but it looks even older, and is a most extraordinary edifice. The usual *ringhiera*, or projecting window, from whence the chiefs of the municipality addressed the citizens, appears on the first floor. There is no beauty in the aspect of the Broletto, but it is extremely interesting. The very acme, however, of the curious and grotesque is to be found in the façade of the Church of San Fedele, a fabric of the time of the Longobardi, and the exterior is nearly unaltered. Beside a rudely-formed doorway, simple enough to have served the Druids, stands a huge projecting block, forming one side of a kind of porch. This is carved all over in compartments, apparently without connection. Clinging to a

Drawn by W. Brockedon. Engraved by E. Finden.

TERRACINA.

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.

pillar is a writhing serpent, with wings, which is suffering from the attack of an enormous griffin, with an eagle's beak and a bear's body, and mercilessly tearing its prey. Elegant arabesques surround these figures, and beyond sits enthroned, under an antique arch, the figure of a nameless Lombard king.

Como possesses many objects of interest, both of ancient and modern date, and during the late war was the focus of the Lombard insurrection, and for a time the head-quarters of Garibaldi, after defeating and driving back the Austrian general, Urban.

So conspicuous a part was played by Garibaldi in the recent memorable contest, that we may appropriately pause in this place to give an outline of the remarkable adventures which have befallen the man who, by universal acclaim, is hailed as the hero of modern Italy.

Giuseppe Garibaldi was born on the 4th of July, 1807, at a small village on the coast near Nice. His father and grandfather were both sailors, but his own destination was not originally the sea, his parents, to whom he was tenderly attached, being desirous of making a scholar of him. He was accordingly sent to school at Genoa, but it soon became apparent, in a bold attempt which he made to free himself from the trammels of study, that a life of action was his real vocation.

"Becoming weary of school," he says, "and disgusted with the confinement which I suffered at the desk, I one day proposed to several of my companions to make our escape, and seek our fortune. No sooner said than done. We got possession of a boat, put some provisions on board, with fishing tackle, and sailed for the Levant. But we had not gone as far as Monaco, when we were pursued and overtaken by a 'corsair,' commanded by good father. We were captured without bloodshed, and taken back to our homes exceedingly mortified by the failure of our enterprise, and disgusted with an Abbé who had betrayed our flight."*

Garibaldi's fondness for the sea was, however, a passion too dominant to be suppressed, and he went afloat on the Mediterranean, under Angelo Pesante, whom he describes as the best sea-captain he ever knew. Succeeding voyages were made with his father and other captains, till he became himself commander of the brig *Nostra Signora della Grazia,* sailing between Constantinople and Gibraltar. But a loftier calling awaited him, and from the lips of a young Ligurian, with whom he became intimate on a voyage to Taganrog, he learnt the wrongs of Italy, and the sore need she had of the help of all her sons. It was then that, in his twenty-seventh year, renouncing the pursuit of commerce, he connected himself with one of the numerous secret societies which were at that time spreading

* "The Life of Garibaldi," written by himself. Translated by his friend and admirer, Theodore Dwight. 1859.

throughout the peninsula, and became a zealous *carbonaro*. At Genoa he joined in a conspiracy, the object of which was to drive the Austrians from Italy; but before any active steps could be taken, the Sardinian government, then associated with Austrian policy, discovered the plot, and Garibaldi fled for his life, having rapidly achieved the honours awarded to patriotism in those days. "The speedy consequence of my entire devotion to the cause of Italy was, that on the 5th of February, 1834, I was passing out of the gate of Linterna, of Genoa, at seven o'clock in the evening, in the disguise of a peasant—*a proscript*. At that time my public life commenced; and, a few days after, I saw my name, for the first time, in a newspaper: but it was in *a sentence of death!*"

Garibaldi took refuge at Marseilles, where, for some months, he dwelt in complete privacy, studying the mathematics he had formerly abjured, his teacher being a highly-educated young man, whose life he had saved in the harbour of that city. From Marseilles several voyages were made, the last and longest being to Brazil, where he met one of his future companions in arms in the following manner, which he himself describes:—

"While walking one day in a public place at Rio, I met a man whose appearance struck me in a very uncommon and very agreeable manner. He fixed his eyes on me at the same moment, smiled, stopped, and spoke. Although we found that we had never met before, our acquaintance immediately commenced, and we became unreserved and cordial friends for life. He was Rosetti, the most generous among the warm lovers of our poor country! I spent several months in Rio, unoccupied and at ease, and then engaged in commerce, in company with Rosetti: but a short experience convinced us that neither of us was born for a merchant. About this time Zambeccari arrived at Rio, having been sent as a prisoner from Rio Grande, when I became acquainted with the sentiments and situation of the people of that province. Arrangements were soon made for Rosetti and myself to proceed on an expedition for their aid, they having declared their independence. Having obtained the necessary papers, we engaged a small vessel for a cruiser, which I named *Il Mazzini*. I soon after embarked in a *garopera*, with twenty companions, to aid a people in the south, oppressed by a proud and powerful enemy. The garope is a kind of Brazilian fish, of an exquisite flavour; and boats employed in taking it are called garoperas. My feelings at that epoch of my life were very peculiar. I was enlisted in a new and hazardous enterprise, and, for the first time, turned a helm for the ocean with a warlike flag flying over my head—the flag of a republic—the Republic of Rio Grande. I was at the head of a resolute band, but it was a mere handful, and my enemy was the empire of Brazil."

From this time forward the life of Garibaldi was one of exciting adventure, few days passing over his head without being the witness of some daring exploit on his part. We give one or two of the most stirring incidents. Once on the River Plata, in a vessel called *La Luisa*, there was no boat to land with, but it was indispensable to procure food for the men. Garibaldi, therefore, embarked with one of his sailors on the dining-table, rolling safely over the breakers of a dangerous shore. When landed he found a vast herd of cattle on the Pampas, owned by a friend to the cause he was espousing. "We returned," he says, "with the quarters of a fat bullock which had been killed for me out of the immense herd of cattle, at the order of the proprietor. Maurizio and I fastened the meat to the legs of the table, which were in the air, the table itself being placed upside down on the water, and then we launched out into the river to make our way to the vessel. But the weight of the cargo and crew proved entirely too great, and we immediately began to sink until we stood in the water; and on reaching the breakers, the agitation caused so much rocking that it was almost impossible to proceed, or even to keep our footing. Indeed, we were in actual danger of drowning. But, after great exertions, we reached *La Luisa* with our load of provisions, and were hailed by the shouts of our companions, whose only hope of subsistence depended on our success."

At another time, when the men at the launches were dispersed, being engaged in wood-cutting, Garibaldi and thirteen companions successfully defended their magazine, from nine in the morning until three in the afternoon, against one hundred and fifty of the enemy's soldiers. The arms of his whole force of fifty men stood, by good fortune, loaded in the hut, and Garibaldi, who was alone when first attacked, was able to defend himself by discharging them one after another.

His own life was greatly imperilled on many occasions. Here is an instance:—In a storm in the Atlantic, after escaping the breakers on the dangerous shore of Monte Video, his vessel was wrecked, and with those who were drowned sank all the Italians—seven in number—of his company. One of them there seemed a chance of saving. This was his friend Carniglia, who was at the helm at the moment of the catastrophe. "He remained confined to the vessel on the windward side, being held down in such a manner, by a Calmuc jacket which confined his limbs, that he could not free himself. He made me a sign that he wanted my assistance, and I sprang forward to relieve my dear friend. I had in the pocket of my trowsers a small knife with a handle; this I took, and with all the strength I was master of, began to cut the collar, which was made of velvet. I had just

divided it when the miserable instrument broke,—a surge came over us, and sunk the vessel and all that it contained. I struck the bottom of the sea like a shot, and the waters, which washed violently around me like whirlpools, half suffocated me. I rose again, but my unfortunate friend was gone for ever!"

Garibaldi's heart, rendered desolate by the loss of all his Italian comrades, yearned for still dearer companionship, and his thoughts turned towards marriage. "I walked the deck of the *Itaparica,* with my mind revolving these things, and finally came to the conclusion to seek for some lady possessing the character which I desired. I one day cast a casual glance at a house in the Burra (the eastern part of the entrance of the Jayuna), and there observed a young female whose appearance struck me as having something very extraordinary. So powerful was the impression made upon me at the moment, though from some cause which I was not able fully to ascertain, that I gave orders and was transported towards the house. But then I knew of no one to whom I could apply for an introduction. I soon, however, met with a person, an inhabitant of the town, who had been acquainted with me from the time of arrival. I soon received an invitation to take coffee with his family, and the first person who entered was the lady whose appearance had so mysteriously but irresistibly drawn me to the place. I saluted her; we were soon acquainted; and I found that the hidden treasure which I had discovered was of rare and inestimable worth. But I have since reproached myself for removing her from her peaceful native retirement to scenes of danger, toil, and suffering. I felt most deeply self-reproach on that day when, at the mouth of the Po, having landed, in our retreat from an Austrian squadron, while still hoping to restore her to life, on taking her pulse I found her a corpse, and sang the hymn of despair. I prayed for forgiveness, for I thought of the sin of taking her from her home."

Anita—that was the name of Garibaldi's wife—accompanied her husband in all his dangerous adventures, and took an active part in the warfare he waged in the cause of liberty. Speaking of one encounter, Garibaldi says:—"My wife, the incomparable Anita, fired the first shot, putting the match to the gun with her own hand, and animating with her voice the timid and the hesitating." She had also her own separate share in the strange vicissitudes of the hour. He cites an example where she travelled alone from Caritabani to Lages, a distance of sixty miles, over a difficult and dangerous country:—"Anita passed that dangerous way by night; and, such was her boldness, that the assassins fled at the sight of her, declaring that they had been pursued by an extraordinary being. And, indeed, they spoke the truth: for that courageous woman, mounted on a fiery horse, which

she had asked for and obtained at a house on her way, where it would have been difficult for a traveller to hire one, she galloped, in a tempestuous night, among broken, rocky ground, by the flashes of lightning. Four of the enemy's cavalry, who were posted on guard at the river Canvas, when they saw her approaching, were overwhelmed with fear, supposing it to be a vision, and fled. When she reached the bank of that stream, which was swollen by the rains to a dangerous mountain torrent, she did not stop or attempt to cross it in a canoe, as she had done when passing it a few days before in my company, but dismounting, she seized fast hold of the tail of her horse, and encouraging him with her voice, he dashed into the water and swam, struggling through the foaming waves, dragging her with him. The distance which she had thus to pass was not less than five hundred paces, but they reached the opposite shore in safety."

The spirit that animated Garibaldi, in the arduous service which he had entered into, never deserted him. Here are the words in which it is displayed:—"Among the many sufferings of my stormy life, I have not been without happy moments; and among them, I count that in which, at the head of the few men remaining to me after numerous conflicts, and who had gained the character of bravery, I first mounted, and commenced my march, with my wife at my side, in a career which had always attractions for me, even greater than that of the sea. It seemed to me of little importance that my entire property was that which I carried, and that I was in the service of a poor republic, unable to pay anybody. I had a sabre and a carbine, which I carried on the front of my saddle. My wife was my treasure, and no less fervent in the cause of the people than myself; and she looked upon battles as an amusement, and the inconveniences of a life in the field as a pastime. Then, whatever might happen, I was looked upon with smiles; and the more wild and extensive the desert American plains appeared, the more beautiful and delightful they seemed to our eyes. I thought myself in the performance of my duty, in encountering and overcoming the dangers to which I exposed myself, as the object I had in view was the good of men who needed my aid."

But Garibaldi's heroism was in vain. We have it from himself, in a recent speech which he made at Bologna, that he served the cause of the American people for fourteen years entirely without pay or reward—save that reward which the patriot feels who gives his life, as Garibaldi has ever done, to the cause of liberty all over the world. After a long and determined struggle with the tyrant Rosas, the Dictator of Buenos Ayres, the fortune of war prevailed against the brave Italian, and he was compelled to lay down his arms, and returned with his wife and child to Monte Video.

But he was not destined to be inactive long. On the news reaching him of the French revolution in 1848, foreseeing its effect on Italy, and trusting that insurrection would become general, Garibaldi gathered his Italian friends, and embarked for his native land. On his arrival there he immediately offered his services to King Charles Albert, who received him coolly. A few days after the king was defeated, and signed an armistice with the Austrians. Garibaldi was not included in that armistice, and did not choose to lay down his arms. Pursued by the Austrians, he fought several skirmishes at Como, Varese, Laveno, and other places; but his troops being overwhelmed by numbers, disbanded, and he retired into Switzerland; and, after much suffering, finally made good his retreat across the Po, into the Papal States, in October, 1848.

But though the cause of Italy was lost in Lombardy, there yet remained hope for her in Rome, where the national spirit had been roused to resist the oppression of the pontifical government. After temporising with demands which he never meant to concede, Pius the Ninth fled from his capital; a constituent assembly was formed, and, summoned to their aid, Garibaldi marched to the assistance of the Roman people at the head of two thousand volunteers who had eagerly flocked to his standard. His reception in Rome, whither he was accompanied by his wife and children, was enthusiastic to a degree which none but Italians are capable of manifesting. His first proceeding was to urge the constituent assembly, of which he became a member, to proclaim the republic; and this step taken, the defence of Rome had to be organized, not only against the Neapolitan army which had crossed the frontier in support of the fugitive Pope, but against the French forces under General Oudinot, respecting whose real mission to Italy the Romans were soon undeceived. Garibaldi was accordingly proclaimed General of the Lombardo-Roman legion, and lost no time in assuming the duties of that responsible post. The first proof which the French received of his generalship was the spirited resistance which the Romans made, on the 30th of April, 1849, in repelling Oudinot's first assault,—a resistance that led the French commander to propose to accomplish by negotiation what he had far less prospect of achieving by force. "The general (Oudinot) proposed now to treat, and, deluded by the expectation of a change in the foreign policy of France, Mazzini (at the head of the Roman republic) willingly acceded. M. De Lesseps was dispatched from Paris on a mission to the Eternal City, while large reinforcements were embarked for Civita Vecchia. During this interval the Romans were not idle. Under Garibaldi—*a republican of the rare classic type—truthful, fearless, poor, and disinterested*—they marched against the Neapolitans, who, routed in two engagements, retired precipitately

into their own country, and left the conclusion of the enterprise to their French allies."* In these engagements Garibaldi operated at the head of 8000 men; and the probability is, that after defeating the Neapolitans at Palestrina and Velletri, his plan for capturing the King of Naples would have been successful, if he had not been recalled to Rome, the government there being uneasy at the movements of the French troops on the right bank of the Tiber. Nor was this uneasiness without cause, for in the beginning of the month of June, General Oudinot, who had refused to ratify the convention signed and guaranteed by M. De Lesseps, notified the 4th of June for the resumption of aggressive operations, and broke the truce on the day previous, expecting to carry the city by a *coup de main*. "Several important positions commanding the town, negligently guarded by the unsuspecting Romans, were surprised; but, at the first discovery of this act of treachery, a vigorous sortie of an infuriated multitude from the gates, for that day arrested Oudinot's further progress. The angry combat of sixteen hours that supervened, in the vain effort of the besieged to recover at the bayonet's point what had been fraudulently won, ushered in an obstinate defence of twenty-seven days, of which Italy may be justly proud."† The life and soul of this defence was Garibaldi, and General Vaillant, in his report to his own government of the siege of Rome, bore ample testimony to his courage and ability.‡ Nor was his courageous wife ever backward in inspiring the Romans both by word and deed. She was constantly seen on the ramparts, and actually commanded a company—a "century" rather—in one of the cohorts formed by her husband; and, on the day when Rome fell, she mustered her little troop under the fire of the enemy, and effected her retreat in perfect order.

To surrender with the rest was no part of Garibaldi's intention, and when all further defence of the city was hopeless, not yet despairing of hope for Italy, he addressed the following proclamation to his legionaries:—"Soldiers! Listen to the lot that awaits you: heat and thirst by day, hunger at night, no pay, no rest, no shelter; but in their stead, extreme suffering, constant surprises, long marches, and fighting at every step. Let those who love Italy follow me!" This appeal was not made in vain. At the head of five thousand men Garibaldi quitted Rome, directing his march on Venice. Opposing a manful resistance to the French under General Guesviller, who was sent in pursuit of him, Garibaldi made his way to Fuligno, where he defeated an Austrian force that tried to intercept him, and then made an attempt to pass through Tuscany. His efforts to

* Gretton's "Vicissitudes of Italy." London, 1859. † Ibid.

‡ "Il était partout," said the report, "et de ses volontaires il avait fait de vieux soldats."

arouse the Tuscans were fruitless, and with his harassed and exhausted men, now reduced to 1500, he crossed the Apennines, and turned his steps towards the frontier of the small republic of San Marino. There again the fear of Austria prevailed, and he was refused admittance; but overcoming the scruples of the authorities, he entered the place. His situation had, however, now become desperate, and he came to the resolution of disbanding his forces, and demanding a safe-conduct from the enemy. But the terms proposed were too harsh for his acceptance, and, fearing to compromise the republic with Austria, Garibaldi quitted the city during the night, accompanied by only a hundred and fifty men. On the following day, escaping the pursuit of the Austrians, he reached the pine forests which border the road from Rimini to Ravenna, and thence made his way to the shores of the Adriatic, where he took possession of some sailing-boats, and embarked with the hope of reaching Venice. Impelled by a favourable wind, for a few hours the fugitives considered themselves secure; but, as night drew on, a heavy storm arose, the wind became contrary, and daybreak disclosed the presence of several Austrian men-of-war, within gun-shot range, that were evidently on their track. All the boats were destroyed or captured, with the exception of the one which contained Garibaldi and his poor wife, then on the eve of rendering him the father of a third child. This heroic woman, the companion of all Garibaldi's dangers, in Italy as well as in South America, had gone through all the hardships of their march, and of this last stormy voyage, without a murmur; but she sank at last. Scarcely had she walked half a mile through the thick forest, when she fell to the ground exhausted and heart-broken. The husband bore on his shoulders that beloved burden, but when he arrived at the little village of Mandriole, his wife was no more; and entering the hospitable cottage of a fellow patriot, he laid her dead body on the bed.*

Abandoning now all idea of going to Venice, Garibaldi succeeded at last in reaching Turin: thence he departed once more for South America, and refusing all the offers of pecuniary assistance which were pressed upon him, worked for his living patiently and laboriously for the next four or five years. It was not till 1854 that he returned to Genoa, commanding a small merchant ship: he subsequently purchased a small farm in the island of Caprara, on the coast of Sardinia, and devoted himself to agriculture. There he remained—his character fully appreciated

* Anita was buried in the cemetery of Mandriole, and ten years later, when in command of the army of Central Italy, in the Romagna, Garibaldi made an excursion from Ravenna, with his two sons, to visit her grave. The scene is described by an eye-witness as having been of a most heart-rending nature; for such tears were trembling in the great warrior's eyes as perhaps had not watered his noble face since the day he lost the mother of his children.

by Victor Emanuel—till the breaking out of the war between Sardinia and Austria, when, at the express invitation of Count Cavour, he repaired to Turin, and undertook the formation of the Cacciatori degli Alpi,—that noble band whose successes in Lombardy were so extraordinary.

It was easy for Garibaldi to raise men. Thirty thousand volunteers offered themselves at his voice; but the difficulty of equipping so many caused him to limit his force to less than a sixth of that number. Though his discipline was severe, the affection of his followers for their leader, and their confidence in him, were unbounded. At the opening of the campaign, before he began his march, Garibaldi addressed his soldiers in the following proclamation :—" My children," he said, "you are one to five; before you is death, behind you the muskets of your comrades, who will shoot like a dog the first who falls back. We have no artillery; we must take what we want. No matter whether we live or die, provided Italy be free! That is recompence enough for us!"

On the 23rd of May, 1859, Garibaldi having assembled his force at Romagno, moved upon the Lago Maggiore, and crossing the Ticino at Sesto Calende, entered the Austrian territory on the following day.* Here he issued a proclamation to the Lombards, and was received with open arms. The whole district of Varese rose at once in insurrection against the Austrians, and success attended the heroic liberator wherever he appeared. In vain General Urban † opposed his march to victory: Garibaldi drove the brutal Austrian before him to the gates of Monza, and then fell back upon Como, which he entered in triumph, making that city and lake the base of his subsequent operations.

Of his further exploits in the Valteline we cannot here afford to speak, neither can we follow his fortunes with the army of Central Italy, till political circumstances induced him to give up his command; but a man so remarkable may yet demand from us some further notice before our task is ended. We therefore close—at

* A contemporaneous account of his movements says :—" This brave general is still the idol of Italians and the terror of Croats. He has a good number of French, Swiss, and even English volunteers amongst the men under his command. He leads his battalions to the attack, and is always to be found in the thick of the fire."

† This officer had well earned the *sobriquet* of " The Butcher of Desio," by which he was generally known. Of his system of warfare, and the retaliation it provoked, an idea may be formed from the following extract of a letter from Turin, which appeared in the *Salut Public* of Lyons :—" In the affair at Como, General Urban caused the only man of Garibaldi's corps who fell into his hands to be shot. On hearing news of this atrocity, Garibaldi gave orders to decimate the twenty-one Austrian prisoners whom he had made; and when this was done, he called the oldest of the prisoners before him, and said, ' I set you at liberty. Return to General Urban, and tell him that since he has caused one of my soldiers to be shot, I have shot two of his; and let him be assured that if I learn that a single prisoner is executed again, I swear to shoot every one who may fall into my hands, be he Marshal or Emperor of Austria! Let him not force me to show what the wrath of a father, whose child, scarcely aged thirteen, was assassinated by Austrian soldiers, may drive him to do.' "

least for the present—our imperfect sketch of one who well deserves to be ranked with the noblest heroes of antiquity, by a description of his personal appearance as it was written by a correspondent from the army who followed his victorious track: it may be compared with the portrait which has been engraved for these pages. "Garibaldi," says the writer, "has a bright, cheerful look; the colour of his skin and hair betoken a sanguine temperament. There is not the least approach to fierceness or wildness about the hero's countenance. He looks intelligent, earnest, benevolent, and affable in the extreme. He is somewhat narrow about the temples —round-headed, square-visaged. He has a fine head, but not very massive; a large, but by no means a broad face. The hair is brown-red, and has been rich and glossy. The eye struck me as light gray, but with a tint of the lion-red in it. His voice is clear, ringing, silver-toned. Nothing can equal the gentleness, freedom, and ease of his address." *

Monza, the ancient city which so long held the "Iron Crown" of Italy, lies about half way between Milan and Como. The railway from the latter place—or rather from Camerlata, on the hill above Como—runs through a beautiful and exceedingly fertile country, which gives a very adequate idea of the agricultural wealth of Lombardy. The lover of tradition will rejoice in the antiquities which fill the Duomo of Monza, recalling, chiefly, the name of the sainted queen, Theodolinda, by whom the sacred edifice was built; and the care with which the ornaments that once were hers are preserved, attests the love still borne by the Lombard people to her memory. Theodolinda's story is a romance after the Eastern fashion. She was the beautiful, wise, and pious daughter of Garibold, King of the Bavarians, and the fame of her transcendent charms and numerous virtues reaching the ears of Antharis, King of the Lombards, that prince demanded her in marriage. But before he publicly claimed Theodolinda as his bride, Antharis resolved to satisfy

* While this page was passing through the press, an interesting fact in connection with Garibaldi's private life was thus spoken of in the Italian journals of January, 1860:—"Last spring, on the very day when the intrepid Chasseurs of the Alps entered Lecco on the heels of the Austrians, and in the midst of cries of enthusiasm, an elegant carriage met them, full of young and charming women gaily decorated with the Italian colours. Half confused and half excited, they sought Garibaldi without daring to inquire for him. They were the ladies of the Raimondi family, and that is how they saw each other for the first time. Some days after, the Chasseurs, who, in pursuing the enemy foot by foot from Varese to Como, had placed themselves in a dangerous position, were obliged to return to Varese. The committee of defence of Como wished to send notice to the general that the Austrians were preparing to quit the place; but how could they do so? The communications were cut off by the corps of Urban, who secured all the country between Como and Varese. Each looked at the other, and all were hesitating, when a young girl presented herself, took the despatch, got on horseback, followed by her father's chaplain, and passed through the enemy's troops, and did not stop until she found herself in the presence of Garibaldi. This courageous girl was Mdlle. Raimondi, and, when you read this, his *sposa*, as the Italians say." The marriage took place shortly after this notice, at Fino, between Como and Monza, the residence of the Marquis Raimondi, the father of the bride.

W.J. Edwards.

GENERAL GARIBALDI.

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.

himself in secret that she was really the paragon that wandering minstrels and public report had proclaimed her. He set out, therefore, for the Bavarian court, disguised amongst his nobles who were conveying his proposals to the expectant king: he saw the enchanting maid, and was at once convinced that poetry falls short of the reality of beauty. The union of Antharis and Theodolinda lasted six years, and upon the death of her husband the Lombards offered her the crown, with the intention that to whomsoever she gave her hand again, they would acknowledge as their sovereign. Her choice fell upon Agelulph, Duke of Turin, who at that time nourished the design of making himself master of Rome. At the instance, however, of Theodolinda, the Duke suffered himself to be diverted from his enterprise, and the gratitude and friendship of Pope Gregory the Great were shown to the lovely Lombard queen, not only in the "Dialogues" which the successor of St. Peter dedicated to her, but in the presentation of certain relics that figure amongst the objects shown in the sacristy of the Cathedral of Monza.

"This part of the building is one of the most curious of mediæval museums; every article has, so to speak, a certificate of its origin. It has been much plundered, especially by the French. The following is a partial account of some of the more remarkable articles which it yet contains:—Queen Theodolinda's fan, or flabellum, of painted leather, with a most massy metallic handle, studded with jewels. A tap with this fan would be a very serious matter; it might have felled a lover to the ground. Queen Theodolinda's comb, ornamented with gold filagree and emeralds. Its teeth are wonderfully wide apart. Queen Theodolinda's crown, a plain diadem set with coarse gems. The crown of Agelulph, which was more remarkable, is no longer existing. It was taken to Paris and deposited in the Royal Library. This crown disappeared when the library was robbed, and it was melted down or said to have been melted down; but the whole transaction is involved in much mystery, and at this moment the extent of the loss sustained is not exactly known. Perhaps the crown will appear again in due time. Queen Theodolinda's hen and chickens, a species of tray of silver gilt, upon which are the figures of the Chioccia, or Chucky and her seven chickens, all busily employed in picking up grains of corn. The hen's eyes are of rubies. What is the meaning, what is the use of this most curious piece of ancient argentry? It is said by antiquarians to represent either the arch-priest (a titular dignity without jurisdiction) and chapter of the Church of Monza, or the seven provinces of the Lombard kingdom. The application of such allegories is most obscure; and the probability is that this gift of Theodolinda was in fact only a plateau, or ornament for her banquet table. The list of reliques sent by Pope Gregory to Queen Theodolinda, written upon

papyrus: some say it is his autograph. The reliques, if they can be so called, consist of drops of oil taken from the lamps burning before the tombs of the martyrs; in fact, they are rather remembrances than reliques. The celebrated antiquary Maffei calls this the 'king of papyri.' Queen Theodolinda's Gospel-book, the inscription stating that it was given by her to this basilica. The binding is of gold and silver gilt, rudely set with rough stones, glass placed over coloured foil, and fine ancient intaglios, most characteristic of the age of transition from the Roman empire to the mediæval monarchies. Queen Theodolinda's cross, given to her by Pope Gregory upon the occasion of the baptism of her eldest child: it is now worn by the arch-priest on high holidays. It is composed, in front, of rock crystal; the back is worked in gold thread. Queen Theodolinda's cup, said to be hollowed out of a solid sapphire. It is about three inches in diameter, and of proportionate height. The colour of the material (probably very fine glass, like the catino of Genoa) is exceedingly rich. The Gothic setting bears the date of 1490." *

But besides these memorials of Theodolinda, there are others in the sacristy of equal antiquity,—such as the Cross or Pectoral worn by the kings of Italy at their coronation; the golden and ivory Sacramentary of King Berengario; the Evanglistarium of Heribert, Archbishop of Milan in the eleventh century; three curious ivory diptychs; and—until removed by the Austrians when they retreated before the French in June, 1859—the celebrated Iron Crown, which has circled the brows of the Emperors Charles V. and the first Napoleon.

All the treasures of Monza are concentrated in the Duomo; but the city also contains an antique *Broletto*, which, though in a very dilapidated state, still preserves the character of its original architecture, and dates from the period of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa.

The railway has now brought Monza almost to the gates of Milan; but before we enter that famed capital, the ground has to be trodden which lies between it and the banks of the Ticino.

Traverse Italy throughout her length and breadth, and scarcely a single day's journey will be performed that does not lead the traveller across some noted battle-field of ancient or modern time. Henceforward few who approach Milan from Novara will enter Lombardy by the Bridge of Buffalora, without stopping to survey the scene of the bloody battle of Magenta, where the French and Austrian armies first measured their full relative strength, and the Emperor Napoleon III.

* "Handbook for Northern Italy."

developed military qualities which raised his fame as a strategist to the level of his political reputation. The movement was a masterly one by which the Emperor deceived Count Gyulai, when he rapidly transferred his attack from the Austrian centre to their extreme right, and crossed the Ticino at Turbigo, instead of advancing in the direction of Pavia; but it was as dangerous as it was bold, and had not divided authority paralyzed the movements of the Austrians, the Duke of Magenta might never have borne the title which he so bravely won.* We devote some space to the battle as it was actually fought.

On the 31st of May (1859), the French army being prepared for a decisive movement, General M'Mahon received orders to cross the Ticino at Turbigo, in order to turn the Austrians and take them in flank, while the other corps having passed the river,—some at the same point and others at the bridge of San Martino (Buffalora),—were to attack the enemy in front, near the village of Magenta. General M'Mahon successfully executed the movement confided to him, on the morning of the 2nd of June, and about mid-day fell in, at Robecco, with an Austrian column, which, after a three hours' conflict, he repulsed, and then maintained his position, waiting for the orders which were to direct his march on Magenta. Simultaneously with the advance of General M'Mahon, the division of General

* It was the most important part of Count Gyulai's plan for the defence of Lombardy—when he became aware of the flank movement of the Emperor Napoleon—to move with his whole force upon Magenta. How this intention was frustrated is explained in the following extract of a letter from the correspondent of the *Times* at the Austrian head-quarters, who was an eye-witness of what he relates:—"The whole of Gyulai's army was, on the morning of the 3rd of June, in full march towards Magenta, the 7th, 2nd, and 3rd corps by Vigevano and Abbiate Grasso, the 8th by Bereguardo, and the 5th by Pavia. The two latter were to bivouac that night about twelve miles south of Magenta, the others much closer. Had this march not been interrupted, the Emperor Napoleon and his Guards must have been taken prisoners the next morning. Nothing but a miracle could save him: the miracle took place. At half-past five on the morning of the 3rd, as Count Gyulai rode through Bereguardo, he met General Hess, his superior officer, who had been sent by the emperor to advise him. For four hours and a half the two generals were closeted together in a room of the old post-house. I have heard since that General Hess wished the army marched back to Novara, and a battle to be fought there; but this I do not know for certain. What I know, what I saw, was that after a quarter of an hour's consultation orderly officers were sent to every corps with orders to halt. The 7th and 2nd corps were already across the Ticino and in Lombardy, the 3rd was on the bridge, and had of course to move back and take up a defensible position in Piedmont. At ten o'clock I saw officers galloping off with fresh orders for the continuance of the march; but it was too late. Lombardy was already lost. The men did all men could do. The 5th corps marched till two in the morning of the 4th. Part of the 7th marched to Corbetta the same night, and I saw Generals Reichach and Lebzeltern wounded two hours before the letters you published on the 29th say they got into action. You know the details of the battle of Magenta. From eleven till four about 26,000 Austrians fought, without gaining or losing ground, against that part of the French army brought across the bridge of Buffalora by Napoleon himself. Had the Austrian 3rd corps been up then, the French must have been annihilated, but it did not reach the ground till nearly four. Then the tide of victory seemed to flow for the Austrians, and until seven they pressed the enemy steadily back. M'Mahon arrived and turned the scale, but had Stadion and Benedek's corps been there he too would have been overpowered. Had Gyulai not been interfered with Stadion and Benedek would have been there, and Lombardy might still form part of Austria."

Espinasse advanced by the Novara road as far as Trecate, threatening the *tête de pont* of Buffalora. On his approach the Austrians evacuated the intrenchments they had thrown up at this point, and fell back upon the left bank of the Ticino, attempting at the same time to blow up the bridge. In this they were only partially successful, the mining chambers not having been properly charged, and the result was merely the subsidence of two arches, so that the thoroughfare was not interrupted. The 4th of June was the day fixed upon by the Emperor of the French for taking definitive possession of the left bank of the Ticino, and orders were sent to General M'Mahon (whose *corps d'armée* was to have been reinforced by the Voltigeur division of the Imperial Guard, and the whole army of the King of Sardinia) to move upon Buffalora and Magenta, while the Grenadier division of the Imperial Guard, and the *corps d'armée* of Marshal Canrobert, were to attack the position of Buffalora. This plan was not, however, effectually carried out. The Sardinian army was retarded in its passage of the river, and only one of its divisions was able to support General M'Mahon; the division of General Espinasse was delayed, as well as the march of Marshal Canrobert, owing to the obstructions on the road from Novara to the Ticino. We now quote from the French official despatch :—

"Such was the situation of things, and the emperor was waiting, not without anxiety, for the signal of the arrival of General M'Mahon's corps at Buffalora, when, about two o'clock, he heard on that side very heavy firing of small arms and artillery, announcing the general's arrival. It was the moment to support him by marching on Magenta. The emperor immediately despatched Wimpffen's brigade against the formidable positions held by the Austrians in front of the bridge: the brigade of Cler followed the movement. The heights bordering the Naviglio (a large canal) and the village of Buffalora were promptly carried by the spirit of our troops; but they then found themselves confronting considerable masses whom they could not drive back, and who arrested their progress. In the meantime, General Canrobert's *corps d'armée* did not appear, and on the other hand, the cannonade and musketry fire that had signalled the arrival of General M'Mahon had completely ceased. Had the general's column been repulsed, and had the Grenadier division of the Guard to sustain itself alone against the entire effort of the enemy? It is here the proper time for explaining the manœuvre effected by the Austrians. When they learnt, on the night of the 2nd of June, that the French army had surprised the passage of the Ticino at Turbigo, they had rapidly sent across that river, at Vigevano, three of their *corps d'armée*, which burnt the bridges behind them.* On the morning of the 4th they were in front of the emperor to

* There are a series of flying bridges connecting the opposite banks wth two small islands.

the number of 125,000 men; and it was against these disproportionate forces that the Grenadier division of the Guard, with whom was the emperor, had to contend. In these critical circumstances, General Regnaud de Saint Jean D'Angely gave proof of the utmost energy, as did also the generals commanding under his orders. The general of division, Mellinet, had two horses killed under him; General Cler fell mortally wounded; General Wimpffen was wounded in the head; the Commandants Desmé and Maudhuy, of the Grenadiers, were killed; the Zouaves lost 200 men, and the Grenadiers sustained a loss no less considerable. At length, after a struggle of four hours, during which Mellinet's division endured without flinching the attacks of the enemy, Picard's brigade, with Canrobert at its head, arrived on the field of battle. Shortly after appeared Vinoy's division, from General Niel's corps, which the emperor had sent for, and finally Renault's and Trochu's divisions of Marshal Canrobert's corps. At the same time General M'Mahon's cannon was again heard in the distance. His corps, retarded in its march, and less numerous than it should have been, had advanced in two columns on Magenta and Buffalora. The enemy having attempted to advance between these two columns for the purpose of cutting them off, General M'Mahon had rallied the right with the left towards Magenta; which explains why the firing had ceased at the beginning of the action on the side of Buffalora. In fact, the Austrians, seeing themselves pressed on their front and left, had evacuated the village of Buffalora, and advanced with the greater part of their forces against General M'Mahon in front of Magenta. The 45th regiment of the line rushed intrepidly to attack the farm of Cascina Nuova, which is before the village, and which was defended by two Hungarian regiments. Fifteen hundred men of the enemy then laid down their arms, and their flag was taken from the dead body of the colonel. In the meantime La Motterouge's division was pressed hard by considerable forces that threatened to separate it from Espinasse's division. General M'Mahon had drawn up in the second line the thirteenth battalion of the Voltigeurs of the Guard, under the command of the brave General Camou, who, advancing to the first line, sustained at the centre the efforts of the enemy, and enabled the divisions of La Motterouge and Espinasse to resume a vigorous offensive. At this moment of general attack, General Auger, commanding the artillery of the second corps, placed in battery on the line of the railway fort, field-pieces, which, taking the Austrians—as they were defiling in great disorder—in flank and athwart, made a frightful carnage amongst them. The combat of Magenta was terrible. The enemy defended this village with obstinacy. On both sides it was felt that this was the key of the position. Our troops took it house

by house, and put more than 10,000 Austrians *hors de combat.* General M'Mahon made about 5000 prisoners, amongst whom was an entire regiment, the 2nd *Chasseurs-à-pied,* commanded by Colonel Hauser. But the general's corps itself suffered much, 1500 of his men being killed and wounded. In the attack on the village, General Espinasse and Lieutenant Troidefond, his orderly officer, fell mortally wounded. Like them, Colonel Drouhot, of the 65th of the line, and Colonel Chabrière, of the 2nd Foreign regiment, fell at the head of their troops. On the other side, the divisions under Vinoy and Renault performed prodigies of valour, under the orders of Marshal Canrobert and General Niel. Vinoy's division, which left Novara in the morning, had only arrived at Trecate, where it was to bivouac, when it was sent for by the emperor. It advanced rapidly as far as Ponte di Magenta, driving the enemy from his positions, and taking more than 1000 prisoners; but becoming engaged with superior forces it sustained severe losses: eleven of its officers were killed and fifty wounded; 650 sub-officers and soldiers were put *hors de combat.* The 85th of the line especially suffered; its commanding officer was killed fighting bravely at the head of his regiment, and the other superior officers were wounded. General Martimprey was struck by a ball as he was leading his brigade. The troops of Marshal Canrobert also sustained regretable loss. Colonel de Senneville, the chief of his staff, was killed at his side. Colonel Charlier of the 9th fell mortally wounded, struck by five balls; and several officers of Renault's division were placed *hors de combat,* while the village of Ponte di Magenta was taken seven times in succession. Finally, about eight o'clock in the evening the French army remained masters of the field of battle, and the enemy withdrew, leaving in our hands four guns, of which two were taken by the Grenadiers of the Guard, two flags, and 7000 prisoners. The number of Austrians placed *hors de combat* may be estimated at about 20,000.* On the field of battle 12,000 muskets and 30,000 knapsacks have been picked up. The Austrian corps engaged against us were those of Clam-Gallas, Zobel, Schwartzenberg, and Lichtenstein. Field-Marshal Gyulai commanded in chief. Thus, in five days after leaving Alessandria, the allied army has sustained three combats, won a battle, cleared Piedmont of the Austrians, and opened the gates of Milan. Since the battle of Montebello the Austrians have lost 25,000 men killed or wounded, 10,000 prisoners, and 17 guns."

* Count Gyulai's estimate was only between 4000 and 5000, while he rated the French loss at half as many more.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.